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POLYNESIAN REMINISCENCES.

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Vincent Brooks, Lith

1. SUSANAH A ROTUMA GIRL. 2. A FIJI GIRL OF LEVUKA
3. MARIA TAYLOR, DAUGHTER OF AN ENGLISHMAN AND FIJI MOTHER
4. Mrs CARR, A FIJIAN WOMAN WIFE OF AN ENGLISHMAN

POLYNESIAN REMINISCENCES;

OR, LIFE IN

THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

60753

BY

W. T. PRITCHARD, F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L.,

FORMERLY H.M. CONSUL AT SAMOA AND FIJI.

PREFACE BY DR. SEEMANN.

With Illustrations

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE present volume does not promulgate any theories on the many questions, scientific, political, and religious, the solution of which invests the islands of the South Seas with so peculiar an interest at the present time; but it furnishes much trustworthy information on almost every subject connected with their inhabitants. Born in Tahiti, familiar with most of the dialects of the widely-spread Polynesian language, intimately acquainted with every habit and custom of both the light- and dark-skinned South Sea Islander, and for many years officially employed by our Government as British Consul, the author enjoyed singular advantages for acquiring information; and the notes he accumulated were so voluminous, that he would have found it far less difficult to produce several

volumes on Polynesia than to compress his materials into one. Indeed, the abundance of the materials was most embarrassing; and the ungrateful task of selecting the best stories and the most curious information has in a great measure, especially since the author's departure for Mexico, fallen to my task as Editor. I may add, that I have endeavoured to acquit myself to the best of my judgment, and that I, not the author, must be held responsible for whatever deficiencies may be observed in the following pages.

Having made several voyages to the South Seas when attached to Government expeditions, I have a tolerably fair knowledge of that portion of the globe, and I may perhaps be allowed to state that Mr. Pritchard's pages appear to me to be amongst the most trustworthy and valuable that have as yet issued from the London press, and that they ought to take rank with Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches' and Mariner's 'Tonga,' the two classical works on Polynesia.

My personal acquaintance with the author dates from the time when I was attached to the Government mission to the Viti or Fiji Islands, when I was introduced to him by a letter from Lord Russell. During my stay in those islands, I had ample opportunities of observing the admirable tact, zeal, and

industry displayed by Mr. Pritchard in his official capacity; how he used to exert himself all day long in behalf of the daily increasing number of white settlers, and of the numerous natives who claimed his interference or appealed to his love of justice; and how he used to sit up all night, writing dispatches or translating documents, so that no impediment should take place in the next day's proceedings. He was the first who framed a code of laws for a lawless group of two hundred islands; and these laws were so admirably adapted to the primitive state of society then existing in Fiji, that every man of sense willingly submitted to them. A copy of his code may be seen in the library of the British Museum.

No one can read the following pages without feeling that Mr. Pritchard was certainly the right man in the right place. It is, therefore, melancholy to add that all his tact, zeal, and industry were unavailing; that a combination was formed against him, and that this combination was powerful enough, and lasted long enough, to effect his dismissal from the public service. It is satisfactory to the author's friends, that the moment he was informed of this, he hastened to London to defend himself; but his letters, begging for a fair investigation of his official conduct, were unheeded;

and after wasting more than a year in London, and spending a considerable sum of money, he was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that no justice was to be had for him through the channel by which he sought it. The reader need not, however, fear that this grievance will be intruded on his notice in the following pages: there is hardly an allusion to it, and it is only dire necessity which prompts me to mention the subject at all.

BERTHOLD SEEMANN.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1866.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

TAHITI UNDER HER NATIVE GOVERNMENT.

PAGE

Happy State of Tahiti.—The Cloud that heralds the Storm.—Troubles arising.—M. Moerenhout.—Du Petit Thouars' Conduct.—How the French Flag was Saluted.—French Demands Satisfied.—Pomare's Appeal to Queen Victoria.—Fresh Demands.—Concessions obtained 1

CHAPTER II.

TAHITI CEDED TO FRANCE.

Intrigues of M. Moerenhout.—Return of Du Petit Thouars.—A Terrible Alternative.—Cession of Tahiti.—How the French were insulted.—Activity of the New Government.—British Sympathy.—Formal Acceptance of Protectorate.—Pomare an ex-Queen.—Pomare's Flight.—Imprisonment of British Consul.—The Prison-House.—Inconsiderate Conduct of Tahitian Donkeys.—The End of the Tahiti Affair 22

CHAPTER III.

SAMOAN WARFARE.

Introduction to Samoa.—The "Malo."—Sources of War.—Trophies of War.—Motives of Defection.—No Prisoners of War.—A Sea Fight.—A Land Fight.—A Lucky Escape.—The Club, the Spear, and the Planting-Stick.—My Impartiality.—Presenting Muskets.—A Challenge Accepted.—Samoan Courage.—Combat with Clubs.—Nearly Clubbed 50

CHAPTER IV.

CONFLICTS BETWEEN SAMOANS AND FOREIGNERS.

PAGE

Proposed Capture of British Officers.—The "Great Eel."—The Black Prince.—A Chief cannot Steal.—William Fox.—Demanding a Murderer.—The White Man Revenged.—Prevarication of the Natives.—A Rejected Offering.—Surrender of the Murderer.—Reflections 83

CHAPTER V.

SAMOAN RELIGION AND COOKERY.

Samoan Gods.—Town Gods.—District Gods.—National Gods.—Origin of Fire.—Fall of the Gods.—Ruins of a Stone House.—Offering to the Gods.—Daily Meals.—Cannibalism.—Native Dishes 106

CHAPTER VI.

SAMOAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Manufacture of Cloths.—Fale-Tele.—Wooing.—Nuptials.—Specimen of a Love Letter.—Nursing Children.—Initiation into Manhood.—Tatooing.—Treatment of the Sick.—Burial Ceremonies.—Samoan Graves 129

CHAPTER VII.

SAMOAN SPORTS.

A Chase of Wild Boar.—An Infuriated Beast.—A Night in the Bush.—Wild Fowls.—Pigeon Shooting.—Dodo-like Bird.—The Manu-Ma.—Other Birds.—Manu and Moa 152

CHAPTER VIII.

SAMOAN FISHING.

Catching Sharks— Bonita-Fishing.—Drifting towards the Reef.—Turtle Hunting.—The Palolo.—Pearl Diving.—Murder of White Men.—A Baltimore Clipper.—A Wreck.—Saving the Passengers 171

CHAPTER IX.

VAGABONDIZING WHITE MEN.

Pirates Secured.—Escaped Convicts.—A Mutiny.—Royal and Aristocratic Connections.—Concocting a New Religion.—Another New Religion.—Joe Gimblet 193

CHAPTER X.

THE CESSION OF FIJI TO ENGLAND.

PAGE

A Cousin of a Colonial M.P.—Trading in Hogs.—No Foreign Office Instructions.—Religious Toleration.—A Missionary Vessel.—Arrival in London.—Change of Ministry.—Rebellion against Thakombau.—Ritova's Party worsted.—Horrible Cruelty of Tongans.—Maafu's Policy.—Convening a Meeting of Chiefs 209

CHAPTER XI.

ON THINGS BROUGHT OFFICIALLY BEFORE ME.

Affray between Whites and Half-castes.—Land Purchases.—Island of Makogai.—Land Transactions.—My Land-policy.—Ejecting the Natives.—My Amicable Arrangement.—A frightened Missionary 235

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITE MEN OF FIJI.

Oil and Water.—The Mercantile Court.—Notes of Daily Proceedings.—Being almost at my Wits' End.—Two Angry Scots.—A Reformed Drunkard.—More Religious Quarrels.—A Runaway Woman.—Married and Settled.—A Chief made Prisoner.—Swaying 250,000 Natives 253

CHAPTER XIII.

FIJIANS AND TONGANS.

Robberies and Arson.—Sir Malcolm MacGregor.—Salutary Effects of His Visit.—Maafu's Proposal.—Tongan Claim on Fiji.—Fiji in Danger.—I visit King George.—Maafu's Tactics.—Mariner's Teachings.—A Conscientious Tongan.—Rival Religious Sects.—Native Sermons 276

CHAPTER XIV.

FRENCH RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Roman Catholics Flogged.—I decline to intermeddle.—Religious Persecution.—An Englishman's Blood up.—More Flogging.—Stealing Girls.—Planning an Attack.—Fijian Courage.—A Party of Runaways.—A Veritable Man-eater 300

CHAPTER XV.

PLOT WITHIN PLOT.

PAGE

Attack on Kamba.—A Proposed Regicide.—Tanoa driven from Power.—Secret Poisonings.—A Weeping Vegetable.—Poisonous Plants.—Diplomatic Value of a Whale's Tooth.—Whale's Teeth Crossing.—Bete's Treachery.—Commodore Seymour's Visit.—Arrangement with Bete 320

CHAPTER XVI.

FIJI WITHOUT A CONTROLLING POWER.

H.M.S. Miranda.—Mr. Coxson's Complaint.—Outrages on British Subjects.—Appeals to the Consulate.—The "Local Authorities."—Tui Levuka.—Resigning the Consulate.—The Unfortunate 'Anita' 343

CHAPTER XVII.

FIJIAN MYTHOLOGY, CANNIBALISM, AND POLYGAMY.

The Supreme God.—Going to Future Abode.—The Judgment.—Cunning the Climax of Excellence.—Cannibalism.—Natives Quick Observers.—Medical Treatment 362

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLYNESIAN ANTHROPOLOGY.

Whence came the Inhabitants?—Traditional Evidence.—Fiji Ages ago.—Intercourse between Tonga and Fiji.—A Native Legend.—The Beautiful Rorandini.—Elopement.—Tatooing.—Customs common to all the Islands.—Creation of Man.—The Primeval Home of Man.—Mountains borne away by Gods.—The Serpent the Shrine of a God.—Emigration from Samoa.—Drifting of Canoes 376

APPENDIX.

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF VITI, TONGA, AND SAMOA 409

HAIR AND CRANIA 425

POLYNESIAN REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

TAHITI UNDER HER NATIVE GOVERNMENT.

Born in the Pacific, of English parents, I hardly knew whether to call England or Tahiti my fatherland. When, as a boy, playing at my mother's feet, I heard her talk of "Old England" as every daughter of England speaks of her native land, I used to feel proud, and flattered myself that I too was English. But when patted on the head by Queen Pomare and called her little favourite, carried about on the backs of her attendants, and every juvenile whim quickly humoured, I forgot all the pretty little stories of the far-off land, and thought only of the present—of the actual before and around me: *then* there was no place like Tahiti, and I have a lingering fancy that in my childish vanity there was the thought that after all it was perhaps better to be born a Tahitian than an Englishman. But when, at the age of ten, I was

sent to the home of my parents, England soon became the fatherland; and as years rolled on Tahiti was remembered only as the lovely little spot where I was born—where I played and romped under the shade of breadfruit-trees and orange groves, and along the sandy beaches and over the reefs of the seashore, without thought of Latin grammars or Greek hexameters, of puzzling circles and triangles, or mysterious signs and quantities. When at last as a schoolboy I learnt that Tahiti was no longer the Tahiti of my childhood,—that from the Tahiti of Queen Pomare it had become the Tahiti of Louis Philippe,—I hardly cared to remember even that much. But the little story of that change has never yet been truthfully told, and I shall not apologize for introducing it.

Discovered by Wallis on the 19th of June, 1767, ceded to Great Britain by Queen Beria, and the British flag hoisted at Matavai Bay on the 23rd, Tahiti received the name of "King George the Third's Island," in token of the formal possession declared by its discoverer. Three times visited by the immortal Cook, notably in the annals of science in the year 1794 to observe the transit of Venus, it was on the 7th of March, 1797, that, with the consent of its natives, Tahiti was at length occupied by a band of pioneer Englishmen. These men were sent out by the London Missionary Society to christianize the Tahitians. With alternate fortunes, but unvarying devotion, this little band toiled at their labour from year to year,—at first with slight, at last with complete success. From time to time, the band was recruited

from England, and in 1824 my father and mother went out. Appointed to reside at Papeete, which, by reason of its beautiful harbour, became the chief port of the island and the residence of the royal family, as commerce and intercourse with shipping began to develope, my father obtained commanding influence over the sovereign and chiefs. Kind in disposition, affable in manners, ever anxious to benefit the land of his adoption, (perhaps it may be charged upon me that I speak with filial partiality,) my father inevitably, indeed *nolens volens*, became a sort of Queen's counsellor; and at the solicitation of Pomare he was at length appointed British Consul by King William IV. For many long years everything went on smoothly. All the Tahitians, from king to slave, had embraced Christianity; and when, in succession to her royal father, the Princess Aimata became queen under the style of Pomare Vahine I., all bowed in allegiance to the new sovereign, all were of one faith, all were prosperous, contented, and happy under a simple constitutional government, well appointed, and well administered; whilst commerce, industry, and civilization were being rapidly developed. Happy triflers were those Tahitians, without a touch of sadness in their gaiety, with a boisterous humour that delighted in punning on words and names, and gave traces of intellectual playfulness, as new objects and new ideas were exchanged for the old ones of their paganism.

Under date of October 5th, 1825, Queen Pomare ventured to address King George IV. in these words:—"Never do you cast us off, but continue to be

kind to us, even for ever. If agreeable to you, write us a letter, that we may know whether you agree to our wishes." To which Mr. Canning replied on the 3rd of March, 1827: "His Majesty commands me to say . . . he will be happy to afford to yourself and your dominions all such protection as his Majesty can grant to a friendly power at so remote a distance from his own kingdoms." And in proof of these good wishes and implied protection, every British vessel of war that visited the island took out presents from the sovereign of Great Britain to the sovereign of Tahiti.

It was on the 21st of November, 1836, when the little cloud that heralded the storm was first observed. On that day a small schooner, owned and commanded by one William Hamilton, avoiding the regular port of entry, anchored at Tautira, on the eastern aspect of Tahiti. Two Roman Catholic priests, Fathers Laval and Carret, and a carpenter lay-brother, landed, and walked from village to village, telling the natives that the English missionaries had been teaching them falsehoods; and that in simple compassion for their souls, perishing as they were under a Protestant heresy worse than the old Tahitian paganism, *they* had now come to teach them the truth. These priests had been some months at Gambier's Island (Mangareva), where they had acquired the Tahitian language, and had quickly ousted the Tahitian teachers placed there by the English missionaries. When in their peregrinations they at length reached Papeete, the capital, the priests were furnished with a copy of the "Port Regulations," the fourth article of which ran thus:—"No master

or commander of a vessel is allowed to land any passenger without a special permission from the Queen and governors." At the same time, a special messenger from Queen Pomare stated to them that in default of applying for the required permission they could not be allowed to remain in her dominions. The priests replied, "On shore we are, and on shore we intend to remain." After the lapse of several days, the priests, accompanied by M. Moerenhout, then acting as United States Consul, waited upon the Queen, when each priest tendered her Majesty the sum of thirty dollars, and appealed to the article in the Port Regulations which stated that "No master of a vessel is allowed to put any man (*i.e.* of the *crew*) on shore without permission, under a penalty of thirty dollars." The priests alleged that by voluntarily paying the thirty dollars each they were entitled to remain on shore without formally asking permission, averring that what applied to the crew applied equally to the passengers. The Queen declined to receive their money, and observed that passengers were viewed in a totally different light from the crew, and that hence the two classes were referred to under separate clauses in the Port Regulations. The priests and their friend Moerenhout retired in high dudgeon, when they found the Queen was firm in her adhesion to the literal observance of the laws of the land. After a further delay, the Queen directed a letter to be addressed to the priests, reminding them that they had not yet complied with the local laws by formally applying for permission to remain in her dominions.

This notification being treated with contemptuous silence, another special messenger waited upon them with a verbal notification to the same effect, and with the same result. In the meantime these repeated delays were so much positive gain to the priests, and they made such good use of them that they managed to attach to themselves the two or three chiefs who had lately fancied themselves aggrieved by being overlooked or otherwise neglected by the Queen and her government. Seeing that the priests offered a nucleus round which the disaffected and turbulent few, found in every state, however narrow its limits, might rally,—not that these few loved the priests more than others, but that by ranging themselves on their side, ill-humour was gratified,—the Queen and her government became really anxious to be rid of the new-comers.

As the schooner in which the priests went to Tahiti was bound back to Gambier's Island, whence they had come, and where they had established a mission, the Queen requested them to go on board, and return without further delay or parley. They pointedly declared they would not leave Tahiti, and fell back upon a threat, the frequent and reckless use of which by white men of all nations since this its first enunciation, has made it a by-word among the islanders of the Pacific: the priests would await the arrival of a man-of-war to see them righted; in other words, they would await the arrival of a French war-vessel to extort that permission to reside on Tahiti for which they themselves would not personally apply, as explicitly directed by

law. The schooner was ready to sail, and the master had waited twenty-four hours, but still the priests refused to go on board. As a last resort, to maintain the integrity of her laws, the Queen issued orders to the proper officers to put the refractory priests on board.

The orders were duly obeyed, without causing any personal injuries to the parties, or damage to their effects and chattels, and on the 13th of December, 1836, the priests sailed from Tahiti for Gambier's Island, without incurring any additional expense.

A few days after their departure, Lord Edward Russell arrived in H.M.S. Actæon. The Queen stated her troubles to his Lordship, and sought his advice. A great meeting of Queen, chiefs, and governors, was convened on the 22nd December, and the whole affair duly discussed. At that meeting, after having heard the statements there made, as well as after personal inquiries apart from the meeting, Lord Edward Russell publicly declared, that "in his opinion, the Queen was quite right in sending those priests off the island, for if they had remained nothing but anarchy and confusion would have taken place, and the prospects of the island would have been ruined."

On the 27th January, 1837, priests appeared again in Tahiti. Fathers Laval and Maigret were passengers in the 'Colombo,' an American brig, in which they had taken passage for Valparaiso, with the proviso of calling at Tahiti, to renew the attempt to get a footing there, and if unsuccessful to proceed on their original voyage. Arrived in Papeete harbour, the captain formally applied to the Queen for permis-

sion to land his passengers. But, remembering the troubles occasioned by the priests who had before landed clandestinely, and that those two priests had sought to attach to themselves the few disaffected natives, and thus creating a distinctive party inimical to the Government of the Queen, permission was refused. The priests, nothing daunted, attempted to land without permission. As their boat touched the beach, they were met by constables, and requested to return on board their vessel. For once they obeyed, and proceeded to Valparaiso; and with them the clerical actors pass off the stage, and French naval officers take their place.

On the 29th August, 1838, the French 60-gun frigate 'Venus,' bearing the flag of Commodore Du Petit Thouars, anchored in Papeete,—now quite a flourishing port, and never without trading brigs and schooners from Sydney on the one side, or Valparaiso on the other, and in the season with as many as thirty or more whalers recruiting and refitting. The Commodore landed, and waited upon the American Consul, M. Moerenhout. This gentleman was a Belgian by birth, and, in consequence of the large number of American whalers that frequented Tahiti, had been appointed United States Consul, after a short residence on the island as a trader. Himself a zealous Roman Catholic, he gave his hearty co-operation and protection to the priests from the first. But as soon as the United States Government heard of his countenancing the last attempt to trample underfoot the laws of the state to whose Sovereign he was accredited, those laws

and their administration having been always favourably reported by the captains of the American whalers, he was superseded by an American citizen, subsequently appointed French Consul by Commodore Du Petit Thouars. With him Du Petit Thouars was closeted for some hours, and on the following morning the annexed document was handed to Queen Pomare.

"On board the French frigate 'Venus,'
"Papeete, 30th August, 10 A.M., 1838.

"To the Queen of Tahiti.

"Madam,

"The King of the French and his Government, justly irritated by the outrages offered to the nation by the bad and cruel treatment which some of his members who came to Tahiti have suffered, and especially Messrs. Laval and Carret, Apostolic Missionaries, who called at this island in 1836, has sent me to reclaim, and enforce, if necessary, the immediate reparation due to a great Power and a valiant nation, gravely insulted without provocation. The King and his Government demand—

"1st. That the Queen of Tahiti write to the King of the French to excuse for the violence and other insults offered to Frenchmen, whose honourable conduct did not deserve such treatment. The letter of the Queen will be written in the Tahitian and the French languages, and both will be signed by the Queen. The said letter of reparation will be sent officially to the Commander of the frigate 'Venus,' within twenty-four hours after the present notification.

"2nd. That the sum of two thousand Spanish dollars be paid within twenty-four hours after the present notification into the cashier of the frigate 'Venus,' as an indemnifica-

tion for Messrs. Laval and Carret, for the loss occasioned to to them by the bad treatment they received at Tahiti.

"3rd. That after having complied with these two first obligations, the French flag shall be hoisted the first day of September on the island of Motu-uta, and shall be saluted by the Tahitian Government with twenty-one guns.

"I declare to your Majesty, that if the reparation demanded be not subscribed within the specified time, I shall see myself under the obligation to declare war, and to commence hostilities immediately against all the places of your Majesty's dominions, and which shall be continued by all the French vessels of war which shall successively call here, and shall continue to the time when France shall have obtained satisfaction.

"I am, of your Majesty,

"The most respectful Servant,

"The Captain of the French frigate 'Venus,'

"(Signed) A. Du Petit Thouars."

The Queen was at that time residing on a little island called Motu-uta, about a quarter of an acre in size, situated in the harbour of Papeete, and had not yet recovered from her late accouchement. The baby being unwell, the Queen had sent for medical aid to Mr. Barff, an English missionary, and my father, and it was while they were with her Majesty that the French Lieutenant arrived with the document. He was a tall, stout-built man, and appeared in full uniform. He stood before the Queen, with the paper in one hand, and, speaking in broken English, throwing the other hand about so randomly in his excitement, that the Queen was obliged to draw back every moment to keep out of his reach. His harangue was to

the effect that "France was a great nation, had sixty grand frigates like the 'Venus,' and cared for no other nation in the world."

After the withdrawal of the officer, the document was translated to the Queen, and she decided forthwith to convene a meeting of her chiefs, and, leaving the little island, she went to my father's house, to remain there until the business was settled. The guns of the 'Venus' were shotted and run out, the drums beat to quarters, everything was made ready for action, if, at the expiration of the specified time, the demands were not complied with. While awaiting the assembling of her chiefs, the Queen wrote to the Commodore requesting an investigation of the complaints preferred, and reminding him that in civilized countries it was customary to give the accused an opportunity for defence, and expressing her willingness, if the charges were proven, to make the demanded reparation. At her Majesty's request, my father was the bearer of the letter, but Commodore Du Petit Thouars declined to receive any communication of any kind, nor would he hear any verbal explanations. He "had made his demands, and if they were not complied with by ten o'clock the next morning, he would carry out his threats." A guard was now placed round the little island where the Queen had her residence, and another round her Majesty's yacht, and an embargo was laid on all the shipping in the port,—none were to leave until the business was settled. After my father had been on shore some few minutes, the Commodore sent him a letter, offering

his vessel as an asylum during the bombardment of the town. Seeing that the chiefs could not possibly assemble from all parts of the island within the specified time, and that the gallant Commodore was apparently determined to carry out his threats, my father, together with two or three other Englishmen, subscribed the two thousand dollars demanded, and paid the amount into the hands of the "cashier of the frigate," on behalf of Queen Pomare. My father still holds Commodore Du Petit Thouars' receipt for the amount.

The demand to hoist the French flag on Motu-uta, and salute it with twenty-one guns, was not so easily complied with. There were some half-dozen old condemned cannons, of which, on examination, but one only was fit for service, and the royal arsenal could produce only five charges of powder! The failure of a salute entailed the vengeance of the Commodore, and what was to be done? My father went on board the 'Venus,' to state these embarrassing facts, and the following singular scene occurred on the quarter-deck of the French frigate:—

British Consul. If you insist upon the French flag being saluted by Queen Pomare with twenty-one guns, you must yourself supply the powder, for the Queen has not enough for more than five charges.

French Commodore. That does put me in one difficult position. If I give powder, it will be seen in one newspaper in France that I did give the Indians French powder to salute mine own French flag.

A pause,—both parties in deep thought. Suddenly the

French Commodore continues:—I tell you what, Monsieur le Consul, I can do dis, I shall give some powder to you as de British Consul, and you can do as you like with it; you understand, Monsieur le Consul?

British Consul. But what about the guns.? there is only one fit for use.

French Commodore, (after a pause, and passing his hand across his forehead),—I shall do dis, I shall *lend* you, as Monsieur le Consul d'Angleterre, some instruments which shall make any guns in de world fire good: you shall do what you like with them.

Thus, at half-past nine, on the morning of the 1st of September, 1838, with minute guns and French powder, the tricolour of France was duly saluted by the Queen of Tahiti, Louis Philippe and his Government were appeased, the demands of Du Petit Thouars satisfied, and Pomare's little coral-kingdom saved for the nonce!

The Commodore rested on his laurels until the 5th, when he met the Queen and chiefs at a public meeting, to introduce the French Consul, M. Moerenhout. The Queen objected to grant him an *exequatur*. The Commodore grew wroth, and demanded the instant recognition of the appointment. The Queen demurred that she had had quite enough of M. Moerenhout as United States Consul, without again receiving him in an official capacity. She was willing to receive a French Consul, but begged that he might be a French citizen and a stranger,—any one rather than M. Moerenhout. The Commodore declared if the Consul were not

promptly received, the rejection would be accepted as a declaration of war by Tahiti against France. Thereupon the Queen succumbed to the Commodore, and M. Moerenhout was accepted as French Consul.

The Commodore had not yet finished his labours,—a treaty must be drawn up and signed forthwith. The Queen objected to any treaty with France. The Commodore repelled her objection by stating that France had power, and could act with or without treaties; but if the Queen signed a treaty with France, the King of the French would look upon her as his friend. The Queen trembled before the stern diplomatist, and signed the following treaty :—

"Convention between his Majesty Louis Philippe I., King of the French, represented by Captain Abel Du Petit Thouars, Officer of the Legion of Honour, commanding the French frigate 'Venus,' and her Majesty Pomare, Queen of Tahiti.

"There shall be perpetual peace and friendship between the French and the Tahitian peoples.

"The French, whatsoever may be their profession, shall come and go freely, establish themselves, and trade among all the islands under the Government of Tahiti; they shall be received and protected on the same footing as the most favoured nation.

"The subjects of the Queen of Tahiti shall go and come to and from France freely, and they shall be received and treated there as the people of the most favoured nation.

"Made and sealed at the palace of the Queen of Tahiti, at Papeete, the 5th of September, 1838.

"A. Du Petit Thouars.
"Pomare V."

When the Queen remarked that, as her subjects were all Protestants, she did not desire any priests to teach them Roman Catholicism, the Commodore replied, that as Frenchmen, all priests must receive full protection under the Tahitian government, but that, at the same time, it was competent to her Majesty to enact a law forbidding the teaching of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in her dominions.

And now, with his two thousand dollars on board, the French flag saluted with twenty-one guns with French powder and the treaty in his pocket, Commodore Du Petit Thouars bethought himself to do the amiable. He presented to Queen Pomare a barrel-organ. And well do I remember that wonderful instrument! It was the first, as a boy, I had ever seen, and I looked at it on all sides, in and out, and to this day I never see a vagabond grinding an organ and making nuisance for the million, without thinking of Du Petit Thouars. This organ created quite a "sensation" in Tahiti, for "something ominously prophetic," in the words of the natives, happened as it was being carried into the Queen's house. Just as the men with it in their hands entered the doorway, a mysterious creaking noise was heard. One looked at another in mute astonishment,—and again there was the mysterious creaking sound. Whence came that sound? None could tell! Did it come from the organ? Again the mysterious creaking sound! The men stood terrified, motionless, in the doorway, still holding the organ. The Queen told her attendants to look round and find

out whence the sound proceeded. Three posts of the house were found with a rent the whole length from the ground to the top! "Pomare e, ua riro to tatou hau!" "O Pomare, our kingdom is gone!" exclaimed a grey-headed old chief, in attendance upon his Queen. "Ua afaa te hau!" "The kingdom is rent!" mourned aloud a venerable seer. All present began to predict an inauspicious future for their country, and the barrel-organ of Du Petit Thouars was the mysterious harbinger of the pending evil!

On the following day, the Queen was invited to dine on board the 'Venus,' with a promise of a salute of twenty-one guns,—a "royal salute." Her Majesty declined the invitation, with the remark that she had no powder to give the Commodore with which to salute her own flag. The Commodore was chagrined, and begged my father as a personal favour to use his influence to induce the Queen to grace his table. My father suggested that perhaps her Majesty had better follow her own inclination in the matter. Failing her Majesty, my father was honoured with an invitation to breakfast. And at the breakfast table,—I presume it was a sly joke of the versatile Commodore's, for he was at times as facetious in his own way as he was warlike,—he sought to enlist my father's sympathies for the crews of vessels visiting Tahiti, by soliciting his influence in favour of the Commodore's request that the Queen should license a number of Tahitian women as prostitutes. At length Commodore Du Petit Thouars sailed from Tahiti, and once more Queen Pomare breathed freely, but always remembered the

mysterious coincidence of the organ and the rent in the posts of her house.

Become literally in dread of the very name of Frenchman, Queen Pomare, under date of November 8th, 1838, addressed Queen Victoria:—

"Salutations, greetings, and friendship to the mighty Queen of England.

"I, Queen Pomare, with chiefs and representatives of my people, assembled this day as one body and soul, to manifest to you with the greatest delight our sentiments of obligation under which your constant and Christian sympathy has laid us.

"In doing so, we are not only fulfilling a duty transmitted to us by a generation nearly gone by, but, accustomed from childhood to cherish the English name, we are obeying the impulse of our own hearts. Since the first Englishman neared our shores in one of your vessels, we have praised you as the only nation which showed us a Christian heart; and now may you lend us a Christian hand!

"The blessing of your religion, which, through your pious exertions, you taught us to follow, opened to us two new ways to two new worlds, unknown heretofore to our poor people. With the teachings of Christianity and the paternal care of the missionaries, we may hope to secure one of these worlds; but the other, that into which civilization leads us, begins already to embitter our life, and will ultimately deprive us even of the dominion of the graves of our ancestors, if we are left to our own resources.

"The commerce and industry which civilization attracts to our islands, put us into daily relations with the white people, superior to us in mind and body, and to whom our institutions appear foolish and our government feeble. We made our exertions, with the concurrence of what our poor

experience and knowledge taught us, to obviate these difficulties; but, if we have succeeded in enacting the laws, we cannot succeed in giving them the strength and force which they require.

"Thus, in our utter impossibility to make ourselves strong and respected, we are threatened in what we have dearest to our hearts, our Protestant faith and our nationality.

"We have nobody to assist us in our helplessness except you, who implanted in our hearts, through your people, the love of Jehovah, the love of order and industry. Do not let these good seeds perish; do not leave unfinished what you have begun, and what is progressing so well. Lend us your powerful hand, take us under your protection; let your flag cover us, and your lion defend us. Determine the form through which we can shelter ourselves under your wings; cause our children to bless you, and to cherish your Christian feelings, as we do.

"May the great Jehovah preserve you, and recompense you for all you do in our behalf!

"Peace be with you, the Queen of Great Britain."

In reply, my father was instructed by the Foreign Office "to assure Queen Pomare that her Majesty will at all times be ready to attend to any representations that Queen Pomare may wish to make, and will always be glad to give the protection of her good offices to Queen Pomare, in any differences which may arise between Queen Pomare and any other Power."

In due course another French frigate arrived—'L'Artémise,' commanded by Captain La Place. Sailing down the north-east coast of Tahiti, she struck upon a sunken rock, and was so much injured, that but for the timely assistance of Captain Ebrill (a son-

in-law of one of the English missionaries), together with a party of natives who knew the reefs and tides, she would have been totally wrecked; as it was, she was taken into Papeete harbour in an almost sinking condition. There Captain La Place found it necessary to discharge everything from his vessel, and went on shore to hire men to pump to keep her afloat, and women to attend his crew. The captain's clerk went round the town, from house to house, noting down in a book on one side the names of the men willing to hire for the former work, and on the other side the women willing to hire for the latter. In common justice to Captain La Place, it must be added, that he caused the terms of the engagements to be openly and fully stated, so that there could be no possible misunderstanding as to the various stipulations.

In about ten weeks 'L'Artémise' was ready for sea, all her repairs completed, and the Tahitian labourers paid off, when Captain La Place made known to Queen Pomare his desire to meet her Majesty and the chiefs in public meeting. A meeting being convened, Captain La Place stated, 1st, He had heard that a law had been made, forbidding the teaching of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in Tahiti; 2nd, The law must be forthwith repealed; 3rd, Failing the immediate repeal of the law, he would commence hostilities and fire upon the town. The Queen's Speaker, Nu'utere, replied that the law in question was made at the suggestion of Commodore Du Petit Thouars, who had in a public meeting explicitly stated the Queen's competence to enact such law; and that the

law applied, not to Roman Catholics only, but to the priests of every creed other than the Protestantism she, together with her subjects, had embraced. Captain La Place pointed to his frigate, and told the Queen that there were the guns and the powder and the shot to repeal the law, if not forthwith repealed at that meeting. And the law was accordingly repealed at that meeting.

The next demand was for a piece of land at Papeete for a site for a Roman Catholic church. The demand was agreed to. Then followed a requisition, that in every town or village where there was a Protestant chapel, there must be built gratuitously a Roman Catholic one. This too was promised. Then Captain La Place held forth the following document, and demanded the Queen's signature on pain of "immediate death and devastation coming to your island, which shall be continued by every French war vessel arriving at Tahiti:"—

"Queen Pomare and the Great Chiefs of Tahiti, wishing to give to France a proof of their desire to maintain with her their friendly relations, assure to Frenchmen calling at Tahiti, either for commercial purposes or with the intention of residing, that they shall not be molested in their religious duties.

"We have agreed to the demand of Captain La Place, Commander of the French frigate 'L'Artémise,' that this article shall be put into the Treaty formerly made in September, 1838, between Queen Pomare and Captain Du Petit Thouars.

"The free exercise of the Catholic religion shall be given on the island of Tahiti, and in all the possessions of Queen

Pomare. French Catholics shall enjoy the same privileges as the Protestants, without, under any pretext, intermeddling with the religion of the country.

"POMARE V.,
"C. LA PLACE.

"Tahiti, 20 June, 1839."

These various concessions obtained, Captain La Place was ready to sail from Tahiti.

CHAPTER II.

TAHITI CEDED TO FRANCE.

In compliance with repeated invitations, Queen Pomare, near the end of 1840, went on a visit to the "Leeward Islands," commonly called the Society Islands, the Chief Paraita being appointed Regent during her Majesty's absence. My father also left Tahiti on the 2nd of February, 1841, on leave of absence, to visit England, my mother remaining still at Tahiti. M. Moerenhout, the French Consul, now had everything his own way, and soon won the confidence of the Regent, who became his fast friend. Before the Queen returned, M. Moerenhout had quietly obtained the signatures of the Regent and three of the leading chiefs to the following document, which at the time of signature bore no date:—

"This is a word from the Representative of the Queen and the Chiefs of Tahiti, administering the government of the Queen, now absent, to the French Consul, J. A. Moerenhout. Health to you. On account of the growth of evil in this land among certain foreigners residing here, who are breaking our laws and regulations, who kill people, and

commit all manner of crimes, and who are being protected by influential persons residing here as the representatives of countries where those crimes are punished with greater rigour than in ours; this is our word to you. Make known this our word to the King of France, that he may speak to a captain of a ship of war to visit this island, to examine the regulations of this land, and assist us in enforcing the laws of this country, and also to assist us in reference to the false decisions resolved upon. And when our practices shall be understood and the truth made known, then the evil designed by the false party will be removed. Make known our word to the King of France, we wish him to assist us. It is our wish that you send this our desire. Peace be with you,

"PARAITA, Regent,

"PAETE, HITOTI, TATI, Governors of Districts."

When on her return the Queen discovered what had been secretly done, she wrote at once to the King of the French, to Queen Victoria, and to the President of the United States, entirely disavowing the document, and stating that it had been surreptitiously obtained by the French Consul during her absence. How the signatures of the Regent and his three accomplices were obtained, is recorded by the Regent himself in a note addressed to the British Vice-Consul in charge of the Consulate during my father's absence.

"Dear Friend Cunningham,—This is our word to you respecting the letter which M. Moerenhout, the French Consul, brought, that we might write our names to it. This we declare to you, that we did not know what had been written, we did not rightly understand the nature of the

writing. We signed our names to that letter ignorantly. Let that document be thoroughly undone. By no means let the letter writen by Moerenhout be acted upon. That is all we have to say.—PARAITA."

Again, in 1843, when the Queen instituted a stringent inquiry into the proceedings of the Regent, the Chiefs Tati and Utami declared in evidence that M. Moerenhout himself wrote the letter; that he got them into his house in the night to sign their names, under a promise of one thousand dollars each; that they signed it before the Queen either saw or signed it; and that in all they did they acted under fear.

The Queen received from the French Admiral, Buglet, an assurance, which, gratifying as it was at the moment, was subsequently totally contradicted by the acts of another French Admiral. Writing from "the French frigate 'Thetis,' in the Bay of Valparaiso," under date of the 21st January, 1842, Admiral Buglet tells the Queen:—

"I know that many alarm your Majesty by stating the intentions of France in regard to your possessions, but I can assure you that the *Government of the King neither wishes to conquer your States nor to take them under its protection;* that which it wishes is to maintain with Tahiti the amicable relations which it has with other States. As soon as possible, my successor, Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, will send a ship of war to Tahiti, not to enforce the execution of treaties which your Majesty, I am convinced, has not broken, but to prove to you yet further the advantages you derive from your amity with the French, and that our missionaries wish nothing but to do good to your subjects, and not to put arms into their hands, as some seek to persuade

your Majesty, in order to injure them in your opinion and that of your subjects."

Again, on the 21st August, 1842, Queen Pomare was gratified by assurances of a similar nature from Captain Du Bouzé, commanding the corvette 'L'Aube.'

Early in September, 1842, Du Petit Thouars once more appeared at Tahiti, after a visit to France and his promotion to the command in chief of the French naval forces in the Pacific. His first week in port was spent in quiet daily interviews with the French Consul. At the expiration of that time, M. Moerenhout requested the Regent, Paraita, to invite Utami and Tati, two of the great chiefs, to a friendly interview with the Admiral. They came, and what took place is thus described by the Chief Tati:—

"When Admiral Du Petit Thouars arrived, the Regent sent for Utami and me, telling us that M. Moerenhout and the Admiral wished to see us at a friendly interview at Papeete. From the Consul's house we went on board the Admiral's ship, with the other chiefs and the Regent. We were told by the Admiral that he had come to Tahiti because the flag of the priests had been insulted and hauled down, Frenchmen had been maltreated, and the words of the Consul of France had been disregarded. The Admiral said he had great compassion in his heart towards us, but his compassion must give way to his duty to his King, and he must demand redress. The Queen must either give him money or Tahiti, or he would fire upon the land. We were greatly afraid, and talked amongst ourselves. The Chief Utami and I said to the Regent, 'Is this the friendly meeting you asked us to attend?' The Regent said, 'Who would have expected such work as this!' It was now night, and

when we had taken some wine, we all went ashore to M. Moerenhout's house. There he showed us the agreement, and told us to sign our names at once. We objected. The Regent said all would be well if we signed our names. I told him that he was the Queen's representative, and that if *he* said all would be right, we could do nothing else but sign. M. Moerenhout said we should all have one thousand dollars each if we put our names to the paper, and then we signed it. We were afraid of the Admiral and his great words. The Chief Utami said, 'How will it be with Britain in this matter?' M. Moerenhout replied, 'This is between France and Tahiti; Britain will be work for me.'"

On the day after the interview, Admiral Du Petit Thouars' frigate 'La Reine Blanche,' was prepared for action; springs were put on her cables, guns shotted and run out, and boats armed. Notice was sent to the various Consuls, that "difficulties of a grave nature having arisen which would probably lead to hostilities, 'La Reine Blanche' was offered as an asylum for themselves and their families." The Queen was at Moorea, an island some nine miles from Tahiti, and under her Government. Her Majesty was summoned by the gallant Admiral "to appear at once at Tahiti to answer to the demands of the great French nation for indemnity for injuries and injustice suffered by Frenchmen at the hands of the Tahitians." Her Majesty was hourly expecting her confinement, and sent over the Rev. A. Simpson, an English missionary, together with Tairapa, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, as her delegates. Mr. Simpson was soon disposed of. M. Moerenhout wrote to him thus:—

"The French Admiral, Du Petit Thouars, has commanded me to inform you that he will not receive you as a messenger from the Queen of Tahiti, you being an Englishman and a missionary." Tairapa was received, and directed to return forthwith to his royal mistress with the document which the Regent and the Chiefs had already signed, and with the Admiral's message:—"Sign this paper, or pay ten thousand dollars within twenty-four hours; if the paper with the Queen's signature or the money be not before me within the twenty-four hours, I fire upon Papeete without further notice." It was evening when Tairapa arrived in the presence of his Queen and delivered the message. Long and severe was the struggle, whether her Majesty would sign or not. Silent and thoughtful, Pomare lay on her bed in the pains of labour, putting off the moment of decision as long as possible. At length Tairapa reminded her Majesty that the hour was approaching when he must return with the answer,—her signature or her money. "Money?" she exclaimed, "where has Pomare ten thousand dollars in cash? I have the land of my ancestors and I have my people, but where have I ten thousand dollars?" And then Pomare wept! She sent for Mr. Simpson:—"My good missionary, I must sign this paper. I sign it only through my great fear, very reluctantly. I cannot pay the fine. If the Admiral fires on my people, they will massacre all the white men in Papeete before they run to their mountains. Therefore I sign this paper through my great fear of the French, and to prevent the bloodshed they

will cause by firing on my people." And then, weeping and sobbing as she took the pen, Queen Pomare signed her name to the document, and Tahiti was gone! Turning to her sleeping boy, she took him up in her arms and exclaimed, as audibly as her sobs would let her, "My child, my child, I have signed away your birthright!"

The following is the document:—

"Tahiti, September 9, 1842.

"To Admiral Du Petit Thouars.

"As in the present state of affairs we can no longer govern so as to preserve a good understanding with foreign governments, without exposing ourselves to the loss of our islands, our authority, and our liberty, we, the undersigned, the Queen and the principal chiefs of Tahiti, address the present letter to you, to solicit the King of the French to take us under his protection, upon the following conditions:—

"1. The sovereignty of the Queen, and her authority, and the authority of the chiefs over their people, shall be guaranteed to them.

"2. All laws and regulations shall be issued in the Queen's name, and signed by her.

"3. The possession of lands belonging to the Queen and to the people shall be secured to them, and shall remain in their possession; all disputes relative to the right to property or lands shall be under the special jurisdiction of the tribunals of the country.

"4. Every one shall be free in the exercise of his form of worship or religion.

"5. The Churches at present established shall continue to exist, and the English missionaries shall continue their labours without molestation; the same shall apply to every

other form of worship, no one shall be molested or constrained in his belief.

"Under these conditions, the Queen and the principal chiefs solicit the protection of the King of the French, resigning into his hands, or to the care of the French Government, or to the person appointed by him and approved by Queen Pomare, the direction of all relations with foreign governments, as well as everything relative to foreign residents, port regulations, etc. etc., and of such further measures as *he may judge necessary* for the preservation of peace and good understanding.

"(Signed) POMARE.
PARAITA, Regent.
UTAMI.
HITOTI.
TATI."

Queen Pomare signed the original document, written in French, in the handwriting of a French officer; she never knew one word of its contents, (much less conceived them herself,) until the paper was put into her hands by Tairapa. Mr. Charles Wilson, the son of one of the early English missionaries, translated into Tahitian that original French-written document signed by Queen Pomare. Yet, when this document was transmitted to France, it was called a *translation* of the Tahitian document voluntarily signed by Queen Pomare, and was published as such! Any one with a knowledge of Tahitian, comparing the two, will observe at a glance which is the original and which the translation. The Tahitian copy by its very construction, by the absence of tautology and Polynesian idioms, bears on its very face the fact, that it is a

translation, and not a composition dictated by a Tahitian mind or written by a Tahitian hand.

In a few minutes after this document was received on board 'La Reine Blanche,' the Admiral Du Petit Thouars issued a reply, acceding to the request for "French protection," and concluding with these words:—"Madam and Gentlemen. The decision which you have just taken, so honourable to my Government, removes every symptom of dissatisfaction to which the harsh measures towards our countrymen had given rise. I am happy to see an end put to our differences, and am convinced that a mutual good feeling will promptly strengthen the bonds which unite us."

And now the natives and their Queen had time to ask themselves what were the harsh measures to which Frenchmen had been subjected? What injury or injustice had any Frenchman suffered? or, indeed, any white man of any nation? The whole of the acts charged upon the Tahitians, which had avowedly called forth the imperative demands of Admiral Du Petit Thouars, if they existed anywhere, existed only in his own imagination and that of the French Consul, M. Moerenhout. Hence, Admiral Du Petit Thouars, from the day the anchor of 'La Reine Blanche' was dropped in Papeete harbour to the day when it was lifted, made no specific charges, cited no instances of injury or injustice, held no meetings of investigation; all the proceedings were avowedly based upon the Admiral's *assertion* of injury and injustice to Frenchmen in general.

It was certainly true that, of late, so great was the

dread of the French, that any man transgressing any of the laws of the country had merely to proclaim himself a Frenchman to escape even the pretence of a trial or punishment. Only one foreigner was ever executed by the Tahitian authorities, and he was a Spanish negro who had murdered Mrs. Moerenhout, and for which murder, after a fair trial by jury, he was duly hanged. It was true that one Maruc, a French trader, had knocked down Moia, a Tahitian policeman, in the act of separating two dogs that were fighting; and Moia, deprived of his badge, had been sentenced to banishment from Papeete, at the demand of the French consul, because, as he was pushing his way through the crowd, after the manner of policemen, his elbow touched Maruc. It was true that some naughty little boys made three or four toy-vessels, and put them in the sea in front of the French Consulate, and, making one vessel run into the others and sink them, they called aloud, "See the English ship sink the French!" for which insult an apology was promptly offered to the indignant Consul. And, in compliance with the law of the land, which directed that spirits smuggled on shore should be seized and poured on the ground, it was true that casks of bad brandy and worse rum found in the houses of Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Americans, as the case might be, had now and again been seized, and the smuggled casks emptied. Any other possible grievances no one could think of; in fact, there were none whatever.

Having, however, thus obtained the application for

French protection, the gallant Admiral organized a Provisional Government, consisting of M. Moerenhout, with the title of "King's Commissioner;" M. Reine, lieutenant of 'La Reine Blanche,' as "Military Governor;" and M. De Carpegna, also one of the frigate's lieutenants, as "Captain of the Port." Then followed proclamation after proclamation, providing laws, courts, and all the administrative faculties of a new state. In proclamation No. 1 is the remarkable sentence, "and in consideration of the total absence of laws and regulations which may serve as a basis for society." I call this a remarkable sentence, because I have before me a dozen or more letters and documents, bearing the Admiral's signature, in which there are frequent appeals to the existing "laws and regulations of the country." And there is another sentence in that same proclamation which offers a striking contrast to the former one:—"All judgments shall be pronounced according to the laws of the country *previously promulgated.*" Possibly the proclamation was a postprandial composition.

The French flag was now introduced into the upper canton of the Tahitian colours, and the amalgamation was called the "protectorate flag." And a little story hangs by this same "protectorate flag." About the middle of January, 1843, Captain Sir Thomas Thompson arrived at Tahiti, in H.M.S. Talbot, sent expressly to observe the proceedings of the French, and to convey a letter to Queen Pomare from Rear-Admiral Thomas, commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in the Pacific. As soon as his arrival was announced

to the Queen, who was still at Moorea, her Majesty hastened over to Tahiti to meet Sir Thomas Thompson. As the Queen entered the harbour with the *old* Tahitian flag flying,—red, white, and red, lengthwise, in equal breadths,—a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the British vessel, and the old Tahitian flag run up to the mast-head. The wrath of the Provisional Government was excited, and a protest addressed to Sir Thomas Thompson:—

"*Provisional Government of Tahiti.*

"We, the Members of Council, having discussed and deliberated upon the events of this day, protest as follows:—

"1st. We protest against the right the captain of the English corvette 'Talbot' has arrogated to himself in hoisting and saluting the old Tahitian flag, rendering himself responsible to the King of the French, his Government, and the French nation, for this want of regard for the treaty made with a foreign nation in their name. We render him also responsible for all the troublesome consequences that may arise in this country through a step so openly hostile to France.

"2nd. We protest against any right that the captain of the English corvette 'Talbot,' or any other foreign authority, may arrogate to himself, to enter into political relations and to conclude treaties with Queen Pomare, seeing that the said Sovereign has ceded to the King of the French all her rights relative to the exterior relations of her estates; and we declare, in the name of the Government of the King of the French, that all opposition to the treaty concluded between France and Queen Pomare is null, void, and

must be considered as disrespectful and hostile towards France.

"The Members of Council,

"(Signed) J. E. MOERENHOUT, The Consul-Commissioner of the King.

"E. REINE, The Military Governor.

"DE CARPEGNA, The Captain of the Port.

"Tahiti, January 18th, 1843."

In reply to Sir Thomas Thompson's inquiry respecting the so-called application for the French protectorate, "Did your Majesty cause the letter which was written to Admiral Du Petit Thouars to be sent to him, and did your Majesty sign it of your own free will?" Queen Pomare replied, "*I did not* cause the letter to be sent. The chiefs whose names are affixed to it signed it first. It was then sent over to Moorea to me, and I signed it because I was frightened and compelled. I did not sign it with my own free will. When my ambassador, Tairapa, returned from the Admiral, he informed me that if I did not sign the paper, Du Petit Thouars would fire upon my land."

The Provisional Government, being unable to deter Sir Thomas Thompson from continuing friendly relations with the Queen, M. Moerenhout found vent for his spleen by doing all he could to annoy her Majesty, systematically conducting himself most offensively in her presence, especially in the matter of the flag. In a letter dated 10th February, 1843, the Queen tells Sir Thomas Thompson that M. Moerenhout, "violently ordering me to command the people to hoist the new

flag," "shook his head at me, threw his hands about right before my face, and stared fiercely at me." And the poor woman adds, "I protested against his conduct, and told him he was a troublesome man."

When Sir Thomas Thompson sailed from Tahiti, Queen Pomare entrusted to his care a letter to Queen Victoria, giving the details of the troubles which had overtaken the Tahitians.

On the 24th February, 1843, my father returned to Tahiti in H.M.S. 'Vindictive,' commanded by Commodore Toup Nicolas. Queen Pomare was rejoiced to see her old friend once more, and was proud to welcome the gallant Commodore, who afterwards did her so much good service; and M. Moerenhout placed himself on the *qui vive* to watch all that transpired. He soon found that Queen Victoria had sent a carriage and a set of drawing-room furniture as presents for Queen Pomare; that his Excellency Sir George Gipps, Governor of New South Wales, had sent, also in the name of her Britannic Majesty, various articles of furniture, and handsome dresses for the King Consort, the three little Princes, and the Princess; and that my father had been instructed by his Government to accompany these presents with expressions of sympathy and friendly consideration.

On the morning after the arrival of the 'Vindictive,' the old Tahitian flag was once more hoisted at the Queen's residence, and saluted with twenty-one British guns. As there was no distinctive mark in the Queen's flag by which the presence of her Majesty might be known, and as difficulties had already arisen

from the absence of such distinction, her Majesty was pleased, at the suggestion of Commodore Nicolas, to order a crown to be put into the white part of her flag. This gave great offence to the Provisional Government, and subsequently Admiral Du Petit Thouars demanded the removal of the crown, as being too much like the English crown.

It was contrary to Commodore Nicolas's nature to see a woman, and above all an unoffending Queen, wantonly treated as Pomare was. He stated plainly to the Queen, "I will protect you from further insult and oppression as long as my ship will swim." And while he was at Tahiti, Pomare enjoyed a respite from her troubles; and, although there was at the same time a French frigate at anchor close to the 'Vindictive,' the tone of the Provisional Government, and even that of M. Moerenhout individually, became so moderated, that her Majesty almost fancied herself restored once more to her former independence. Commodore Nicolas had everything his own way. The old code of Tahitian laws was revised; a Legislative Assembly, composed of native chiefs, was convened; various local improvements initiated; and when a rumour got afloat that the natives were about to rise to drive the Provisional Government on board the French frigate, application was made to Commodore Nicolas to protect them from the vengeance of the Tahitians. After a stay of nearly six months, the 'Vindictive' sailed from Tahiti, and with her disappeared the last semblance of Tahitian independence.

On the 30th September, 1843, Captain Tucker ar-

rived in H.M.S. 'Dublin;' and on the 1st of November Admiral Du Petit Thouars returned with the announcement that the King of the French had duly accepted the Protectorate of Tahiti and the Society Islands. On the 4th Captain Bruat arrived, and was installed as "Commissioner of the King to Queen Pomare and the Great Chiefs of the Society Islands." In the evening of the 6th, while the Queen was at my father's house, M. de Carpegna, captain of the port, called with a request from the Admiral for an immediate interview. Her Majesty offered to receive him in the British Consulate. This the Admiral, who was pacing up and down in front of our house, declined; and a meeting was arranged for the next morning, at eight o'clock, at the Queen's residence. In the meantime my father received from the Admiral a notification that, "in consequence of actions alike hostile and offensive to the dignity of the King and of France, he found himself under the necessity no longer to recognize Queen Pomare as the Sovereign of the lands and people of the Society Islands; and that to-morrow, in the name of the King and of France, he would take official possession of the islands."

At the meeting at eight o'clock of the morning of the 7th November, the Admiral introduced M. Bruat as the King's Commissioner, and ordered the Queen's personal flag, which was flying over her residence, to be hauled down; if it were not down by noon, he would send an armed force on shore, and take immediate possession of the island. The report of these threats quickly spread from house to house; the na-

tives were all excitement, and anxiety to see if they would really be carried into execution. To prevent the people from rising, and attempting to oppose any force the Admiral might land, the Queen issued the following proclamation:—

"Ye Governors, Chiefs, and all men in my dominions.—This is my word to you, keep perfectly quiet. Should you even be ill-treated, still keep quiet, and bear it patiently. Rely upon the justice and the clemency of the King of the French and the other Sovereigns of Europe.

"POMARE V., Queen of Tahiti.

"November 7th, 1843."

At noon the Queen's flag, with the crown on it, still waved from her flagstaff; and at noon precisely, the French troops disembarked, and five hundred men, with bands playing and colours flying, marched to the Queen's house, where they found a few chiefs in charge. Forming square in the Queen's yard, the officer in command harangued his troops, telling them that in the name of his Majesty Louis Philippe, their king and master, they now took possession of Queen Pomare's dominions; and, having flourished his sword in the air, he pointed to the Queen's flagstaff, and ordered the flag to be hauled down, as he himself stood in attitude with his arms folded on his breast, after the great Napoleon. The Tahitian flag disappeared; the tricolour waved from the flagstaff; the troops gave three cheers, and shouted "Vive le Roi! La belle France! La belle France!" A royal salute proclaimed the incorporation of Tahiti with France; and covered with smoke, the gallant officer who stepped

forward and putting his foot on the crown in Pomare's flag, exclaimed in broken English, "Here goes the crown of England once more in the dirt!" and three cheers more echoed the exclamation. One of the old chiefs had the chivalry to stand up in presence of the host and solemnly to protest, in the name of the Queen, against these doings, but his protest was of course unheeded. The keys of the Queen's house were demanded, and Pomare, deprived at once of house and kingdom, fled for refuge to the British Consulate. The natives crowded round my father's house to get a look at their Queen. Old grey-headed men and stalwart youths came weeping bitterly—in true Polynesian style—praying the Queen to revoke her words and give permission to attack the French while yet they were in her house. Firmly she refused their prayer and counselled submission; and my father added his influence to dissuade them from precipitating a collision.

Captain Tucker, of H.M.S. 'Dublin,' and my father protested officially against these proceedings; my father struck his consular flag, on the ground that he was accredited as Consul to the Queen's, and not to a French, Government; but though striking his flag, he reserved to himself his functions as Consul until the instructions of his Government should be received.

On the same day, the 7th November, 1843—a day memorable in the annals of Tahiti—a proclamation was issued, announcing the deposition of Queen Pomare and the occupation of the island in the name of the King of the French; and for the first time Pomare read the words—"Ex-Queen of Tahiti."

On the 8th, M. Bruat was duly installed as "Governor of the French Possessions in Oceania," and his Excellency took up his quarters in the Ex-Queen Pomare's residence, her Majesty still taking refuge in my father's house.

M. Bruat admired the carriage and approved the furniture presented by Queen Victoria to Queen Pomare, and was not too fastidious to use them. His first proclamation, as Governor, concluded with these words: — "If France is strong enough to pardon much, she knows how to punish. Peace to good citizens, misfortune to disturbers—the sword of the law shall overtake them whatever their rank or under whatever colour they seek to hide their fatal projects!"

It was reported that the Queen would be forcibly taken from the British Consulate; she therefore went from my father's house on board H.M.S. 'Dublin,' where she remained until the report was contradicted. Returning then to the Consulate, she remained there until the 31st January, 1844, when the rumour being revived, she took refuge on board H.B.M. ketch 'Basilisk,' commander Hunt, a little vessel of two guns only, which had brought despatches from Admiral Thomas ordering the 'Dublin' to proceed to the Sandwich Islands. Half an hour after the Queen had gone on board the 'Basilisk,' ten gendarmes appeared at my father's door, stood there for some minutes and then marched off. Chief after chief was taken prisoner and confined on board the French frigates in the harbour,—all for imaginary offences, until at last the

excitement of the natives told plainly they could not submit quietly much longer.

The 'Basilisk' being anchored opposite the Consulate, two sentinels were always on guard, night and day, close to my father's gate, watching every movement in the house and on board the ketch. Scheme after scheme was devised to entrap her Majesty,—and failing her Majesty, to get possession of her children; but all failed. At length Governor Bruat applied privately and personally to Commander Hunt, to send the Queen or one of her children on shore on some pretext or another, just to give his Excellency the opportunity to capture the one or the other. When Commander Hunt replied that he could not possibly think of so abusing the confidence of the Queen, or of sending a little child away from his mother, his Excellency coolly remarked, "Pomare will still have two children with her,—quite enough for any woman's parental affections!" And M. Bruat was a married man, and had his wife with him.

On the 19th February, 1844, H. M. steamship 'Cormorant,' Captain G. F. Gordon, arrived at Tahiti. In a few days it was reported that the natives, a large party of whom had assembled in one of the mountain fortresses, were coming down to attack the French in Papeete. All was excitement,—soldiers marching here and marching there, sentries in this place and sentries in that place, drums beating to quarters at every rustle among the leaves. Martial law was proclaimed, and a proclamation issued commanding all persons to be in their houses or on board their ships, and all lights out

by eight o'clock in the evening; giving power to the gendarmerie to enter any houses they might suspect of harbouring malcontents, or, indeed, suspect of anything else, and authorizing the patrols to arrest or shoot, as they thought proper, any persons not implicitly complying with the proclamation.

It soon appeared that my father was a marked man. In the afternoon of the 3rd of March, just as he was about to step into the 'Cormorant's' boat, to go on board that vessel on official business, with Captain Gordon,—and in presence of my mother, who was standing on the verandah,—he was seized by a party of gendarmes, and, without ceremony, led through mud and rain to a "blockhouse," hastily prepared for his reception. No reason whatever was assigned for his capture, no charge alleged, either to my father or to Captain Gordon. *Inter arma silent leges.*

The place to which my father was taken, commonly called a "blockhouse," was a building fifteen feet by ten, and twenty feet high, and in place of doors and windows, had loopholes every two feet apart, just large enough to admit the muzzle of a musket. Ten feet from the ground was a floor, dividing the building into upper and lower compartments. A ladder led up to this floor from the outside, through an opening just wide enough to admit one man at a time. The lower compartment had the bare, wet ground for floor, and as the building was on the side of a hill, the rain, which fell in torrents, drained down the slope, making the place quite a mud-hole. My father ascended the ladder, and when the last soldier had

followed, it was drawn up and put down into the lower compartment through a trap-door, and my father ordered to descend to his quarters below. As he stepped off the ladder, he alighted ankle-deep in mud, and found a mattress, blanket, and bolster for his bedding; no other furniture was there in the place. My father asked the officer in command to let my mother know where he was, just to relieve her mind. But nay,—martial law knows not the feelings of a wife. And for sixteen hours my father lay in his dungeon without tasting food or water, without changing his wet clothes, or my mother knowing what had become of him: he might have been hanged or shot for all she knew. At the end of the sixteen hours my mother heard where he was, and at once sent him food and clothes. The guards examined everything, even the plates, to see that there was no secret message written by the wife to her husband, and then gave the prisoner a little cake, a little water, and a change of clothes,—at the same time handing him a paper with the Commandant's signature and these words:—"A French sentinel was attacked in the night of the 2nd to the 3rd of March. In reprisal, I have caused to be seized one Pritchard, the only daily mover and instigator of the disturbance of the natives. His property shall be answerable for all damages occasioned to our establishment by the insurgents; and if French blood is spilt, every drop shall recoil on his head." No sentinel had been attacked; but that did not matter. And instead of moving the natives to attack the French, my father had exerted all his influence to prevent a

collision, well knowing that if the Tahitians drove the French into the sea, France could send men enough to sink the island itself.

From this time my mother was allowed to supply food at 8 A.M. and at 4 P.M. As the servant who took the food was seen approaching, a soldier advanced to meet him some fifty yards from the prison, to prevent any communication with my father. It was solitary confinement, the only man entering the dungeon being the soldier who passed the food through the trap-door. On the third day after his arrest, my father had a severe attack of dysentery, and begged that the Commandant would allow Dr. Johnston, who attended our family, to see him. In reply the Commandant stated he was "truly sorry the exigencies of his position did not allow him to comply with the request except under certain restrictions," which were "as soon as Dr. Johnston presents himself at the blockhouse, accompanied by the interpreter Latour, he shall be introduced to the upper story; the trap-door shall be opened, and the prisoner shall converse for ten minutes with the doctor, but the doctor shall not be permitted to descend into the chamber of the invalid. Dr. Johnston shall be admitted to converse in this manner with the prisoner at 8 A.M. and at 4 P.M. daily, and the medicines shall also be sent at these hours." As soon as Dr. Johnston saw the place in which my father was confined, he pronounced it unfit even for the dungeon of a dog, and requested that a French doctor might be sent for. M. La Stoique attended, and declared the place very suitable and proper for the

prisoner! Nevertheless, Dr. Johnston represented to the Commander that, to save my father's life, it was absolutely necessary to remove him at once. In the meantime the dysentery increased, and a fever supervened, which brought my father so low that the exertion of clambering up the ladder and standing on the upper step, to let the doctor feel his pulse, induced so great a tremor and excitement throughout his frame, as to make it utterly impossible to ascertain his real condition. In reply, my father was allowed to go into the upper story, and to sit there ten minutes for the doctor to examine him. No conversation was allowed on any subject other than the dysentery and the fever; and the medicines were emptied out of the papers in which the doctor wrapped them, the papers minutely scrutinized to detect any writing that might be a secret message, and then the medicines put back. On the 8th the Commandant was convinced by Dr. Johnston that if my father remained in the blockhouse another three days, it would cost him his life. At night my father was startled from a doze by the opening of the trap-door, and a soldier descending the ladder with a lantern, followed by an officer, who stated that he had orders from the Governor to convey the prisoner on board the French frigate 'La Meurte.' A guard escorted my father, at dead of night, from the blockhouse to the seashore, where an armed boat was awaiting him. Not a word was spoken above a whisper, and the officer in command never relaxed his tight grasp of my father's arm until the prisoner was safely in the boat between the bayonets of the

marines. Arrived on board the frigate, he was put into a compartment on the maindeck, screened off for the occasion from all intercourse with the rest of the ship. As compared with the place from which he had just passed in a high fever, and through the damp midnight air, this was a palace. In the "blockhouse," not to particularize the vermin and dirt generally which fell through the flooring of the upper room, the guard spat about the place so much that there was a continual drop, drop, drop through the crevices on to my father's head or face, as he happened to be sitting or lying on his mattress.

Captain Gordon, of H.M.S. Cormorant, demanded the release of my father; and after a rather sharp and brisk correspondence, the Governor agreed to put him on board the 'Cormorant,' after the vessel was at sea, if Captain Gordon would give a pledge that there should be no intercourse with the shore. By the firm persistence of Captain Gordon, my mother was afterwards allowed to meet my father at sea, on condition that they merely took leave of each other, without making any arrangements as to my father's property or anything else. On the 13th of March, 1844, the 'Cormorant' steamed out from Papeete harbour, and when well out to sea, awaited the French boats. After some little delay—just to exercise the patience of the British commander—my father was put on board, took leave of my mother, and the 'Cormorant' steered for Valparaiso; and thus were the French rid of my father.

While my father was in the "blockhouse," the re-

port of a musket was heard one morning, followed quickly by the sound of drums beating to arms. My mother, to whom a copy of the proclamation containing the words, "if any French blood is spilt, every drop shall recoil on his head," had been politely sent by the Governor, thought the next she would hear would be the execution of the threat, and awaited the result of the call to arms with trembling anxiety; and my father momentarily awaited the same result, as he lay on his hard bed, and heard the sentinels cock their pieces, while the sergeant of the guard gave the order to look well to the prisoner. But their anxiety was relieved, and my father still lives, a hale, hearty old man. It turned out to be a false alarm. Two erratic donkeys, not considering themselves bound by martial law, were strolling about the bush in search of grass; as they passed one of the sentries, he heard the leaves rustle, and concluding at once that the natives were coming, fired in the direction of the noise. Though the donkeys escaped the bullet of the watchful sentry, they could not evade the vigilance of the commandant. They were duly captured and duly impounded in the Governor's yard for I don't know how many days.

Proceeding to Valparaiso in the 'Cormorant,' my father there found his old friend, Commodore Toup Nicolas; and together they came home to England in the 'Vindictive.' In his place in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel declared "a gross indignity has been offered to Britain in the person of her Consul;" and some sort of apology was tardily made by the French Government of the day.

But what compensation did my father ever receive, further than the intimation conveyed to him by Lord Aberdeen, that the "French Government had pledged themselves to indemnify Mr. Pritchard for his pecuniary losses, his illegal imprisonment, and the consequent sufferings of his wife and family," and "had apologized for the insult offered to the British nation in the person of the Consul"?

Leaving Tahiti as he did, his immediate pecuniary losses were, in round numbers, about £4000. My mother had to do the best she could for herself and family, and she found it necessary to be off from Tahiti as quickly as possible, for the Frenchmen annoyed and insulted her in every possible way, even to sending gendarmes on to the premises to kill pigs and fowls, and to taunt her as she stood on her own verandah. From the Foreign Office my father received, while in England, the sum of £1000, for which he gave the following receipt:—"Received from the Earl of Aberdeen the sum of £1000, which I promise to repay to her Majesty's Government when I receive my indemnity from the French Government." This receipt bears date the 12th or 13th of January, 1845. Towards the end of 1846 another £1000 was "loaned" to him by the Foreign Office on the same conditions; and *there*, with fine phrases, wordy apologies, ample pledges, and considerable loss, the matter rests, so far as my father and his indemnity is concerned.

My father's consular district comprised Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji, with the intermediate islands. After the "Tahiti affair," he was directed by the

Foreign Office to return to his post, making Samoa his residence. In 1845 my parents went there, and my mother having returned to England, I joined my father in 1848, after he who had made Pomare an "ex-Queen" had himself become an "ex-King."

In concluding the narrative of the "Tahiti affair," —now a mere matter of history,—it is with pleasure that I find myself able to state that, however unhappy my father's intercourse was with the officers of the French navy at Tahiti, my own personal intercourse with the gallant officers I had the honour to meet in the Pacific, both officially and in my private capacity, was invariably marked with cordiality and a good understanding; and especially from Captain Lévêque, commanding the corvette 'Cornélie,' I received, while Consul at Fiji, the utmost courtesy, and experienced the most friendly feelings. It was also always my good fortune to be on the most friendly terms with the French priests in my consular district.

CHAPTER III.

SAMOAN WARFARE.

THE Port of Apia, the emporium of the Samoan or Navigator group, is on the northern coast of Upolu, about midway between the east and western extremities of the island. Vessels usually make the east end and run down the reef that skirts the shore, keeping it about two miles distant, until off the harbour,—there the pilot boards the vessels and tells the local news. It was in 1848 that I arrived in the group. As our brig skirted the reef, guided by the light of the moon beaming from a cloudless sky, we heard the monotonous tones of the conch and the sharp reports of musketry, mingling with the shrill yells and hoarse shouts of a large party of natives, and as we neared the port at the dawn of day, curiosity was on the alert to learn the cause of the tumult. The pilot soon retailed the news. During the night a party of *warriors* had attacked a village, and a fight had ensued. As we rounded the bend of the reef to enter the anchorage, we saw in the distance a fleet of eighteen canoes,—a novel and pretty sight,—sailing from the eastward before

the trade-wind which had now set in. Soon after the anchor was down, the canoes rounded the point that shelters the harbour. On the bow of each canoe was a warrior, whose blackened face and oiled body glistened in the morning sun, shouting vociferously and whirling his club over his head, and dancing and jumping about with the most extraordinary antics. At his feet lay the head of a man he had slain, and the gallant warrior was himself proclaiming his own prowess and daring, and the pedigree of the enemy whose head was the trophy he exhibited. The canoes, each with a dozen paddles, moved slowly round the harbour and between the vessels, to display their bleeding trophies to the gaze of the crowd of natives on the beach and the wondering crews that stood on the decks of the ships. This was my first introduction to the Samoans.

The island of Upolu is divided into three districts. The eastern end is called Atua, the middle of the island Le Tuamasaga (Le Tuamasanga), and the western end Aana (A-āna). Three miles from the west end of Upolu, but within the same reef, is the little island of Manono, which is closely allied in political tribal affairs with Savaii, the largest island of the group, distant about seven miles. Between Manono and Savaii is Apolima (the hollow of the hand), a huge rock, with precipitous sides two hundred yards high, and having a narrow opening on the northern aspect, which leads into a basin of smooth water encircled by a white sandy beach, receding gradually into a fertile valley. It forms a natural fortress, quite

impregnable to Samoan tactics, and is the stronghold of the Manono chiefs.

As the result of the then last war, the political supremacy was claimed by Manono, and Atua and Aana held the status of conquered districts, while Le Tuamasaga (Le Tuamasanga) was in close alliance with Manono, and shared with her the privilege of domineering over the two other districts. This political supremacy is called Le Malo, and the first privilege it confers is the right to plunder and oppress the other districts. The Malo is in fact the conquering party, who by right of conquest may occupy the lands and appropriate the chattels, the plantations, and even the daughters of the conquered districts. When a party is thoroughly beaten in war, submission is made by the chiefs carrying firewood, stones, and pieces of bamboo, and prostrating themselves in presence of the victors, with their burdens before them, remaining there in silence. If the victors are willing to accept the submission and make peace, the prostrate chiefs are told to rise, whereupon they return to their lands, but only to be the victims of oppression and to provide food for Le Malo. But if the thirst for blood be not yet satiated, the prostrate chiefs are dispatched with club and spear where they lie; and woe to the luckless party they represent! The ceremony is called ifoga (ifonga), and is interpreted as implying, "We submit, we are beaten, we are your slaves to serve you, we are your pigs to be cooked." The firewood and stones are emblematic of the oven, and the bamboo represents the instrument of torture,

either to cut them up as pigs for roasting or to chastise them as slaves.

Thus Manono claimed the Malo, and plundered and oppressed Aana and Atua. Under the assiduous teachings of the missionaries, the Aana natives were outstripping their countrymen in an incipient civilization. The dignity of the Malo could not brook these flourishing prospects of their conquered neighbours, and oppression was made more keen by repeated demands for property and for food. Still Aana, with its active missionaries, intelligent chiefs, and well-attended schools flourished. There more cocoa-nut oil was made, more calico, more hatchets, more of all the white man's articles which a Samoan covets, were bartered than in all the other districts of the group together. The Malo resolved to put a stop to these innovations. For with the newly-acquired wealth there arose a corresponding self-respect which possibly would develope itself into independence of the oppression. A chief of Manono complained that when he called at Aana he was slighted, and war was threatened. The missionaries advised the Aana people not to precipitate a fight; and to avoid a sudden attack, for which Manono was evidently preparing, in a body they left the lands and settlements and fled to Atua, where they were welcomed by their brothers in oppression. The deserted lands of Aana were devastated, abandoned plantations and tenantless houses were ruthlessly destroyed by the people of Manono. Then the invasion of Atua was attempted. The first battle took place in July, 1848. Manono, joined by Savaii and

Le Tuamasaga (Le Tuamasanga), attacked Aana and Atua in the latter district, and were repulsed. Having lost some one hundred and twenty men in killed and wounded, they retreated to Le Tuamasaga (Le Tuamasanga), and selected Mullinu'u, the western point of the harbour of Apia, for head-quarters, which they duly fortified after the native style. The Aana and Atua people fortified Lufilufi, the capital of Atua, distant about fifteen miles to the eastward of Mulinu'u. Again Manono and her allies proceeded to attack the "rebels," as the enemy were now termed. At dead of night, and stealthily, they crept along the reef in their canoes, and just as the moon hid herself behind the hills, pounced upon Lufilufi. The place was surprised. Twelve of the "rebels" were slain,—men, women, and children,—and with the heads of these unfortunates the attacking party retired and made for Mulinu'u before the bewildered enemy could rally. This was the second great event of the war, and was claimed by Manono as a set-off against the first battle in which they were repulsed. And this was the affray which caused the blowing of the conchs and the yells of the natives as I sailed along the reefs of Upolu for the first time.

The Samoans had no standing army—men trained especially to the use of arms and devoted to no other pursuits. Like all savages, every man was taught in his youth the use of the spear and the club. In war-times the whole people followed their chiefs to the fight. In peace the whole people engaged in the avocations of the day, planting, fishing, and building. When one chief sought the alliance of another, he

sent a present of fine mats edged with the red feathers of the paroquet, to purchase his friendship. The acceptance of the present was the recognition of the alliance and the promise of aid. After the war, a further present was given for the service rendered. The most prolific sources of war were the murder of a chief, disputed succession to chieftainship, and women. It was a maxim, "once a chief's wife, always his wife," even if put aside for a younger and wealthier bride. Hence, when a chief ceased to live with one of his wives, and another chief took her, the inevitable result was war. At the commencement of hostilities, the women and children, together with all moveable property, were collected in a fort in the interior, or taken to a distant ally. The wives of the great chiefs and leading commoners, however, accompanied their lords to the wars, to nurse them if wounded. I have seen some of these women in the heat of a fight, as the bullets were whizzing about their heads, carrying water to the wounded, with far more coolness than the men displayed in their firing.

In every district, each town has its proper position, when going into action, assigned to it from time immemorial. Certain contiguous towns form the "mua au," or advance guard; others constitute the "lotoala," or main body; and others the "muri au," or rear guard. The first is the post of honour, and though the towns forming the "mua au" invariably lose most men, they always claim the privilege to lead. To assign their position to other towns would result in their immediate defection. Yet, to compensate for these

greater dangers in war, they claim the first and largest share of food at their feasts, and the earliest consideration in all matters connected with their districts in times of peace. The chiefs, and the old men of the land forces and of the fleet respectively,—for the two services are kept quite distinct,—arrange the plans of the war independently of each other; while the priests bless the warriors, invoke success, and curse the enemy. When the fleets of various districts unite, a distinguishing pendant shows to which they respectively belong. This pendant is either a string of cocoa-nut leaves, or strips of matting, or a dog, bird, or fish, painted on a piece of native cloth. To distinguish allies on shore, certain figures are painted on the body, in black, white, or red; or a particular shell is suspended from the neck, or tied round the arm; or the hair worn in some fantastic manner. The signs, whatever they may be, are changed every two or three days.

When two war-parties meet, before commencing to fight they sometimes pause to abuse each other systematically, and to deliver speeches of defiance and challenge. "You banana-eating Manono men, be your throats consumed by Moso!"—"You cocoanut-eating Aana men, be your tongues wasted, blasted!"—"This is my club to strike dead the Savaii pig. Where is that Savaii pig that comes on to his death?"—"Roast that Atua king that is about to die by my spear."—"This is the man-eating musket. Where is that horde of filthy things that would be men"? These are specimens of the choice sentences exchanged

on these occasions. Every man goes into action decked out with his most valuable ornaments, head-dresses, necklaces, armlets, and leg-rings. A general attack in force upon the enemy is always preceded by a grand feast, and a grand review. A surprise is generally the plan of some one or two chiefs, executed by themselves and their immediate followers.

After a fight, the heads of the slain enemies are paraded in presence of the assembled chiefs and people, when the heroes are individually thanked, and their personal prowess and daring publicly acknowledged. The excitement of the successful warrior is intense as he passes before the chiefs with his bleeding trophy, capering in the most fantastic evolutions, with blackened face and oiled body, throwing his club high in the air, and catching it behind his back or between his legs, sometimes himself carrying his dead enemy's head, sometimes dancing round a comrade who carries it for him; all the while shouting in his loudest voice, "Ou te mau tagata, ou te mau tagata," "I have my man, I have my man." To a young Samoan, this is the realization of his highest ambition,—to be thus publicly thanked by the chiefs for slaying an enemy in mortal combat, as he careers before his comrades with the reeking head of his foe in one hand, and his club or musket in the other. Then again, when the war is over, and he returns to his village, to hear his companions rehearse the exploit, and the girls pronounce him "toa," "brave,"—then it is you see in their very perfection the complacent dignity and latent pride that lurk within that

brown-skinned islander. As he assumes an air of unconscious disregard of the praises his deeds evoke, you see the sublime and the ludicrous neatly blending, when he turns to the girls and mildly exclaims, "funa mai si sului," "woman, hand me a cigar!" This modest little order is at once pretty and pert, dignified and careless, when it falls from the lips of a hero or a beau. And proud is the girl who hands it to him; she has but one ambition then—to become his wife, even with the certainty of being cast off in less than a month for another! After the heads have been paraded before the chiefs, they are piled up in the malae, or open space, in the centre of the town, the head of the greatest chief slain being placed uppermost. If, among the visitors, there are any relations of the slain, they claim their heads, and bury them, or send them back to the comrades of the deceased. The unclaimed heads are buried together in the malae. Any of the bodies that may be recognized are also buried by their friends, while those who had no relatives amongst the visitors are left to rot, and make food for the dogs. The relatives are careful to bury the bodies they identify, lest their spirits should haunt them, or wander about the field of battle, disconsolate and mournful, lamenting the fate which left their bodies to rot, or to be eaten by the dogs. I have often heard the natives say, "Hear that spirit moaning—'O au maalili, O au maalili;' 'I am cold, I am cold;'" when a stormy night has thrown its darkness, and poured its torrents of rain and gusts of wind over the battle-field. It was vain to tell them the noise

they heard was merely the creaking boughs, or the pelting rain; to them it was nothing else than the spirits of the unburied dead enemy.

The ties which in war unite the rival chieftains of any given district are but slight, and the motives which incite to defection are equally so. In the war which was going on when I first arrived, there was an instance of this. Aleipia was one of the influential leaders of the Aana people, and Morio'o, an equally influential man in Atua. Both took offence at some fancied slight, and went over to the enemy. Manono received them with open arms, because, though gaining no actual increase in fighting men, their defection was in itself a loss of prestige to Aana and Atua, and their presence gave *éclat* to the party to which they went over, for Manono could now point to them as proof of their right to "Le Malo." The two men themselves were actuated in their defection as much by the prospect of becoming notorious, as by jealousy of rival chieftains, and revenge on their own people; for the reception by Manono necessitated, by strict Samoan custom, their formal installation in their own districts, which would at once become the great object of the war; and this fact, the old chiefs of Manono well knew, would infuse new vigour into their party, and afford a plausible reason for calling back those Savaii men who had gone home professedly to look after their plantations, but really to escape from the war of which they were becoming heartily wearied. The two chiefs went through the ceremony of ifoga, but merely as a matter of form; and Manono made

it the occasion of much speechifying and great feasting. No political movements or events are initiated without large meetings, boastful speeches, and plenty of feasting. Those Savaii allies who had gone home, as they alleged, to look after their plantations, were summoned to Mulinu'u, and informed that the produce of their plantations was required for the great "fono," or discussion, about to take place, in consequence of the submission of Aleipia and Morio'o to Le Malo. A summons like this they could not refuse. They willingly came, lured not by the opportunity to exhibit their bravery and prowess, but by the prospect of the great feasting. In due course the warriors met at Mulinu'u. Aleipia and Morio'o were duly introduced as representing the restoration of La Malo as it was. The result of the meeting and feasting was that Aleipia was at once to be conveyed in state,—that is, accompanied by thirty or forty canoes,—and located at Leulumoega, the deserted capital of Aana, to which he belonged. According to Samoan custom, the act of placing this man at Leulumoega (Leulumoenga), and the erection of his house there, without being attacked by Aana and Atua, was tantamount to Manono occupying the district, Aleipia being vassal in charge. The proposition was readily entered into by the Savaii people, as the opportunity to escape from a war in which, as they naïvely said, the victory was not won by the strongest arm in wielding the club or parrying the spear, for a youth only just tattooed could with a musket shoot the strongest and most daring warrior. This was the secret of the unpopularity of the war.

To take Aleipia to Leulumoega (Leulumoenga) was an easy matter, as the district was deserted, and there was a certainty of no opposition. Aleipia was accordingly taken down, and installed in his old home, but no personal followers were there to support him. Still, Manono had placed him in his old home, and she held that was enough. He, therefore, soon decamped; but his reappearance in this manner in the Manono encampment did not entail the same respect or position his defection had at first commanded, and he subsided into a person of no great consideration. The arrangement as to the disposal of Morio'o, the Atua chief, who had deserted his people, displays further traits in the character of these unwarlike Samoans. To carry him back to Atua was to encounter the whole force of the united Aana and Atua people, for they were encamped at his town, Lufilufi. Morio'o's return was therefore deferred *sine die!* The fate of both these men was the result of muskets, powder, and bullets having taken the precedence of the club and the spear.

The Samoans take no male captives; it is the rule to kill all the men they can during war times. Women are sometimes spared for the use of their captors. In civilized countries it is customary to lament this fate as worse than death. The philosophy and the ethics of the Samoans teach them the other sentiment. The love of life is strong, and the women of Samoa hold it preferable to live as the wife of a conqueror than to die as the wife of the vanquished; and they laugh at our idea of a woman dying with her lord rather than go into captivity. Women who are related to both

parties pass from the one camp to the other, without hindrance; and, as is proverbially the case with the sex all the world over, they divulge the secrets of both parties. Any general movements the chiefs propose are at once known throughout their party, and off go the women with the news to the enemy! In the late war, when the Atua and Aana party were preparing to move their encampment from Lufilufi to Matauta, which forms the eastern side of the harbour of Apia, the Manono party, who occupied Muliu'u, which forms the western side of the harbour not more than a mile distant, though duly notified by women from the Ahua camp who were related to them, took no measures to defeat the accomplishment of the plan. This is a truly Samoan custom. A movement of this kind is allowed to be quietly executed. In fact, the custom seems to be for the party who moved or attacked last to leave the next move or attack to be initiated by the other party. One fine morning we woke up in Apia, the white man's settlement, and found one side of the harbour occupied by Aana and Atua, and the other side occupied by Manono and Savaii, each party having about 3000 men.

The white men's settlement being thus between two fires, my father, as British Consul, and at the request of the foreign residents, took such measures as he could to protect their persons when any fighting might be going on. The Consulate was barricaded with empty casks, three tiers deep and two high. Bullets penetrated the outer tier, and expended themselves in the second. Whenever a fight was about to take place,—

and there was generally timely warning,—the whites and their families assembled in the Consulate, and there, under shelter of these old casks and the union-jack, thought themselves out of harm's way.

The activity of the Aana people, increased by the fact of being in presence of the white men, soon brought on an engagement. They had built large boats, after the model of whaleboats, capable of carrying from eighty to a hundred and twenty men, and propelled just as their canoes were, by paddles. A bulwark or barricade of bamboos went all round, which was considered impregnable by bullets. Both ends being alike, they were called "paumualua," and were the invention of an ingenious Yankee, Eli Jennings, whose wife was related to some of the great Aana chiefs. Week after week, these boats attacked Muliu'u, but without effecting a breach in the fort. Then the Aana and Atua encampment was removed from Matautu to Matafele, within one thousand yards of the enemy; and now the fighting became frequent and lively—for Samoans. The Manono party invariably had the worst of the fights. The Savaii allies were accused of want of spirit. One day, in the midst of a wrangle between the Manono and Savaii chiefs, three women entered the fort with the intelligence that the other party were all away in the bush foraging. It was Saturday, and the two parties usually spent the day in preparing food for the Sabbath, so that there should be neither cooking nor fighting on that day. This was the opportunity for the Savaii men to recover their waning prestige. In less than half an

hour, and before any women could convey intimation of the intended attack, 500 men of Savaii rushed from Muliu'u into the fort at Matafele. The surprise was complete. With fiendish yells and blackened faces and oiled bodies, on they rushed towards the devoted encampment, their warlike impetuosity stirred by the knowledge that the fort was unoccupied. Just outside the encampment were a dozen Aana men, the only guard that remained. They stood behind a large tree, and the fire of their dozen muskets kept the five hundred men at bay for fully five minutes. At length three of the dozen fell mortally wounded. Their comrades, picking them up, ran off with them into the encampment as fast as they could. Again the Savaii men, rallying from their temporary check now that the dozen men had fled, rushed on, and, entering the encampment without opposition, began to burn and fire into the huts at random, and to cut down the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. By this time the Aana fleet, which still remained at Matautu, had paddled round the bay, and opened fire upon the Savaii men. In the meantime the foraging parties had returned, startled by the sound of the firing and the sight of the smoke from their burning huts. Still the Savaii men, regardless of the fire of the fleet, pressed forward, with the view of burning the huts of the crews before they could get back to Matautu. The returning foragers were running about endeavouring to make a stand here and there, but still, all excitement and without leaders, falling back as the Savaii men pressed upon them. As I stood peeping between two casks at the

Consulate, a young chief of the Atua party, in passing, caught sight of me. "Will you see us run and not tell us how to drive back these Savaii men?" he shouted, as he jumped behind a tree. "Stand and fight," I replied. "Stand! where can I stand? The bullets are coming thicker and thicker as I talk to you." I cannot say how it was, but the next moment I found myself by the side of the young chief with my spyglass in my hand. "There are your friends Lilo and Pouri," he said, "leading on those Savaii men, and here is your friend Pulepule being beaten." Near by was a little stone wall, about five feet high, running from low-water mark to the pathway, a distance of about twenty-five yards. About a hundred yards inland was an elbow of a river, and beyond a marsh. A small party stationed behind this wall could sweep the ground, and keep a much larger number of men in check. We ran together to the little wall, as the bullets whizzed over our heads. The Samoans almost always fire high, because in the excitement the gun generally goes off before the butt is well up to the shoulder. Eighteen Aana men joined us there, each with a musket; one half of the men loaded, the other half fired. The stones of the wall did not fit closely together, and through the apertures the muskets were steadily pointed. At first, in their excitement, the men fired too hurriedly and at random. As they became more collected when they found the bullets of the Savaii men did not come through the wall, their fire became more deliberate. Pouri and Lilo still led on their men, jumping from tree to tree to within thirty

yards of us. As they started to rush upon the wall, a volley from the ten muskets checked them. Instantly ten more muskets were ready. Again the two chiefs called to their men to rush upon the wall, and again they reeled before the volley that poured upon them. Volley after volley was discharged, always the ten muskets together, too quickly to allow of the Savaii men again advancing. As they stood behind the cocoa-nut trees, they could not load their muskets without being exposed to the fire from the wall, which had now become very steady and regular, as the defenders found they were safe from the bullets of the enemy. It was too much for the Savaii men. They were falling, and they could not see how many men were behind that little wall. A Samoan in such circumstances could not possibly take a deliberate view of the matter, and see at once that many men could not be there. To his excited imagination, I have no doubt, the wall was large enough to protect a hundred men or more. The Savaii men fell back, dodging from tree to tree. "What next?" said Pulepule. "Follow them up from tree to tree." At this game both parties were equally exposed, and so the Savaii men, more numerous, made a stand. But now the fleet of boats, seeing the Savaii men checked, had approached the beach, and the enemy were between two fires. Pulepule called to them to land, and so cut off the retreat. But no; the safest place from which to fire was behind those bamboo bulwarks around the boats. And the Savaii men made good their retreat, when, under a proper leader, the crews

of the boats could have captured or killed every man of them. The fort was reoccupied by the Aana and Atua men, but only to lament the ruin of their huts, and bewail the loss of the booty which a party of swift runners had carried off to Mulinu'u. As I looked at them, I began to think that after all the Samoans would fight if properly led.

As they all stood about, viewing the smouldering ruins around them, a lad crawled from under the bamboo flooring of a chief's sleeping apartment. He was one of the twelve who were left to guard the encampment, and was wounded in the ankle as he entered the gate. Finding himself unable to run, he crawled under the floor of the hut, and just as he was out of sight the Savaii men entered and set fire to it. The dry thatching, made of cocoanut leaves, burnt up in a very few minutes, before the bamboos, which were quite green, took fire. Some of them cracked with the heat, and made a report as loud as a musket, the poor fellow imagining it was the muzzle of a Savaii man's gun at his head. His hair was all singed off, and his little bit of tapa gone he knew not where. As he emerged from his hiding-place, the brave warriors around him started back at the sight, supposing him to be something more than mortal. From under another bamboo-floor crawled another lad, wounded in the chest, the ball having entered at his back and passed right through him. He was in even a worse plight than his comrade. I bathed their wounds with cold water, and put a piece of very young banana leaf over them. This was done every

day until in six weeks the ankle of the one was well enough to enable him to run about, and in eight weeks the other one's wound was quite healed. The cases of recovery were most extraordinary. Whether their diet and general habits of life had anything or not to do with it, I cannot say. But the fact remains. Wounds which, in a white man, would quickly bring on inflammation and mortification, in these Samoans were healed by simple daily bathings and cleanliness.

A youth was wounded in the chest, the shot passing right through him. As he breathed, the air seemed to come through the wound, and yet in ten weeks the fellow was as well as ever he was!

Some of the chiefs asked my opinion of the fight. In the mood to study yet further the tactics of Samoan warfare, I jumped on to the stump of a cocoa-nut tree, and said a few words. The application of their old traditions is always more effective than volumes of the most eloquent exhortations. "When the sisters Ana and Tua settled on Upolu, Tua gave the planting-stick to her district, and Ana gave the club and the spear to hers, as the emblems of their calling. Together they are strong: the club and the spear protect the planting-stick, and the planting-stick feeds the club and the spear. Separated, they are weak, the planting-stick is broken, because the club and the spear are not there to protect it; the club and the spear are hungry and weak, because the planting-stick is not there to feed them. To-day you hung up the spear and the club, and took only the planting-stick in hand. The planting-stick is broken, your fort has been

burned and your trees cut down by the scheming Savaii men. Now let the club and the spear, before they become hungry and weak, rise up and rescue the planting-stick. Though the Savaii men have broken it, because the club and the spear were not there, let the Savaii men see the club and the spear can mend the broken planting-stick." Tagata-o-le-ao (Tangata-o-le-ao) a fat old Atua chief, who, unable to run fast, had narrowly escaped the loss of his head, and was still in fear and trembling at the very recollection, exclaimed, "The planting-stick is broken, it cannot be repaired. The Savaii men have taken the pieces away with them, —a little more, and they would have had my head to dance with before their chiefs. I replied, "Still, the Savaii men did not get the head of Tagata-o-le-ao (Tangata-o-le-ao); and there is nothing to prove their bravery and success. The planting-stick is only broken. The pieces are not taken away by the Savaii men, for there is the head of Tagata-o-le-ao (Tangata-o-le-ao). The club and the spear can mend the planting-stick, if they are quick at their work, if they begin before they become hungry and weak for want of the food the planting-stick provides."

Very soon the Atua and Aana men mustered to attack Mulinu'u. As they were about to start, a musket was offered to any man who would bring away a cocoanut-log from the fort. Two friends, both of Leulumoenga, the capital of Aana, stepped forward. "The club and the spear will mend the broken planting-stick. The musket is ours, we'll bring the cocoanut-log." To approach the fort, the attacking party had to crawl full

length on the sand, just at low-water mark, where the moisture of the receding tide left the beach quite soft. Immediately around the fort was a ditch about twelve feet wide. The bush had all been cleared away by the defenders, to leave no protection for an attacking party. The fortifications consisted of cocoanut-logs placed upright, about ten feet above ground and two feet under, backed by logs of other tree. Between the logs the defenders could fire, under shelter. The shot, however, passed over the men crawling along the sandy beach, for the Samoans invariably fire high. The attacking party crawled forward, until about twenty-five yards from the enemy, when up they jumped and rushed upon the fort. For a few moments there was hot work, when the defenders, surprised at what they considered the audacity of the attacking party, gave way, and the stormers made a lodgment inside the fort. From behind the cocoanut-trees, the Savaii men kept up a continuous fire. The two friends, true to their words, each clasped a cocoa-nut log, but before they could get them out of the ground, their party was repulsed by the Manono men who had come up to the aid of their comrades, the Savaii men. In the hurried retreat, the two friends were left tugging away at their logs. The Savaii men rushed again to their fortifications, and the two friends each received a shot in each thigh, and fell over into the ditch, where fortunately they were not observed by the men inside the fort, else their heads would soon have been off. When the Atua and Aana party mustered in their own encampment at Matafele, the two friends were missing. I went with

a party to recover their bodies. We found them still alive, crawling along the sandy beach, as before, each leaving a trail of blood behind. Strangely enough, the balls had all passed through the fleshy parts of their thighs, and so they managed to drag themselves out of the ditch, while the Savaii men and Manono men were bemoaning their dead and wounded, and wrangling as to whose fault it was that allowed the stormers to get possession of the fort, and eclipse the late surprise on the Aana encampment. We carried the two wounded men to the encampment, under a volley from Mulinu'u which, as usual, went high over our heads. In six weeks both were well again, and ready for action, with their two new muskets, which, although they failed to bring away the cocoa-nut logs from the enemy's fort, their pluck had fairly won.

I wished to show the two rival parties that, though I thus mixed with them in their occasional fights, I really did not take sides with either, any further than to learn their warfare. I therefore told some of the chiefs of the Aana and Atua fleet at Matauta, that I would take two muskets to Mulinu'u for Fatupaito, a young chief of the enemy's party, and if they could catch me in the act, I was quite willing that they should have the muskets themselves. It is a custom among the Samoans to allow arms and ammunition to pass to the enemy, under certain circumstances. A young chief, related to both the opposing parties, may sometimes make his peace with the party against which he is fighting, provided it is his mother's side, and that she is a lady of very high rank. This apparent desertion

of his comrades is not held undignified or disgraceful. For it is under his privileges as a Tamasa (or Vasu in Fiji) that the young chief is sheltered.*

After living with his mother's party some little time, the young chief suddenly starts off to his former comrades, taking with him whatever arms and ammunition, and anything else, he may conveniently lay hands upon. The custom, as applied to war, however, is not frequently practised. My proposition to take the two muskets to the enemy did not therefore absolutely shock my neighbours; and the chance of getting the muskets themselves rather pleased them, for they fancied that it was impossible for a white man to checkmate them. About a week after I made the proposal, one of the chiefs rather chaffed me, saying, "You have not yet taken the muskets to your friend Fatupaito. Mind you, I shall have them; I wish you would make haste." After some further varied conversation, in which the chief was led quite off the scent, I proposed a sail in my boat about the harbour. The chief agreed, I put two sails into the boat, one for use, and the other covering up the two muskets. After sailing about the harbour some little time, I proposed to the chief to run down near Mulinu'u to have a look at the place. He objected, fearing we should be fired upon. But I knew that a boat, with only one or two people in it, sailing right for the port, would at once be supposed on a friendly visit, and would not therefore be molested.

* A Tamasa is a nephew on the mother's side. A sister's children may with impunity do what they like to, and take what they like from, their mother's brother or his children.

Away then we sailed, notwithstanding the protestations of the chief, whom I now directed to lie down in the bottom of the boat. As we neared the fort I took the two muskets out of the sail, and laid them on the seat where I sat to steer, and then threw the sail over my trembling companion. Not a word passed between us, and on the shore it was imagined I was alone. When quite close to the beach I rounded-to, and as the warriors, with their muskets, spears and clubs, lined the water's edge in eager anxiety to learn the errand that took me there, I called for Fatupaito, saying I had two muskets for him. Off went two or three men to bring him. As soon as he came I told him to let a boy wade off for the muskets, for as I had ballast in the boat I did not wish her to touch the beach. The boy took the muskets, and I stood off from the point on a wind to beat back into the harbour. When well out from the fort, my unhappy shipmate peeped from under the sail, where until now he had not dared to move a limb, or scarce draw a breath. "Come out now; Fatupaito has the two muskets, and you helped me take them to him," I said. Ah! said he, "if we had not been so near Mulinu'u, I would have jumped up and taken them myself; when the boy put his hand on the boat to take the muskets, I thought his hand was on my head." It was now my turn to chaff him, as he had previously chaffed me at Matautu before our sail. Lest Fatupaito and his party should boast of having received the muskets, I sent him word that an Atua man's head was in the boat, which he was not sharp enough to get.

Subsequently the seat of war was at Le Mulifanua (the Land's End), the western extremity of Upolu, and separated from Manono by a strait of three miles,—the whole being encircled by a reef, which gave the combatants smooth water, and ample room for fighting in boats and canoes. Having seen enough of land fighting and tactics to satisfy curiosity, I was desirous to learn what I could of the maritime warfare of these gallant Samoans. Eli Jennings, the ingenious American to whom I have already referred, had improved upon his invention. He had built for the Aana party two boats, each rather over one hundred and twenty feet long, which he had fastened together by a deck, with the two hulls thirty-five feet apart. In the centre of this deck was a large paddle-wheel, turned by a crank, at which fifteen or twenty men worked at a time,—propelling the boat at about four miles an hour in light winds. Around the deck a barricade of cocoa-nut logs and bamboos was erected, ten feet high, and partially covered in one head. To each of the four prows was fixed a piece of pointed iron, extending forwards six feet, just under water. The armament consisted of four nine-pounders and four cannonades. From her iron prows she was called 'Le Taumuasila,' and, carrying three hundred men, she was altogether rather a formidable "ram." To cope with her, the Manono party, aided by Tongans, had built three large double canoes after the Tongan model, capable of carrying one hundred and fifty men each, and on these also were erected barricades of cocoa-nut logs and bamboos.

I happened to be at Le Mulifanua when the three double canoes stood over from Mauno to challenge 'Le Taumuasila.' The challenge was accepted. I jumped on board, just to see the practice. The canoes, with their huge sails towering afloat, lay-to in the straits, waiting for 'Le Taumuasila,' as she slowly approached without sail or oars. There was a fine trade-wind blowing,—just the play for the double canoes, which flew through the water at the rate of ten miles an hour, when they made sail, and tacked round and round 'Le Taumuasila,' looking for an unprotected part. At length 'Seli' (Hell), the largest of the canoes, opened fire upon us at about a hundred yards, with two nine-pounders. The shot rather shook our cocoanut-log barricade, but as they rolled off without hurting any of our crew, the Chief, who had most to say, encouraged his men to wait till the enemy were nearer still, before replying. Soon the other two canoes began their fire, also with nine-pounders, but with the same harmless result. Encouraged by our silence, they manœuvred to run the canoes alongside 'Le Taumuasila,' and to throw their great masts, fifty feet long, with their sails over us,—with the intention of boarding. There were about two to one against us, as regards the number of men engaged. It was therefore time for 'Le Taumusila' to open fire. To the first discharge the canoes replied with a shout of derision, for the shot rolled off their cocoa-nut log barricades as harmlessly as the Manonos hot had rolled off 'Le Taumuasila.' The canoes still manœuvred to throw their masts over us, to impede our working the craft.

Evidently the enemy meant to get hold of 'Le Taumusila' in her maiden fight; and with the odds against us, I thought it was time just to *look* at the guns and powder. The charges were doubled, and at the next broadside some of 'Seli's' cocoa-nut logs were wanting, and her crew at the mercy of 'Le Taumuasila's' musketeers. But being now at such close quarters, within twenty-five yards of each other, every one was excited, and but few musket-shots told effectively. Another nine-pounder was fired, and away went more of 'Seli's' cocoanut-logs. While turning 'Le Taumuasila' to run her iron prows into the canoe, the latter gave sheet, and made off for Manono, followed by her two consorts,—thus abruptly terminating the fray. With a slashing trade-wind, the canoes flew across the straits in a very few minutes, and were soon moored to the shore. It was proposed to follow them up in the 'Le Taumuasila,' and make an effort to capture the disabled 'Seli.' After some debating,—for her gallant crew thought they had done enough for one day,—this was agreed to. When within a few hundred yards of Manono, volley after volley of musketry was poured upon us, but without effect. The compliment was returned with the nine-pounders, and a shout of defiance. 'Le Taumuasila' was stationed opposite the canoes, within forty yards,—but nothing could induce a nearer approach. After blazing away for half an hour at that distance, her head was turned homewards,—and the action was over. To blaze away from behind the barricade was one thing,—to run alongside 'Seli,' muster on her deck,

and cut her out, under a warm fire from the shore, was quite another.

From these instances, it will be observed that the Samoans possess a *certain* courage, which, for lack of discipline and proper leaders, is useless in their enterprises. They are quick to catch at anything that appears an improvement on their own mode of warfare, especially when the innovation offers the prospect of fighting under shelter. A barricade of *green* bamboos, properly transposed, affords an almost secure protection from the bullets of the old "tomar" muskets (Brown Bess) which they use, and a barricade of cocoa-nut logs (while the sap is in them) checks the force of small cannon-balls. I have seen a nine-pound shot pass clean through a cocoa-nut tree, and drop down expended immediately it escaped from the tree, the hole made in its passage closing as it passed through.

I once saw two chiefs in single combat,—powerful, well-built men, both standing over six feet. It was at Tasitootai, in the Aana district, where there are two rival chiefs, Tui-o-le-Mauga (Maunga) and Sagapou (Sanga). They are about equal in rank and power, and are related, as indeed are all the great chiefs. The town was entertaining a large party of visitors from Saluafata, in Atua, where, during the war, the Fasitootia people had been quartered. Peace having been attained, they were now, according to custom, exchanging hospitalities. After feasting the visitors, Tui-o-le-Mauga proposed to give them a great dance. Saga objected, on the ground that the practices of the dance were immoral,—for since the peace this chief

had again given himself to religion. Tui replied that those who objected should not attend the dance. In every village where there are two rival chiefs, if one takes to the "lotu" (religion), the other will generally give himself up to the opposite course,—or attach himself to a rival religion. If one become a Protestant, the other will become a Roman Catholic, if he embrace any creed at all.

About eight o'clock in the evening the fires are burning brightly in the *fall tell*, or "great house," where visitors are entertained. The clapping of hands and the songs announce that the dance is about to begin. The entertainers occupy one end of the house, and their friends the other. Between them, in the centre of the house, are two fireplaces. Women attend the fires, and as each party dances in turn, the fire nearest to them is kept burning brightly, showing their well-oiled bodies and various antics to the spectators, who crowd around the building from all the neighbouring villages. First a party of ten or twelve lads dance, then as many girls, the leader always in the centre. Thus the sexes alternate, until the highest lady and the greatest chief have each had their turn, when the fire is transferred to the other party. In due course it is again transferred to the first party, and so the dance continues. Songs are sung to the clapping of hands and the beating of mats stretched over bamboos, as the dancers tumble about. The evolutions are sometimes graceful, sometimes energetic, and soon become monotonous. Though these dances are usually continued till daybreak (when they be-

come obscene), half an hour will quite satisfy the most curious stranger.

It was just as the entertainers were closing their first turn, under the leadership of Tui-o-le-Mauga, that Saga rushed into the house, club in hand, and belabouring the unfortunate men and women nearest to him. Tui-o-le-Mauga turned upon him: "I originated this dance, and if you strike any one, strike me."—"I strike Tui-o-le-Mauga, then," said Saga, and together they rushed out of the house. It was a fine moonlight night, and the movements of the two chiefs were distinctly seen. Tui-o-le-Mauga seized a stick that lay on the ground, to parry Saga's blow. At the third crack it went into pieces, and Saga stood with uplifted club, scarcely knowing, in his excitement, what he had done. At this moment Tui's son handed a club to his father. Then there was parrying and fencing with those two clubs, to gratify the most fastidious guardsmen. But before either of the combatants received a serious wound, the people closed around them, and pulled them apart. Saga, in his rage, knocked several on the head,—tokens of the power and authority of hereditary chieftainship, which the people accepted in the gentlest spirit. They seemed, when struck on the one cheek, at once to turn the other for a like blessing. The object was to prevent the two chiefs, to both of whom the whole townspeople are more or less related, from inflicting any personal injury on each other; for if either were injured, revenge would become imperative, and perhaps the town divided, and a war

would ensue. No matter how much the people were hurt, if only the chiefs themselves were uninjured,—so great is the veneration, even where there may happen to be but little authority, for the persons of their great hereditary chiefs. At length the combatants each went to his own houses, to brood over the affair. The people retired to their houses, and sat up all night,—ready for either of the chiefs to club them if they so pleased, or to rush to the rescue if Saga accepted the challenge which Tui-o-le-Mauga sent him, to fight again, with either club or musket, as soon as he pleased. But Saga thought discretion was the better part of valour, and did not meet his rival. Next day, as soon as it was well light, all the village councillors met in consultation, and then proceeded in procession, first to Saga and then to Tui-o-le-Mauga; and having performed the ceremony of *ifoga* (ifonga), offered to let them both expend their ire upon their loving people, and begged the chiefs again to be friends. The ifoga was duly accepted by each chief, and there the quarrel apparently ended, though their rivalry was more intense ever afterwards.

I myself once had a little taste of the club. One afternoon when strolling through a grove of cocoanut trees with Dr. De Boos, we saw several natives rushing about in front of my brother's store, flourishing their clubs over their heads, and shouting vengeance to some one inside the house. Knowing that my brother was on board his vessel in the harbour, I hastened to the store. Just when reaching the gate,

five men, mad with liquor, surrounded me, exclaiming, "We want that person out of the store." I fancied that the storekeeper had perhaps got into some trouble in his trading, and, taking advantage of my brother's absence, these men wanted to get hold of him. As I replied, "Well, then, be quiet and let us see who it is you want," one of the men, a fellow by the name of Kie, raised his club over my head,—I dodged it, and jumped into a gateway leading between two stone walls to the store, where they could attack me only in front. I had nothing with me but my little whalebone cane, scarcely half an inch in diameter. There was barely time to take up my position before the fellow was at me again. As he raised his club over my head, I struck him in the face with my pliant little cane, blinding him effectually for the moment. As the club descended, I caught it in my right hand, supporting the wrist with my left, and sinking down bodily to break the force of the blow. Two fellows jumped forward and wrested the club from me, while a third struck me with another. At him I had a good hit, with my cane, laying it right across his face; off he went, blinded. Again Kie was at me, this time with a pine-apple club, so called from having knobs about the size of a man's thumb on the heavy end, and at a little distance looking not unlike a pine-apple. With a yell, and his mouth wide open, he flourished his club over my head. Before it struck me, my little cane was again in his face, rather harder than before, for I had now warmed with the excitement of

the fray. I just had time to drop my cane and catch his club as before,—effectually this time, for one of the knobs stuck in the palm of my hand, and enabled me to wrest it from his grip before his comrades could fly to his help. Bleeding from his face, Kie went off, apparently satisfied, as I stood with his club in my hand and bleeding as profusely as he did. The whole party, indeed, seemed satisfied,—as, in truth, I was myself. Seeing my brother, who had observed the affair from the vessel, hastening on shore, they all went off, and I turned into the store to get Dr. De Boos to sew up my hand, and to inquire about the individual who had caused the fray. It turned out to be some woman about whom the men were quarrelling, and who, to escape from them, had run first into a white man's house adjoining the store, and thence made her way into a shed on my brother's premises without any one in the house knowing it. This was but poor gratification to me when I saw my bleeding hand, and felt my shoulder becoming rather painful. When the men became sober, some two or three days after, they came with apologies and offers of payment, when the chief fined them a pig, or something else that would be useful *to him.*

CHAPTER IV.

CONFLICTS BETWEEN SAMOANS AND FOREIGNERS.

MANY disputes necessarily arise in the intercourse of the natives with white men. The Consulates are the only local authorities to which such disputes can be referred. Occasionally cases have arisen which have been further referred from the Consulates to the commanders of vessels of war visiting the islands. These troubles originate sometimes in the aggressions of the natives, sometimes in the overbearing conduct of the whites,—as often from the one source as from the other. In all cases, the Samoans will "argue the point" to the very last. They never weary of discussing a matter, and will resort to any strategy to prolong an inquiry where it is evident they are in the wrong. They will present a case in a dozen different lights, or take their stand successively on as many different grounds, rather than bring a question to the issue where the decision will evidently be a fine or restitution.

In a squabble between several neighbouring chiefs of Savaii, the property of an Englishman, John Stowers, alias "Monkey Jack," was wantonly de-

stroyed. Jack preferred his complaint at the Consulate. Before the Consul had time to effect a settlement, two of her Majesty's ships, the 'Juno,' Captain Fremantle, and the 'Dido' Captain Morshed, happened to arrive in Apia, and to the senior officer the matter was at once referred. As the parties all lived at Amoa, on Savaii, about fifty miles from the port, it was decided, after due deliberation, to visit Sapapalii, the ruling district of that island, and to investigate the complaint on the spot. Five boats were accordingly dispatched, with armed crews, under the command of Captain Morshed, accompanied by the Consul (my father), whilst I was accepted as a volunteer. As soon as the boats arrived, a meeting was convened. The chiefs admitted that the Englishman's property had been destroyed, but prepared to "argue the point" as to an indemnity. At first they attempted to show that Stowers had espoused the cause of the other party. This being satisfactorily refuted, they sought to show that as Jack's wife was related to the enemy, they had the right to appropriate or destroy his property. It being shown that Jack's wife was equally related to both parties, the allegation was advanced that the property was accidentally destroyed. This allegation rebutted, they took the ground that Jack charged more for repairing their muskets than those of their enemy, and, therefore, the destruction of his property was merely a set-off against the overcharge. Proof being brought that Jack charged the same price for repairs done to the muskets of either party, they alleged that the enemy would have appropriated to

their own use such of Jack's property as would have been available,—and, therefore, they destroyed the whole to keep it out of the hands of the other party. This was the most difficult position for Stowers to upset. At length, however, he showed satisfactorily that whilst, from the beginning of the quarrel, many weeks before his property was destroyed, it had been daily in the power of the other party (amongst whom he lived) to take everything from him, still not a thing was touched. In this manner a dozen or more other defences were advanced as fast as they were successively rebutted.

During the discussion I overheard a group of young men propose to capture those of our party who were on shore, and to retain them as hostages until the demand for indemnity should be renounced, "and then all Samoa and Tonga will say that we have beaten the men-of-war and the Consul," they added significantly. Their idea was that the boats would not fire upon them, lest our own chiefs should be injured. Observing that the plot originated with a party of young chiefs, and was unknown to the old men of the tribe (who were busily engaged in the discussion), I saw no time was to be lost, for these young fellows would act only on the impulse of the moment, without thought of future consequences. To warn the Captain and the Consul, as they sat in the meeting, surrounded by the natives, would be simply to precipitate our capture. From my knowledge of the natives, I felt that only a sudden counter-move would save our party. I retired, with an air of indifference, to our boats,

leaving Captain Morshed and my father still debating the matter with the old chiefs, and the young men gradually and silently taking up their positions, muskets in hand, around the house, which was close to the beach, and well covered by the guns of the boats. As soon as I was in the pinnace, I stated the case to Lieutenant Bradshaw, and instantly our blue-jackets and marines were up, and our brass guns trailed on the crowd that surrounded our chiefs. At the same time I called out that we should fire, the moment a hand was raised against any of our party on shore. "You dare not fire upon your father and the chief of the man-of-war," a young chief replied. "Then raise a club as soon as you like, and you will see whether we dare fire or not; it is just as *you* like," I replied. The cordon round the gallant captain and the Consul was now complete, and only the attitude of the tars and mariners in the boats, as they stood with muskets in hand, prevented their immediate conveyance to the woods, in an inglorious captivity. As we moved our boats nearer to the beach I called out, "We come closer, so as to blow you all away together, our chiefs and your chiefs too, the moment a hand is put on either the chief of the man-of-war or the Consul."

Seeing our boats really move towards them, and that all was ready for immediate action, despite our chiefs being in their midst, the old chiefs and councillors, who had now learned the intentions of their younger chiefs, agreed to pay an indemnity, while the young chiefs themselves saw their plot

was discovered, and that it was now too late, too hazardous, to carry it out. I asked them if they had forgotten the old Samoan epithet, "Savaii valea," "foolish Savaii men," and "You know the legend that tells of the great eel that lay stretched out along the shore of the inland lake of your district, sunning himself in fancied security, when a solitary man, fatigued by carrying a load of wood, laid it down on the ground, as he himself sat on what he supposed was a great log, and began to chip off the bark with his hatchet. You know that the supposed log was the great eel that fancied he could do as he liked on the lake, and that the bark chipped off was the skin of his head. You know that the wound killed him, and that his backbone made the posts of a great house in the 'Ala tele.' You are the eel to-day: before you knew it, and while you thought you could do as you liked with the white man, the bark was chipped off. Your plot to carry away our chiefs was known to us as soon as you thought of it. The indemnity is the backbone of the eel to make the posts for Jack's house." This was enough. They could form no idea how their little plot was discovered. All they could realize was that it was effectually frustrated, and more promptly, too, than they could well understand,—having, as they had, our chiefs in their midst, and apparently so completely in their power. It is impossible always to hold meetings of this kind with these natives, without venturing more or less into their power. Yet it is rarely that they are bold enough to plan such attempts as that here told.

Occasionally the natives are worsted even in the matter of "arguing the point." A dog belonging to the chief Toe-tagata (Toe-tangata), of Matautu, at the port of Apia, had stolen a leg of pork from the kitchen of William Williams, a negro from the British West Indies, who had attained rank as a great chief in a neighbouring tribe, under the princely title of Pauga (Paunga), and who was in consequence commonly called by the white men "The Black Prince." Williams complained to Toe of the depredations of his dog, which complaint the chief unheeded. By-and-by the dog was caught in the act, and shot by Williams. It is a Samoan maxim, "To strike a chief's dog is to strike a chief." Toe was indignant at the death of his dog, and considered himself shot by Williams. A quarrel ensued, and the case, absurd as it appears to us in England, was a serious one in Samoa, and was consequently referred to the Consulate. Just as the bubble was at its height, Captain Fremantle happened to arrive in the 'Juno,' and to him it was submitted. Williams refused to appear, on the plea that he was a Samoan chief, and that having, as Pauga (Paunga), shot Toe's dog, Toe might seek satisfaction from him as Pauga (Paunga), after the Samoan fashion. The gallant captain did not relish being thus unceremoniously thrust aside by the negro. A file of marines was sent for his Highness, who at once placed himself at their head and marched to the Consulate, remarking to the natives near him, "You see I am a chief amongst the whites as well as amongst you, for here is a guard of honour sent by

the captain of the man-of-war to accompany me, and without this guard I would not stir out of my house."

His sable Highness admitted he had shot the dog. The chief alleged that, by the act of shooting his dog, a personal indignity had been offered to him, for which Williams must make some tangible compensation. Williams replied, "I am Pauga, a chief of Samoa. Toe's dog eating Pauga's leg of pork is Toe's dog eating Paunga, the chief. Pauga shot Toe's dog; Pauga shooting Toe's dog is Paunga shooting Toe. We are both avenged; Paunga is eaten by Toe, and Toe is shot by Paunga." To an Englishman this is simply absurd, but to Toe-tagata, the Samoan chief, it was irrefutable logic. And though he did not exactly enjoy the defeat, he could not combat the Black Prince's argument, and felt obliged, though most unwillingly, to withdraw his complaint. As a sop for the chief, and to reduce the elation of the negro, Captain Fremantle warned Williams publicly, not again to presume upon his position as a Samoan chief when called before a British officer. Though this seems a very ridiculous affair to be solemnly entertained by the Consul and a naval Commander, it is just one of those miserable "picayune" cases, which, if treated with contempt, surely lead to violence,—from violence to retaliation, and ultimately to serious complications, where superior and inferior races meet on the lands of the latter. The chief Toe-tagata (Toe-tangata) felt himself aggrieved by Williams in a most tender point—his dignity. The refusal by the Consul to entertain his complaint, on the ground that it was

too absurd, was the surest way to touch that tender point again. Thus, the chief would have felt his dignity attacked first by one Englishman, in his ordinary intercourse with those around him, and then by another Englishman in his official capacity. His tenderest point thus, as he and his countrymen would most naturally consider, carelessly tampered with, the next feeling that would inevitably arise in his breast would be to revenge the supposed indignity, either by his own hands or by those of his young and thoughtless followers, who would be only too glad of the *glory* of avenging an insult offered to the person of their chief, without dreaming of any ulterior consequences; for, to them, the case would have appeared so clear, that the possibility of any complications resulting from taking the life of the Englishman would never cross their minds. But by quietly listening to the chief, and exercising a little indulgent patience, the affair, absurd as it appears in England, and pregnant with mischief as it appeared to spectators in Samoa, was amicably arranged. When Englishmen settle amongst barbarous or even semi-barbarous nations, no complaints of the natives should be disregarded. It is not necessary to make a great fuss about them. But they should be *heard*, and then, with as much regard to local custom as shall not actually clash with the amenities of civilization, be quietly *talked away*.

In dealing officially with the natives, I often found the use of their traditions very effective to gain my ends. The novel application to the case in hand made them suspect one knew more than was ex-

pressed; it made them feel that they could not discover what or how much was known, and possibly something *might be* known which would defeat them on their own ground, if they resisted. For a legend, happily quoted and applied, would carry its connection with the case in hand just in proportion to the activity of the imaginations of the hearers, the activity of the imagination being excited by the manner and opportuneness of the narration. The following case is an illustration in point:—William Fox was an Englishman who lived at Salailua, on the south-west coast of Savaii, where, both among his countrymen and the natives, he bore a good character for integrity, sobriety, and hospitality, and carried on the business of an "oil trader." Sailusi, a young chief of Sagone (Sangone), some four miles distant, and an attendant, took to his house some cocoa-nut oil to sell. While the oil was being measured, Sailusi appropriated a piece of tobacco that was on one of Fox's shelves. Fox soon missed the tobacco, and at once said to Sailusi, "You have stolen my tobacco." Sailusi replied, "I am a chief! a chief cannot steal! I only *took* your tobacco because I wanted a smoke; here it is." Sailusi went home, loaded his musket, and returned to the trader's house. He found Fox sitting in his doorway, quietly smoking his pipe. Sailusi addressed him, "William, you said I stole your tobacco. I am a chief, and cannot steal!" as he uttered the last word, he put his musket to Fox's breast and shot him, the ball passing through the heart. The poor fellow sprang up, fell backwards, and died in-

stantly. As soon as I heard of the affair, I proceeded to Salailua, accompanied by Mr. R. S. Swanston, the acting American Consul. The following are the minutes of the proceedings, as duly transmitted to the Foreign Office, and they give a good idea of the conduct of such cases:—

Minutes of Public Meeting held at Salailua, January 8, 1857.

After the usual preliminary and complimentary remarks on the part of the chiefs, welcoming the Consuls to Salailua, her Majesty's Consul, in the name of her Majesty and the British Government, demanded the Englishman who had been living in their town, remarking, "This is an affair of so grave a nature, that the American Consul has accompanied me, to assist in investigating the case. What we say to you will apply to both the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States. Where is William Fox?"

Tolova (one of the chief speakers of Salailua) replied:—William, the white man, has been shot by a Sagone man, called Sailusi, without any cause or provocation whatever. We prepared to avenge the death of the white man; but our missionary advised us not to do so, and to wait the arrival of the British Consul. We inquired of Sagone why they had killed the white man; they told us themselves he had been killed without any provocation. We then had another meeting ourselves, and determined to fight the Sagone people, and thus revenge the death of the white man; but again, our missionary advised us not to do so, lest we should kill an innocent man, and not the murderer. One of our people was present at the time of the murder, and was aware that the murderer intended to have a *quarrel* with William, but was quite ignorant of any intention

to *shoot* him. The Sagone people then came and begged the pardon of the Salailua people. We told them, we could not make it up, for as there was a white man concerned, the white man's country would by-and-by send for him. After all this, last night, without the knowledge of our orators or councillors, our young men revenged the death of William. They have killed a Sagone man, to atone for the life of the white man. We now, therefore, bring this Sagone man to you, as an exchange for the white man; the death of the one will set off the death of the other. Thus we are clear of you, having revenged the death of the white man, and thus we have punished the Sagone people as they deserved, having taken the life of one of their leading men. Consuls, what say you to this? Is it not good?

H. M. Consul. We must distinctly and plainly tell you, Salailua, that we cannot accept the death of any innocent man as a revenge for the death of William. We want the murderer, and the murderer only. We do not seek revenge; we come to punish the guilty; we seek for justice. It is very wrong indeed of you, thus indiscriminately to take the life of an innocent man, and to let the murderer be at liberty. Against such a practice we publicly and decidedly disclaim.

Tolova. We gave chase, but could not catch the murderer at the time he shot William, and we think you ought to accept this man's death as revenge for William's death.

H. M. Consul. We cannot do so. Were you to kill all the Sagone people, and let the murderer of Willam escape, we could not pardon him, we should still demand him. We *must* have the murderer of William Fox.

Tolova. We cannot do more than we have already done. We cannot get the murderer; you had better apply directly to the Sagone people for him, and hear what they say. We are ready and willing to assist you in capturing him, either now or at any future period.

H. M. Consul. Since you have shown a desire to punish

the murderer of the white man, although you have taken the wrong way to do so, we now tell you, that as a town, you are free from any implication in this murder. We will leave you to settle amongst yourselves the murder you have this morning committed, in killing this innocent Sagone man, and we shall now look to Sagone for the murderer of William Fox.

Tolova. Consuls, it is good! it is good! Since you will not accept this man's death, as a revenge for the white man's death, leave him to us, with his blood to wipe away the great insult the Sagone people have offered to us, the Salailua people, by killing a man on our land. You know the Samoan custom forbids the people of one town taking the life of a man, whoever he may be, while under the protection, and living upon the land, of another town. William was *our* white man, the Sagone man took his life on *our* lands; *that* insult the blood only of a Sagone man can wash away. Let it be so then; leave this man to us. Go you, and seek the murderer, while we await the attack of the Sagone people, who, if brave men, will at once attack our town, to revenge the blood of their tribe.

H. M. Consul. We now go to meet the Sagone people, leaving this second murder in your own hands. We request you, however, to let all Samoa know that you killed the Sagone man without our knowledge, and we shall make known that we have not accepted his death as a revenge for our white man.

Minutes of a Meeting with Sagone People, at Gagaemalae, January 8, 1857.

After preliminaries, her Majesty's Consul demanded, in the name of the Queen and the British Government, the murderer of William Fox, an Englishman, lately resident at Salailua.

Leilua (one of the chief speakers of Sagone) replied:—My boy stole William's tobacco; he got angry because William said he was a thief, and went to his house and shot him. The white man gave no provocation; but since the Salailua people have killed our man, we think you ought to return to your homes, satisfied that the death of the white man is revenged, and leave us alone.

H. M. Consul. We can have nothing whatever to do with the murder of an innocent man, though he is from Sagone. That is a matter between yourselves and Salailua. We now again ask you to give us the murderer of the Englishman. If you give him up to us now, there is an end to it, as far as you are concerned as a town. The man will be hanged, and nothing more done; but if you refuse to bring him to us, then you, as a tribe, become guilty as the murderer, by your act of protecting him. We now come very peaceably and very quietly to ask you for the murderer. If you give him up, it is well; if you refuse, the evil is brought on by yourselves.

Leilua. Consuls, we wish to consult our people again before we give you a decided answer. Some of us are for giving him up to you, that you may do as you like with him; others are for keeping him out of your reach, for he is a young chief in our town. We must consult together before we can say "yes" or "no."

H. M. Consul. It is good; go consult your tribe, and if you wish for good, bring with you in the morning the murderer. Do not delay; do not trifle; the case is serious. Go to your tribe with this history of a war between the fishes of the sea and the animals on the land. It is a Samoan story; and your old men, your orators, and councillors, will know its meaning and application:—

All the fishes in the sea agreed to make war upon all the animals on the land. The fishes had held three successive

councils of war, none of which the "Inaga"* had attended, and the other fishes would not commence the war unless the *Inaga* would join them. Just as the third meeting was about separating, the *Ilitala*† made a great speech, beseeching the *Inaga* to attend the meeting, and give assistance in the general war; concluding its speech with these flattering words, "Come, O come, ye Inaga, for without you we cannot carry our measures." To this the Inaga replied, "It is good; we are come. In remembrance of this day, and this great occasion, put away your name of Ilitala; call yourself 'Faamalie-a-le-Inaga,'‡ for your words are pleasant to us."

The Inaga then retired, and the fish made a general attack upon the animals on the land. After fighting for some time, the fishes were being driven back into the sea, when the Inaga met them, and, as a reserve, impetuous and fresh, they rallied their dispersing comrades, again attacked the animals, and drove them all to the mountains, taking prisoner the "Gata,"§ which was transformed into the "Pusi,"‖ as well as the "Gogo," which bird is now to be seen in the skull of the fish called "Tuga," its brave captor. Both these prisoners, the "Gata" and the "Gogo," are still to be seen in the deep ocean; both lasting, imperishable trophies of the valour and the impetuosity of the Inaga. Now, you Sagone people know that the "Inaga" is a very small fish; you know they appear only at certain seasons; between those seasons there are only now and then a few stray ones to be seen: but when their season comes, they are innumerable, myriads upon myriads. Small as they are individually, collectively they are countless in numbers, and irresistible in power, according to your Samoan legend. Now, here the "Inaga" represents the white

* A small fish, which appears in shoals, but only at certain seasons.
† A kind of shark.
‡ "Make pleased the Inaga."
§ Snake.
‖ Sea-eel.

man; at present there are but a few white men roving about amongst your islands, and thus separately they are weak, so weak that Sagone thinks she can murder them with impunity. But remember! Who turned the fate of the battle? Who rallied the dispersing beaten fishes? The season for the coming of the Inaga will commence from the day the news of the murder of this white man reaches his country. The animals may to-day drive the fishes into the water; but remember, that at the water's edge are the Inaga. We make no threats; we speak not of men-of-war; we only refer you to this legend of your own, and tell you again the Inaga represents the white man.

We await your definite answer to-morrow; and again we say, if you desire good, bring with you the murderer.

Minutes of Public Meeting at Gagaemalae, with Sagone People, January 9, 1857.

After the usual preliminaries, her Majesty's Consul asked what decision had they made? Were they willing to give up the murderer?

Leilua. We have come to report our "fono" to you. One of our chiefs is killed; the murder of William is revenged. We cannot do any more; we cannot give you the murderer. Do you want two lives to pay for one? If you want the second life, if you want Sailusi, please yourselves; take him as you can; *we* cannot give him up to you.

H. M. Consul. We told you yesterday we want the murderer. It is useless to have many words. Our words once uttered are unalterable. Quietly and peaceably we demand him, and as positively you refuse. We know nothing of the murder of your chief; it is with you to punish his murderers, as we now are seeking for Sailusi, to punish him for murdering the white man. We want not two lives; the life of the murderer is all we demand.

Leilua. Then you must get him as best you can, for we will not give him up. We accept the challenge of Salailua, and to them we look for revenge for our murdered chief.

H. M. Consul. It is good. We depart. Remember, the evil is courted by yourselves! At present, we say *one* thing to you—from this day you all become accomplices of Sailusi, the murderer of the white man. Sagone people! remember, you have admitted publicly, before these assembled chiefs, in the presence of these white men, that Sailusi deliberately murdered the white man, without any provocation whatever; and *now* you refuse to give him up to be punished, or to punish him yourselves. By refusing to give him up, you become his protectors; by protecting him, you applaud his deed. Therefore, when we come again for Sailusi, the murderer, we shall also come for Sagone, the protectors of the murderer. Now we depart.

Leilua. Consuls! stay yet a little, while I tell you something. You say you want the boy Sailusi; you call him a murderer; let me tell you, he killed the white man, because the white man had threatened to cut off his head. Now, what do you say?

H. M. Consul. How is it you did not tell us this yesterday? It looks very bad on your part to bring forward such an accusation, just as we are about to depart. Still, to show you, that our countries, both England and America, desire only to do what is just, even to you, the Sagone people, let us investigate your statement. Now, first, who are the witnesses that William made that threat?

Leilua. One of your own white men, who sits near you, "Simi" (James Gluvver).

H. M. Consul. Let the white man "Simi" answer for himself. Did you hear William use the words imputed to him?

J. Gluvver, alias Simi. Consuls! and Chiefs! I distinctly

deny ever having heard William use such words; and I never *reported* him as having used them.

H. M. Consul. Were there any people present, Leilua, when this white man reported that William had made this threat to kill Sailusi?

Leilua. There were many; everybody knows it.

H. M. Consul. You hear the white man denies your statement. You say, there were many people present; let them come forward and support your words. The same respect shall be paid to their words as to the words of the white man, if they are true.

Leilua. We may be wrong; perhaps, after all, William never used those words, but Sailusi told me so himself; no one else told me.

H. M. Consul. Sagone! I see you are only prevaricating. When I put the question directly to you yesterday, you told me the white man was murdered without any provocation; you admitted it, even this morning, by asking us to accept the murder of your chief as a revenge for the white man's murder. We do not want *revenge*. We want what you all have learned is the law of God, that the blood of the murderer shall pay for his crime. Although I have said we must now depart, I wish to remind you of another Samoan legend, one I have learned from some of your old warrior-chiefs on Upolu, and I think you will not fail to see its application:—

High up in the loftiest heavens, there dwelt a family. The father was called "Lagituaiva," the mother "Lagituavalu." They had two children; the elder, a handsome boy, was called "Le La" (the Sun); the younger, a pretty girl, Le Alisi (the Cricket). They lived a long, long time very happily together, until one day, suddenly, the boy "Le La" was nowhere to be found, for it had become night, and the sun had disappeared below the horizon. Alisi, disconsolate and

lonely without her lost brother, wept so very much that her parents became concerned for her. They endeavoured to console her; but it was useless. They told her her brother would return with the rising sun; yet she would not be consoled. Nothing would satisfy her but the sight of her lost brother, and until she had found him she *would* "weep, weep, weep."

So it is with us. Until our lost brother is found,—the brother whom you have murdered,—the "Alisi will weep, weep, weep." Remember! at nightfall, this night, to-morrow night, the next night, and every night, as the setting sun throws her last light upon Sagone, and as the Alisi sends forth its shrill note, lamenting the loss of its departing brother, remember, you have murdered the white man, you have refused to give up the murderer to punishment, and that you are therefore the same as the murderer himself. Think also, that as the Alisi reminds *you* of our murdered countryman, it at the same time reminds *us* of him; and that, as long as the Alisi exists, so long will the memory of the murdered white man exist. We depart.

Leilua. Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!

H. M. Consul. What more have *you* to say? *We* can say no more.

Leilua. Yes, it is true, William was killed for nothing! What are you going to do? Tell us. When are you coming for him?

H. M. Consul. More we cannot say. It is enough that you have refused to give us the murderer. It is enough to say, we shall come for the murderer of the white man, and for his protectors, another day. It is enough we tell you, we are the "Alisi."

Minutes of a Meeting with the Salailua People, January 9, 1857.

Tolova (one of the chief speakers of Salailua). We have invited you to hear the result of our "fono" held this

day. You know already we have killed a man of Sagone; and you have refused to accept him as a revenge for the murder of your white man. We said then his blood should wash out the insult offered to us by his people. This you told us was a matter of our own. It is good. But since then, we hear the Sagone people are preparing to attack our town, to revenge the death of their chief, for he is a man of importance among them, of greater rank among them than William was among you. If they attack us, we shall have to fight them; not only the two towns will fight, but the two districts to which we respectively belong will become involved in a war, from that it will spread throughout the island. Samoa will then become involved in a general war, and all because of your white man, who we learn was not even a little chief amongst you. We cannot say where the trouble will end, and great misery will fall upon Samoa and many lives will be lost. Once more, then, we beg you to keep us out of these great troubles, avert these great miseries, which now threaten us. Accept this offering, the head of this Sagone chief, as a revenge for the death of your white man, who was not a chief amongst his own people.

H. M. Consul. We are greatly surprised at your making such a request as this. You know already our words, and you know also our words are unchangeable; they are as firm as the rocks that bound your shores. We have said we want Sailusi, the murderer of the white man, and this we say again, "Give us Sailusi, the murderer of the white man." The death of all the Sagone people cannot wipe away the guilt of Sailusi; the blood of an innocent man cannot cleanse the guilty hands of the murderer. You say troubles and war will ravage your islands. Be it so. From all this you will learn that the murder of a white man will surely entail trouble and misery upon your islands. You say this white man was not a

60753

chief in his own country,—he was not, it is true; but though he was not a chief, yet he was a *man,* created by the same God who created us all; and therefore his country will punish his murderer just as it will the murderer of the greatest chief. There is but one way to avoid all this trouble. Bring the murderer to us, that he may be made to suffer the penalty consequent upon his crime. We call not for revenge, we ask only for justice; we ask only for the murderer to be punished. You must not encourage revenge, but look for justice in all your affairs, either with white men or Samoans. Then you will have no troubles, no wars, no miseries. The life of the white man must be sacred. Although he may live amongst you, he does not forfeit his claim upon his country, and we are here to keep him in remembrance. If a white man injures you, or you are in any way aggrieved by him, come to us, and representatives of the white man's countries will see you are the righted, and the aggressor punished. Follow not the example of Sagone; never protect the murderer of a white man.

Leilua. Consuls! what you say is good! still we would like you to let the death of the Samoan be a *set-off* against the death of the white man.

H. M. Consul. You have heard our words, we cannot change them.

Leilua. You say you are going away, when will you come again for the murderer? How will you come? Will you bring a man-of-war and many soldiers?

H. M. Consul. We make no threats; our words are few. We ask for the murderer, we cannot get him. We depart. By-and-by you will feel a great earthquake shake the island; your mountains will be rent asunder; all around you will be tottering, falling to the ground. *Then* you may think of us; you may think of the murdered white man, and say, "They come, they come for the murderer."

Leilua. But how will you get him? You never got the chief who murdered the white man a long time ago.*

H. M. Consul. You speak truly, we never got that murderer. But how did he die? You have yourselves all attributed his violent and sudden death to the strong arm of an offended God; you say his death was the price of his iniquity. The white man did not know enough of your country in those days to follow him up. It was not the season of the Inaga. You turn us away to-day, but remember the earthquake, remember the story of the Alisi, remember the legend of the Inaga. More we have not to say. Our boat is launched, and we depart for our homes, there to keep in remembrance the name of our murdered countryman.

Finding that I was powerless, under the circumstances, to ensure the punishment of the murderer, Sailusi,—chiefly because he was a young chief,—I reported the case home, and I was instructed that orders would be given to the Commodore on the Australian station to take the matter in hand. Before a man-of-war arrived, however, I received my appointment as her Majesty's Consul at Fiji, and the conduct of the affair fell into the hands of my successor. H.M.S. Cordelia subsequently arrived. Her Commander, Captain Vernon, together with Mr. Consul Williams, after some delay and trouble, and burning villages, obtained the surrender of the murderer, who was hanged at the yard-arm of the 'Cordelia,' because it was feared a rescue might be attempted if he were hanged where the crime was committed, or revenge

* In reference to Popotunu, a chief whom Wilkes tried to capture in 1841.

sought on the natives of Apia if hanged on the shores of the harbour. By opportune firmness and management, the man might, I venture to think, have been executed at his own town without the risk of the attempt at rescue which the Consul feared. The Commander's instructions were to get the murderer, have him tried, and see him executed if duly found guilty. The readiest way to complete the disagreeable business was to hang the man as he was hanged. But the most salutary effect would have accrued from hanging him at his own town, or where the murder was committed; but of this, and the means to carry it out, the Commander, as a stranger, could not know anything. However, the effect was so salutary as to show the natives generally, that under any circumstances or delay, the murder of an Englishman was certain, in one way or another, to entail retributive punishment, sooner or later. It was altogether quite an exceptional case, for the lives of foreigners of all nations are held, and have long been held, perfectly safe throughout the group. Had Sailusi gone unpunished, that security would have been impaired.

It is a maxim among the Samoans that a "chief cannot steal." He is merely considered to *take* the thing which he covets, and if it belonged to any of his own immediate followers, they are rather flattered than otherwise by the appropriation, for they are pleased to have anything worthy of being coveted by their chief. If the thing taken belonged to an acquaintance, or to any one of a tribe in close alliance with the tribe of the chief who appropriates it, the party grumbles a little,

but never considers that it is *stolen*, it is merely *taken*. The maxim, however, does not always hold good beyond these limits, and in the case of foreigners it is never alleged. Fox was therefore, even by Samoan usage, justified in the expression he used, though, at the same time, perhaps other words with the same meaning would not have cost him his life.

CHAPTER V.

SAMOAN RELIGION AND COOKERY.

In speaking of the native religion of the Samoans, the past tense must be employed, for they are now all nominally Christians. A very large majority have attached themselves to Protestantism, whilst a small minority have embraced Roman Catholicism. The effects of the old priestly customs, however, are still apparent, and it can be only the work of time, together with the assiduous teachings of the missionaries, and continued intercourse with civilization, to efface all traces of them, so ingrained are they in all the institutions of the country.

The Samoans had an almost endless number and variety of gods or "Aitu," and many superstitious rites, to the general observance of which the strictest attention was paid. There were the gods of individuals, the gods of families, the gods of towns, the gods of districts, the gods of the nation. The priests were legion, for the head of every family was, *ex officio*, a priest, besides those especially dedicated to the sacred office. From his infancy the Samoan

was under the special protection of some god, who was his own particular or private god. When the near approach of a "little stranger" was unmistakeably evident, various "aitu" were successively called upon, and the one whose name was pronounced at the moment the child was born was appropriated as his tutelary god, and was supposed to watch over him in all his varied fortunes, until the last day of his life. These private gods were supposed to dwell in some tangible object or thing, which was held in the highest veneration by the individual whose god was enshrined in it, though others might abuse it with impunity. Much eccentricity was manifested by these gods in the selection of their shrines. One took up his abode in the left wing of a pigeon, another in the tail of a dog, another in the right leg of a pig, another in a shark, another in a cocoa-nut, another in a banana, another in a bonita, another in an eel, and others in the most extraordinary things imaginable. Each one of these objects was absolutely sacred to the individual whose god it embraced. Those gods were the most cruel and capricious, that took up their abode in things edible,—for their *protégés* were ever debarred the privilege of eating them. He whose god was in the pigeon never ate that bird, never injured a feather. He whose god was in the dog was for ever forbidden the delicacy of *dog-flesh*, while his neighbours feasted on it to their hearts' content. He never raised his hand or stone to the ugliest cur that prowled about his path, or one whose dismal yelpings disturbed his slumbers at night. He whose god

had selected the cocoa-nut for his shrine, never drank the delicious beverage that makes that tree so pre-eminently the great boon of the sunny tropics. It was certain death to injure or eat the thing that enshrined one's tutelary god; implacable vengeance inevitably and promptly followed the daring desecration. The outraged god transferred his abode from the thing injured or eaten to the body of the individual who had profaned his guardian divinity. And there the god remained until the thing injured or eaten was reproduced in the body of the individual, and caused his death.

Then there was the *family god.* To him the father of the household prayed when the evening meal was spread, imploring his protection from war, punishment, disease, and death. This god was spiritually present in the house which the head of the family occupied. At certain times, generally regulated by the caprice or the convenience of the father-priest, family gatherings were held, when a feast was provided in honour of the god, and while neither breath nor motion—nothing save the dull splash of the liquid on the cold earth—broke the deep silence of the moment, a bowl of ava (or kava, as other Polynesian dialects have it) was solemnly and slowly poured on the ground as a propitiatory drink-offering. When pleased with the attention of the family, the god vouchsafed intimations of coming evils or pending dangers. And the opportunity was embraced to give expression to any particular desire that might be entertained by the god, generally for a canoe or a

house. If a canoe were built by his especial request, it was death to the family to lend or give it away, or even to exchange it for anything else, though all or any of the family might freely use it for their own purposes. And so with a house built by direction of the god. It could never, under any circumstances, pass from the family. When hearing the old men, the oral repositories of their ancient lore, relate these particulars, I have sometimes remarked that they were merely the deep schemes of the fathers themselves, the priests of the gods, to induce their families willingly to work at whatever they might happen most to want, and also afterwards to protect the same from the custom which allowed a chief or a "tamasa" to appropriate whatever any of his tribe might have and he coveted. By these old men, traditionally imbued with a reverence for the effete customs and rights of their ancestors, the idea was always indignantly repudiated, and the belief solemnly professed that they were really the actual desires of the gods, duly conveyed through the heads of the families. The young men, on the contrary, taught by contact with civilization, were always as ready to accept the idea, and to laugh at the old fogies, their progenitors, "Samoa valea," foolish Samoans; "oletausaga pouliuli'," it was the end of darkness,—they pathetically remarked.

Next were the town gods. Over every town presided a god, to whom in fact the town and inhabitants belonged; they were his personal property. To him was dedicated every child. Immediately it was born, the mother solemnly pronounced his sacred

name, and invoked his protection. The larger towns had a sacred grove in the neighbourhood, as well as a temple, dedicated to his service. Other towns had only a temple. In the smaller towns, the "fall-tell," or "large house," where the chiefs usually met for public purposes, and where visitors were entertained, was used as a temple; and though the chief was frequently the officiating priest, there was in every town a man who was the especial priest of the god, and through whom the people were favoured with revelations of his will. It was his privilege to appoint feast-days in honour of the god, to present the offerings of the people, and to convey to them the permission or the refusal of the god to go to war. The office was hereditary in the family,—a nephew, perhaps, more frequently than a son, assuming the holy and coveted functions. Every town god had a specific name, and his protection was always directly importuned by the inhabitants before undertaking any public object. One god was called "Aitu-o-le-Lagi" (Langi), the God of the Heavens; another, "Tiu Pulotu," the King of Pulotu (the Samoan Elysium); another, "Le Vae-vave" (the Swift-footed.) These gods took up their abodes generally in birds; and the whole family of the bird which their god had selected was held sacred by the town. If at any time one of these birds were found dead, the mourning of the people was great; they wept over it, and cut their heads with stones. Then, with solemn ceremony and repeated lamentations, the dead bird was tenderly wrapped in a mat or a siapo (tapa), and publicly

buried. The professed object of all this was to propitiate the god whose visible incarnation had thus died, and so to prevent his abandonment of the town, or the infliction of some dire evil which the neglect would inevitably incur.

The district gods presided over the various political divisions of the islands, and were also incarnate, some in birds, others in fishes, one in the rainbow, another in a meteor, and so on. In war every district carefully noted the appearance of the incarnation of their god; it was an omen of victory or defeat. If a war-party, whose god was incarnate in a hawk, were proceeding by land to attack an enemy, and the bird crossed their path, it was an intimation from the god to abandon the attack,—defeat awaited them, and at once they returned to their comrades. If the hawk flew onwards before them, the omen was favourable,—victory awaited them, and they pressed on to the attack. If a fleet of war-canoes from a district whose god was in a star, were stealing along the coast in the darkness of the night, to pounce upon some feebly-guarded town, and a shooting-star shot across their course, it was an intimation to return, a premonition of the repulse of the attack, and homewards they immediately turned their canoes. If the meteor fell in the line of their course, it was an assurance of success, and onward they paddled with redoubled energy.

Then there were the national gods. These dwelt on the earth and under the earth, in the heavens and in the sea, but were not incarnate. There were two classes, the gods whose divinity was original, and

those who were deified mortals, men whose past deeds won the gratitude and the worship of posterity. The former were the great gods, who variously ruled the universe, made the islands, and created man. The latter were the gods of particular faculties, such as the god of fire, the god of thunder, the god of fishing, the god of planting, the god of carpentering, etc. etc. Both classes were equally reverenced and feared. Each god was supreme in his especial sphere or faculty, and all held more or less communion with each other, and were the themes of the national mythology and legends. The great god of all—the Supreme Being of the Universe—was Tagaloa (Tangaloa), the hero of the legend that tells of the origin of the islands, and of the creation of man, who lived in the highest heavens, and whose most favoured messenger was his own daughter, the swift-winged Sina. Another of the great gods was Mafuie, whose domain was the interior of the earth, and who lived somewhere below Samoa. One legend states that the earth has a handle there, and that Mafuie occasionally amused himself by shaking it; and hence earthquakes are called by his name. Another legend states that Mafuie was a heavy sleeper, and that when suddenly awakened, he would turn from one side to the other for another nap, again causing the earth to quake. A third legend represents the domain of Mafuie as the region of everlasting fire. Here and there, amidst the vast plains which the god roamed, and called his own, fire never ceased to burn. When, in a frolicsome mood, the god stirred up these fires, the smoke pierced

through the peaks of the mountains,—and hence what science calls volcanoes.

Another national god was Moso, a rapacious monster, whose delight it was to eat those who angered him, and occasionally those who did not. He it was the Samoans invoked for the destruction of their enemies. Even now, when people quarrel, the bitterest imprecation one can hurl at another is *Aina oe a Moso!* "May Moso eat you!" When a man says anything, the truth of which his hearers very much doubt, the veracity of the speaker is still challenged by the same expression, "Shall Moso eat you?" If he has spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth, he complacently acquiesces, "Moso may eat me," which is quite enough to satisfy the most incredulous. But if he dare not repeat the words, the conclusion is safe that the fellow has been lying.

Sepo was another of the fraternity, having similar attributes and functions to those enjoyed by Moso. He was invariably invoked when cursing *children. Aina oe a Sepo!* "May Sepo eat you!" were words ominous and terrible in the ears of little boys and girls who had incurred the anger of their elders. Even at the present day, when two little fellows fall out, "Aina oe a Sepo!" is frequently the first curse that escapes their lips.

Le Sa was the great god, the Ceres, under whose supervision the plantations of the Samoans flourished or faded. In all times of scarcity, special offerings were made to win his favour, for to his displeasure was attributed the failure of their crops.

Tiitii was the deified son of Talaga (Talanga). Two great feats earned for him the gratitude and veneration of posterity, and raised him to the brotherhood of the gods. He it was who, when the heavens once fell upon the earth (from some cause not related), and man had to crawl on hands and feet in his peregrinations, he firmly fixed his feet on a solid rock, where his footmarks, about six feet long, are still shown, raised himself up, and, by the effort, lifted the heavens to their present position. He, too, it was who first obtained fire for the Samoans. The legend runs thus:—"Once upon a time all food was eaten raw; there was no fire on the land where man dwelt. Mafuie alone had fire, where he lived below Samoa. Talaga (Talanga), the favourite of Mafuie, was the only man who knew what fire was. Mafuie allowed him to have a plantation in his domain below. He only knew the road that was there, and no one knew when he went. One day his son Tiitii watched him. He saw his father go to a high bluff rock, and heard him say, 'Rock, open! I am Talaga (Talanga); I come to work on my plantation, given to me by Mafuie.' The rock opened, and Talaga disappeared. The son followed, and addressed the rock in his father's voice: 'Rock, open! I am Talaga. I come to work on my plantation, given to me by Mafuie.' To him, as to his father, the rock opened, and he followed the path that lay before him until he found his father working on his plantation. The father's surprise was great, and his fear was great. He whispered to his son not to speak aloud, lest the god should be disturbed. 'If Mafuie knows you are

here, where I, his favourite Talaga, only am permitted to come, his anger will indeed be great.' As the father spoke, the son saw smoke rising from the fire that never ceased to burn. 'What is that?' he asked. 'The ever-burning fire of Mafuie,' replied the agitated father. 'I must have some,' exclaimed the son. The profanity and presumption of Tütii troubled Talaga. 'If you touch the fire of Mafuie, the anger of the god will be great!' he slowly whispered. 'Who is Mafuie that Tiitii should care for him or his anger?' the son proudly replied. His father trembled as he thought of the great Mafuie, and again whispered reverently, 'He is Mafuie, the god of your father Talaga. The man that displeases him he eats. Tiitii, touch not the ever-burning fire of Mafuie, the god of your father Talaga!' The son heeded not the words of his father. Tiitii hastened to the spot whence arose the smoke, singing as he went. 'Who are you?' demanded the god, as the son of his favourite Talaga approached. 'I am Tiitii, the son of Talaga. It is for fire I come.' Mafuie looked steadily at him, and then abruptly said, 'Take it!' Tiitii took the fire and carried it to his father. Together they made an oven, and prepared taro to cook. When the wood was burnt and the stones were hot, they placed the taro on the oven. Great was the satisfaction of Tiitii, but his father still trembled as he thought of the fire of the great Mafuie. As they stood by the oven, now ready to cover with leaves, suddenly the stones flew off and the fire went out. 'Mafuie is angry! Did I not tell you, Tiitii, he

would be angry?' exclaimed the trembling father. 'Tiitii fears not Mafuie,' irreverently replied the son, starting off as he said so, to find the god, whom he thus addressed, 'Why has Mafuie scattered the stones of our oven and put out the fire?' The god could not brook the insolence of the question, and threatened immediate vengeance. The son of Talaga defied the god of his father. The anger of the god was great, and he fell upon Tiitii. They wrestled. Tiitii caught the right arm of the god, and with all his strength, broke it off. Still they wrestled. Tiitii caught the other arm; then the god exclaimed, 'Tiitii is conqueror! Leave me this arm to hold Samoa in its place, and you shall have a hundred wives!' 'Tiitii wants not for wives,' replied the son of Talaga. 'Then spare my arm, and you shall have fire to cook your food.' 'It is good! the fire is mine,' shouted Tiitii. 'Spare my arm to hold Samoa in its place, and you shall find fire in wood that grows,' were the last words of the great god Mafuie to Tiitii, the son of Talaga. The son called to his father, and together they returned to the habitations of man, carrying with them the fire of Mafuie. Ever since that day, the Samoans have found fire by rubbing two sticks together." The wood most easily ignited by this rubbing process is the fuafua.

Losi was raised to the brotherhood of the gods for having brought the *taro* down from the heavens, whither he went on a visit. How he travelled there is not related. He was kindly received and sumptuously feasted. Strolling about those upper regions,

he observed how the taro was cultivated, and having imbibed a partiality for the vegetable, he stole a plant when he was about to return to the earth. By him the Samoans were taught its cultivation, and ever since, it has been the staff of life, as it grows all the year round.

The gods of the Samoans did not always dwell in peace, and some of them fell from their high estate, as shown in the following story of Le Fee:—

"In days of yore, a great almighty god assumed the form and the name of Le Fee. He dwelt sometimes on the land, sometimes in the sea. His favoured locality was the mountain district between Apia on the north side of Upolu, and Siumu on the south side. Here Le Fee kept his many wives, and here he ranged the woods, communed with other spirits, held his levées, feasted sumptuously, and revelled in all the sports and pleasures of a great god. His path to the sea was the stream of the Sigago (Singango), his train a host of subject gods, who feared and trembled at his nod. His journeys were heralded by rumbling peals of thunder over his mountains, and showers cooled the air. When he stepped on the stream, Sigago flowed rapidly, and roared over the cataracts. The earth trembled along its banks, the trees drooped their towering branches as he passed. Le Fee would test the loyalty and obedience of his subject gods, and display his omnipotence to the world of men and spirits, by building a stone house, without the sound of the adze or the hum of voices being heard. Some of his subject gods he ordered to carry coral from the

sea to the mountains, to pave the house. Others he ordered to cut stone from the hills for pillars and rafters. No song or word or sound was heard as the work progressed,—all was silence. The labour was hard and harassing. Le Fee lounged on the stone slab, and watched the operations. There he drank his ava (*Piper methysticum*), and rolled in his arrogance. He thought himself the greatest of gods, unmatched in power, unrivalled in prowess, unequalled in magnificence. Suddenly, in the midst of the labourers there stood a god who proclaimed himself the rival of Le Fee, and challenged him to battle. Upbraiding their weak subservience to the arrogance of Le Fee, he offered to deliver the subject gods from their oppressor. One only condition he hastily demanded:—'Follow me for ever, or if you or your progeny leave me, you cease to be.' Le Fee proudly arose from his ease, and pushed aside the ava-bowl. The gods wrestle in fierce combat. Le Fee falls! He is down! He is conquered! Away to the deep sea, far beyond the roaring reefs, flew Le Fee, whence, humbled and ashamed, poor and powerless, he has never returned. The labourers abandoned their work with a shout, and followed their deliverer. Le Fale o le Fee, 'the House of Le Fee,' was left unfinished—left as it now is found."

This legend was related to me by an old *Faipule*, or village judge, who lived in a hamlet on the road to the ruins which are still called by the name of the god. And well do I remember that hoary-headed, toothless, half-blind, wrinkle-faced old man, in his

native bush-town, surrounded by his sons and grandsons and great-grandsons, as, in the dusk of the evening, we all lay together on his mats, watching the moon slowly rising over the breadfruit-trees that encircled his house, and listening to his legends of the olden times. Eighty years before, he had heard the same legends repeated; and now, as he finished the story of Le Fee, his mind seemed to revert to those old days when the old men of Samoa were the only depositories of the lore, and the only teachers of the ethics of their countrymen. "Faauta la, alii," "Mark you, sir," he exclaimed, "it was thus we learnt the evil of arrogance and tyranny. Even though a great chief, if arrogant and tyrannous, the day will surely come when his arrogance and his tyranny will recoil upon himself. Say you not so, my friend? And my boys, remember you the legend of Le Fale o le Fee."

The ruins which are called after this god "Le Fale o le Fee," are the remains of a stone house about ten miles inland (by the trail I was led when visiting it) from the port of Apia. The ground plan is an elliptic, say forty feet in the narrowest and fifty feet in the widest part, precisely the model and the proportions after which the best Samoan houses are still built. There are now standing eighteen pillars forming the ellipse, and one pillar in the centre. The former are three feet high, nine inches thick one way and six inches the other. Each pillar has a notch or shoulder on the inner side for supporting the roof. There are many pieces of stone lying on the ground between the pillars still standing, in such positions as show

that the whole of the side pillars were once in their places in the building. The centre pillar is five feet high, and twelve inches thick one way and nine inches the other. The top has been broken off, and now lies at its base. A second centre pillar lies on the ground near the place it once occupied, and measures seven feet in length exclusive of the broken pieces still lying in the same line, which would increase the length to thirteen feet. In other respects it corresponds with the centre pillar, which is still standing. A block of stone, six feet long and six inches square, lies on the ground near the centre, evidently intended to rest on the top of the centre pillars and there to form the upper angle of the roof. The rafters lie scattered about, some inside amongst the ruins, others at the base of the hill whence they were cut, showing the house was never completed. They are in lengths of twelve and six feet, and are four inches square. Allowing for the outward curve given by Samoan builders to the rafters of houses after this model, and for the relative heights of the centre and side posts, two of the twelve-feet and one of the six-feet lengths would be required to span the arch from the wall-plate to the ridge-pole, that is, to form one complete rafter. Southward from the centre of the house, at the distance of twelve feet from the side pillars, is a stone slab, six feet by three, having at its south end a pillar four feet high and twelve inches by six, slightly inclining to the southward. About fifty yards further in the same direction is the hill, from the bluff side of which the pillars and rafters were cut. About

five hundred yards inland from the remains of the house, in the bed of the river Sigago (Singango), where the water is not less than twenty-five feet deep, are a number of immense coral boulders. A solitary moss-covered one stands on the bank of the river, and measures seven feet in height by ten feet in circumference. In the line of the greatest length of the house, about twelve feet on each side of the centre, grow two venerable malili-trees (*Serianthes Vitiensis*, A. Gray), which, towering high above the bluff hill whence the stone was cut, interlocking their branches and overshadowing the whole area of the ruins, give a solemn, sacred aspect to the scene, as one stands at their base. The site of the ruin is on a flat of about three acres, and in war times, according to Samoan tactics, would be a strong defensive position. On the south or inland side is the hill, with its bluff face frowning grimly; on the east is a river, and on the west a river, which meet on the north or seaward side and form the river Sigago (Singango) which flows into the bay of Apia. At the confluence is "le vai o li Fee," the waters of the Fee, in which the haughty god used to bathe.

Food was the usual offering to the gods. Whenever a priest saw the visible incarnation of his god, he proclaimed a feast-day in his honour, and the town at once prepared food; and fish, yams, and taro were duly cooked, and with hundreds of cocoa-nuts and countless roots of ava were piled before the temple and the priest. When the feasting began, the ava was first prepared with solemn ceremony. Maidens, young

and chaste, were seated in a semicircle, with the *tanoa*, or ava-bowl, before them. A young man cut up the roots into small slices, while the maidens swilled their mouths and washed their taper fingers. Then slice after slice was crammed into their mouths and chewed, until literally their mouths could hold no more. Then the well-masticated root was thrown into the bowl, where it lay in balls at least an inch in diameter. When the tanoa was full, the centre girl, who was usually the highest in rank, again washed her hands, while the others again swilled their mouths. Then, with all the coquetry at her command, she stirred the balls as the young man poured water over them. Now the bark-strainer was applied, and here the utmost grace and dignity marked the movements of the maiden who held the post of honour. She waved the strainer high above the *tanoa* and squeezed the liquid—a dirty brown—and threw the refuse root on to a banana-leaf placed by her side for the purpose. This operation continued until all the flavour was extracted, and the woody particles of the root taken out. Then all the girls, at a signal from the one who sat before the *tanoa*, clapped their hands, and exclaimed,—"The ava is ready, the ava is ready!" The young man then stood up with a brightly-polished cocoa-nut cup in his hand, which the girl at the *tanoa* filled by soaking the strainer in the liquid and squeezing it over the cup. The first cup was always proclaimed by the priest for the god. It was held up, and waved with a circular motion towards the heavens, then solemnly and slowly poured on the ground, in

honour of the god. Then the priest, as the cup was successively filled, called out the names of the chiefs, precedence being strictly regulated by rank, until all had drunk. Every chief has a name by which he is addressed only when drinking ava. This ceremony over, the food was formally accepted by the priest in the name of the god, and served out to the families as they sat in groups around the temple. After the feasting, sham fights took place, followed by various games. As the sun set, dancing commenced, and continued until the dawn of day. Sometimes the feasting was prolonged for three or four days, with a repetition of all the ceremonies, games, and dancing. In times of war, the women and children were not allowed to partake of the feasts, which, on such occasions, were specially proclaimed by the priests to propitiate the gods. Disease and death were the inevitable penalties on all who partook of these feasts and failed to join in the fight. To avoid these evils, whatever food was not eaten was carefully buried or thrown into the sea, safe beyond the reach of the women and children and aged.

The Samoans have two meals a day, the first at about eleven A.M. and the second in the dusk of the evening. The former meal is taken by the different members of the family as they drop in from their various avocations—fishing, planting, building, or whatever it might be. At the latter meal, the whole family assemble and eat together, each individual having his or her share handed round on a breadfruit or banana leaf. Before any one began to eat, the head of the

family, pouring a portion of his ava on the ground, "said grace" after the following manner:—"This is your ava, O ye our gods. Remember this our family. Let our number increase. Let us all live in health. Let us all grow strong. We are your people, O ye our gods. Then give to us food to eat. Let there be plenty, and make our plantations to flourish and all things good to eat. Ye also, the gods of war! This is ava for you. Make strong, make brave, make numerous the people in this our land. Ye also, the gods that sail the sea! This is your ava. Pass this our land, and sail unto another land." Ava was always taken before, never after, eating. When there was no ava prepared for the evening meal, the head of the family prayed by the light of the fire. In every house there is a fireplace in the centre. Before beginning to eat, the fire was made to blaze up well, and the patriarch began, addressing first the family god, and then the whole host of gods:—"This is light for you, O our gods, great and small. For you all we make this our evening light. Look upon this our family. Let our progeny be numerous and strong. Give prosperity and long life to this our family. Avert punishment and disease. Look down upon our poverty and weakness. Let food be plentiful. Let the gods of war be favourable to us. Let the gods that sail the sea pass our land and take away their diseases with them."

When the food was served out, the first care of the mothers was to masticate the yams and fish, and to give the soft mixture to their infants. As the family

group sat together at this evening meal, they talked and chatted away merrily. But heathens as they were, these Samoans, no thought or word unchaste or immoral was there. Of all their customs, the most strictly observed, perhaps, was that which forbade the remotest reference to anything, even by way of a joke, that conveyed the slightest indelicacy in thought or word or gesture, when brothers and sisters were together. In presence of his sister, the wildest rake was always modest and moral. In presence of her brother, the most accommodating *coquette* was always chaste and reserved. This custom remains intact to the present day.

After the evening meal, especially during those bright moonlight nights which are the pleasantest times in the tropics, the young folks strolled off, and mixed with others of their own age, joining in dance and song, until the moon was hid behind the trees or the hills, often far into the small hours of the night. The old folks assembled under the breadfruit-trees, or sat cross-legged in the square, rehearsing the deeds of their ancestors, or listening to the legends of their gods. Thus their ancient lore was handed down from generation to generation.

The Samoans were never cannibals in the sense that their neighbours, the Fijians, were. While with the latter it was a national "institution," with the former it was the rare exception. There have been instances in their more remote wars, when the body of a notoriously cruel and bloodthirsty tyrant was cooked and eaten; but it was the refinement of revenge, the

climax of hatred, not the lust of appetite, that prompted the act. Sometimes they were urged on to the very limits of cannibalism by mere bravado. I witnessed an instance of this myself. It is still a war custom, when a warrior slays an enemy, to take off the dead man's head, and to parade it before the assembled chiefs, who publicly applaud the courage and the prowess of the victor. A man belonging to Leulumoega (Leulumoenga), the capital of Aana, who had failed to get the head of an enemy, surreptitiously took off the big toes of one whose head another had taken, and with these toes in his mouth, paraded before his party. The act, though inglorious, was a novelty, and won for him the notoriety and public applause which he had failed to win by exhibiting an enemy's head. But little was required to induce him, under the excitement of the moment, and the impulse of bravado, to eat the toes, even without cooking them, before the assembled multitude.

Their food consists of taro, yams, breadfruit, bananas, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, with fish, fowls, turtle, and pork; and formerly dogs were esteemed a delicacy. They have various made-dishes, which are very palatable. Palusami is a mixture of taro-leaves, the juice of the kernel of the cocoa-nut, and a little salt water. Samilolo is made by filling a full-grown cocoa-nut with salt water, and allowing the kernel to rot, when it is considered quite a delicacy. Tailolo is the juice of the kernel of the cocoa-nut poured over ripe bananas, and baked together,—and a very sweet pudding the mixture makes. Masi is the breadfruit

fermented under ground, where it is left from three to five months, and is kept as a provision for a scarcity of other food. It has a most disagreeable smell, and is anything but pleasant to the taste. Faausi is made of taro, or yams scraped into a soft pudding, and mixed with the juice of the kernel of the cocoa-nut, and baked together in banana-leaves. Loloi is a dish somewhat similar. A very palatable dish is the paa (crab) mixed with the juice of the cocoa-nut, and baked in banana-leaves. The simple juice of the kernel of the cocoa-nut is itself a very rich dish, when baked in cocoa-nut shells. These are only a few of the many mixtures they prepare, and consider great delicacies. Of fruit .they have the papaw-apple, orange, citron, lime, pine-apple, gua-a, custard-apple, vi (*Evia dulcis*), gogofiafia (ngongofiafia), and other tropical niceties. Some of these are indigenous, and others exotic. Ulu, or breadfruit, are in season about six months of the year, yams as plentiful during the other six months, while taro grows all the year round. The usual mode of cooking is by hot stones, covered first with leaves, and then with earth. A little hollow is made in the ground, in which firewood is placed, with fifty or a hundred stones, according to the size of the oven. When the wood is all burnt, and the stones red-hot, the latter are spread out in the hollow, and on them the food is placed, and covered with breadfruit or banana-leaves, and over these again earth is thrown to keep the steam from escaping. It is really cooking by steam,—the very perfection of the culinary art. It is the province of

the men to cook; from the head of the family to the young man not yet tatooed, all may be seen round the oven, scraping the taro, yams, breadfruit, or cocoa-nut, preparing the firewood and stones, gathering leaves, wrapping up the fishes, carrying salt water,—all chatting away merrily and freely. Occasionally the chief himself may be seen assisting.

CHAPTER VI.

SAMOAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

For clothing, the Samoans have the *titi*, a fringe made of the leaves of a Dracæna, and tied round the loins. That for the men is about a foot deep and a foot wide, and is worn in front—but scant covering. That for the women passes quite round the waist, and hangs down to the knees. There is as much dandyism and coquetry in the wearing of these *dresses* as in the wearing of the pegtop pants and crinoline skirts of our own islanders. They also use *siapo*, a cloth made from the paper mulberry (*Morus papyrifera*). It is only on grand occasions that this is worn, when it is wrapped in several folds round the waist, reaching down to the ankles. It is also used for curtains, under which eight or ten people sleep together, each covered with a piece of the same material. There is as much attention and thought bestowed on the printing and the pattern as is by Manchester manufacturers upon the designs of their prints and calicoes. The following is the process of its manufacture, and is throughout the work of the women. Some twelve or fifteen months after planting,

the tree is cut down, the bark peeled off, and soaked for forty-eight hours in water. The outer or brown bark is then separated from the inner or white, and the woody parts of the latter removed by scraping with a particular kind of shell. While yet damp, this clean white bark is beaten out and reduced to a very soft thin texture. The bark is procured from the plant in strips of three, four, or five inches wide, but by scraping and beating, it is spread out to some ten inches, and made so thin that it is quite transparent. Several pieces are then put together, over each other, according to the thickness of the cloth required, arrowroot being used to make them stick together. The strips are then put together in widths to suit the purpose, and beaten again, until they are made into one. The whole is then dried in the sun. The printing of the patterns is done by spreading the cloth over a large board, on which are fastened (by a particular process) the *ribs* of the cocoa-nut leaf, and while thus stretched out, it is rubbed over with a reddish-brown juice, obtained from the candle-nut-tree, which grows in all the islands of the Pacific. This juice marks the cloth only where the ribs of the cocoa-nut leaf raise it. To make the larger figures and patterns, the cloth is stretched on a grass-plat and painted with a brush made from the stem of the cocoa-nut leaf, the same juice being used. If various colours are required, there are many ingredients which the natives mix with the juice. To obtain a yellow, for instance, an extract is obtained from the turmeric and mixed with it. There is also a kind of clay, obtained only in certain localities in some of the

islands, which is very much used for making a light red or a dark brown, as the case might be. The preparation of this clay for painting the cloth is a distinct trade in itself, as is also the preparation of the extract from the turmeric. Both these, and the cultivation of the plant in the first instance, as well as the manufacture of the cloth, are occupations allotted solely to the women. It would be a degradation, according to Polynesian ideas, for a man to engage in any of them. The beating process is done by placing a strip of bark on a log of wood, say eight inches in diameter, and thrashing away at it with a small piece of iron-wood about a foot long and three inches square, water being constantly applied. The cloth made from the paper mulberry is used in Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji. In the latter group, I have seen pieces a hundred yards long, and at least a yard wide. It is however generally made in lengths of twenty or thirty yards, and is an article of barter amongst the natives, and certain qualities and patterns are highly valued.

But the articles of clothing most highly valued by the Samoans are their je-toga (tonga), or fine mats. They are a medium of exchange and a standard of wealth. The *pedigree* of some of the more celebrated mats, which are fringed with the red feathers of the paroquet, is carefully treasured, and when they change hands the history is related with solemn precision; and age enhances their value. These mats are, on an average, three yards square, and are made of the leaves of a Pandanus, dried and cut into strips about the twentieth part of an inch in width, scraped as thin as a sheet

of paper, and plaited together. They are the work of the women, and it often takes two or three years to make one. Another mat which takes as much time to make, though it is somewhat less valued, is the je-sina, made of the bark of *Hibiscus tiliaceus*. The strips of bark are soaked, bleached, plaited, and left shaggy on one side of the mat, while the other side is made smooth. These, and the fine mats are worn only on the occasions of the meetings of great chiefs for public purposes, or at the marriages of great chiefs.

Every village or town provides a *fale-tele*, or free hotel, where all travellers are received and fed gratuitously. There is no real hospitality in the custom. The object is, by courteous treatment and ample supplies of food, to ingratiate themselves with travellers putting up at these houses, and thereby to secure a like reception whenever the entertainers themselves may happen to be travelling. As they cannot possibly foresee in what direction events may lead them, it has become an institution, supported with all the reverence of ancient practice, to treat all travellers alike handsomely and bountifully, and to anticipate all their little requirements. The custom is simply an exaggerated development of the principle of *quid pro quo*. When a travelling party arrives at a town, they at once occupy the fale-tele, and if there are more people than it will accommodate the surplus are billeted, in due form, by the Tulafale, or town councillors, on various families, according to the circumstances of the day. Preparations at once commence for a supply of food, which does not take long when

notice of the visit has been sent forward by the travellers, as is usually the case when led by a great chief. In about an hour the villagers form in procession, and carry the pigs, fowls, and fish, yams, taro, breadfruit, and cocoa-nuts, to the fale-tele, singing songs as they go. The food duly deposited outside of the house, it is formally presented by a Tulafale sili to the visitors, by whom it is as formally accepted through their Tulafale sili, or chief councillor, and apportioned amongst themselves, when feasting promptly commences. It is held the very climax of impropriety and ill-manners to partake of food presented to another; whatever is given is eaten only by the visitors.

Attached to all these fale-tele are certain women, many of whom are tacitly understood to be at the service of the travellers. These women are generally the cast-off wives of young chiefs, who, by the rites of polygamy, may have as many wives as they please, and may change them by putting away and taking others when they can, and who, while young and not invested with tribal honours and power, make their selection from among the daughters of the commoners,—girls of lower rank than themselves. When a chief attains to official rank in his tribe, he takes a wife of as high rank as he can win; and usually contents himself with this one, and one or two of her near relations as concubines, who also serve as attendants upon the former. But once the wife of a chief, however lowly, however high her birth, inexorable custom forbids her becoming the wife of another man;—a girl is always his, though the gay

Lothario may have cast her off for years. Her only resource is to attach herself to the fale-tele, where, though still claimed by the husband who has cast her off, she may quietly become the convenience of travellers, but not a settled wife. Should she at any time elope, if the man who takes her be a chief, her first husband has a just cause of quarrel, and war is soon declared between the tribes to which the two rival chiefs respectively belong. War is sometimes however averted by the aggressor and his tribe offering formal compensation, the amount of which is regulated by the relative rank of the parties; after which compensation, if accepted, the aggrieved party have no further legitimate claim upon the girl. If the cast-off wife elope with a *commoner*, the young chief, or some of his personal followers, simply waylay the unhappy man and "club" him, or failing him, any near relative, whose death is held to be at once the just retribution for his crime, and the release of the girl from the further claims of the first husband. She is then free to become the wife of any other man. Whatever intercourse may take place between the sexes, a woman does not become a man's wife unless the latter take her to his own house. A woman receiving visits at the fale-tele, or at her own house, or at the house of a friend, and becoming a mother, cannot claim the status of a wife, and the child is illegitimate. The mother may fasten the parentage upon the father, but that is all. One rendezvous, in the house of the man, makes her his wife, and the child is legitimate.

A man never personally woos his lady-love. It is

the privilege of the attendants of a young chief to do the courting for him. They beset the girl upon whom he has set his heart, and from hour to hour whisper his praises in her ear, until persuaded to elope. At almost every place where a large travelling-party calls, one or more girls are thus decoyed away, though it is well known the young chief will soon cast her off. With every large travelling-party there is what is called a "Manaia,"—a young chief, of good looks and manly bearing; and to get as many wives for him as possible on the journey, is the ambition of all the young fellows who accompany him.

Systematic wooing and the formal nuptials were managed as follows, in the case of chiefs:—The Tulafale, or heads of familes, who, as such, are the chiefs' councillors, met in solemn conclave, and selected a bride of suitable rank; and as the dowry which accompanied the bride was always distributed amongst them, these sages took care to select one whose tribe was able to give a large amount of property. The selection made, food was formally taken to the tribe, and the chief's daughter as formally demanded. If the food were accepted, it was an intimation that the demand was favourably entertained. If left just where the suitors deposited it, in front of the fala-tele, it was an intimation that the demand was rejected. The ultimate acceptance or rejection of the suit was with the Tulafale of the tribe to which the girl belonged, and their decision was supposed to be final. But if, notwithstanding their rejection, the young lady had a *penchant* for the young chief who thus wooed her, she

eloped with him some fine night, and the first the family and tribe knew of her flight was the announcement of the fact by the friends of the young man, as they walked through the village, shouting his name, coupled with hers, and in extempore songs proclaiming the praises and extolling the virtues of the hero of the adventure. Further objection was then useless, and, though great excitement always followed an elopement, it soon cooled down, and in the course of three or four months all parties were duly reconciled by the exchange of dowries. If the Tulafale consented, and the girl objected, she was nevertheless compelled to yield. But no sooner was the exchange of property consummated than she ran away from her husband; and then, according to circumstances, she was either driven back by her father or brothers, or retained by them until more property was presented by her husband. When, on presentation of the food, the suit was at once accepted, the contract was held there and then completed, and the tribes retired, each to prepare for the dowries, for both bridegroom and bride were accompanied by a dowry. That presented by the bridegroom was called *oloa*, and consisted of prepared food of all kinds, together with live pigs, poultry, canoes, clubs, and spears, and latterly of muskets, powder, hatchets, calicoes, and indeed of all kinds of white man's property. The dowry accompanying the bride was called *toga* (tonga), because consisting of fine mats, and siapo, or native cloth, both of which articles have already been described. The Tulafale of each tribe provided these dowries,

which, after being exchanged at the celebration of the nuptials, were again distributed amongst them by the chiefs, the fathers of the bridegroom and bride, and great care was required to give to each Tulafale as near an equivalent as possible to the contribution he had made, to prevent nepotism on the part of the chief, and jealousy amongst his followers. While the preparations were in progress, the bridegroom and his tribe continued occasionally to take food to the bride and her tribe, and some of the personal followers of the chief remained with the lady as her attendants, and to guard against the proposals of rivals. In the course of three or four months, the preparations being completed, the day was named for the nuptials, which always took place at the town of the bridegroom. When the two tribes had assembled around the malae, or public square, the bride appeared from a neighbouring house, attended by the old duennas in whose charge she had been reared, and followed by ten or twelve young women, all well greased from head to foot with scented cocoa-nut oil, and wearing wreaths of flowers, necklaces, and head-dresses of nautilus-shells, with fine mats round their waists, and trailing far behind them. From the house, the procession slowly moved along a pathway of native cloth to the centre of the malae, where sat the bridegroom, awaiting the approach of his bride, and where each one deposited the finest mats of the dowry, which they carried in their hands; and there, on a snow-white mat, immediately before the young chief, the bride seated herself, the old duennas still by her side. With appropriate songs, the

young women continued to parade from the house to the centre of the malae, still carrying mats and cloth, until the whole dowry was there heaped before the admiring multitude.

The chastity of the daughters of the chiefs was the pride and the boast of their tribes. Old duennas were duly set apart to attend, and to guard their virtue and their honour from an early age. When a young chief, on assuming his chiefly position in his tribe, took the daughter of a noble to wife, the whole of the tribes to which bridegroom and bride belonged assembled in the malae, and there the chastity of the bride was put to the test. If the bride passed the ordeal honourably and successfully, prolonged and vehement cheers proclaimed the honour of the tribe and the dignity of the chief unsullied, and the virtue of the bride such as became one of her fair name. In the enthusiasm of the moment, her own immediate relatives cut their heads with stones until the blood flowed freely; and the old duennas, loud in songs that told of rivers flowing fast, torrents no banks could restrain, seas no reefs could check, proclaimed the triumph of their charge, and led the now trembling, bashful girl to the gaze of the excited and cheering multitude. Again and again cheers of applause greeted her as she paraded the malae, which she acknowledged only by the tears that silently stole down her cheeks. Then the young attendants reappeared, and relieving the old duennas of their charge, led her to the house set apart for her private residence, where for several days she remained in seclusion. But there

was a dark side to the scene. Should the ordeal reveal the disgrace of the tribe and the dishonour of the chief in the lost virtue of the daughter, her brothers, or even her father himself, rushed upon her with their clubs, and dispatched her on the scene of her fatal exposure; every memorial of her life was destroyed and abhorred, her very name forgotten from the traditions of her tribe. The ordeal by which the virtue of the chief-girl of Samoa was tested was as obscene as severe, and the amenities of decorum forbid the description here. Happily, under the teachings of the missionaries, it has now become obsolete. After this ordeal, the property collected by the bridegroom's tribe was exhibited on the malae, and there formally presented to the father of the bride and his tribe. A grand feast closed the day, and a grand dance whiled away the hours of the night. Some five or six months afterwards the tribes again feasted together, and another exchange of property consummated the marriage festivities. It is, however, now becoming customary among the religious portion of the community to send love-letters to the girls when young men are smitten by their charms, instead of employing the services of friends to woo them. Of these remarkable epistles, the following is a specimen:—"This is my writing to you, Saema. I am Tuliau. Very great is my love for you. Very great is my desire for you. This is my writing to you, Saema, to ask if you will become my wife." If the girl and her parents accede to the pithy request, the parties are duly married by the missionary; an exchange of property follows, accord-

ing to the rank of the bride and bridegroom, and the ceremony is ended.

The mother performed the functions of a midwife for her daughter, while the father or husband invoked the family god, and pledged themselves to make whatever offering might be most acceptable. It was for the village priest to say what the god required, and by some extraordinary coincidence the god always happened to require something which would at the same time be very acceptable to his faithful priest. In ordinary cases the father of the lady addressed his family god thus:—"Look upon our family, O Salia! Pity my daughter, and let her live. Protect my daughter, and let her sit with us again. Declare thy will, O Salia! that we may obey. Whatever thou desirest we will now do. Say, that we may do thy will, and my daughter be spared still to live with us. Hear this our prayer, O Salia!" If the labour were difficult and protracted, the family god of the lady's mother was invoked as well, and frequently the husband would invoke his own god. And thus the hours were spent until the child was born, the god addressed just at the moment of the birth being held his god through life. The umbilicus of a male child was severed on a club, to make him valiant in war. In the case of a girl, it was cut on the board on which the native cloth was beat out, to make her industrious. In the majority of cases the Samoan women think lightly of the travails of childbirth. There have been instances where the mother was her own and only attendant. Pua'aelo was the wife of Tamaalii, who lived at

Fasitootai, in the Aana district. There was nothing remarkable about her person or habits to distinguish her from her countrywomen. Like them, she attended to the usual duties of Samoan women without interruption. Amongst other things she made *tapa*, or native cloth, the manufacture of which necessitates sitting in the water two or three hours for several successive days in the first operation of scraping the bark of the paper mulberry, of which it is made. On one occasion, while thus busily engaged, and merrily singing her native songs with other women similarly employed, she went off to the bush on the banks of the river. In about a quarter of an hour she returned, with a fine baby-boy in her arms. She washed and suckled him, and soon he was fast asleep and laid in several folds of *tapa* on the banks, where he slept soundly while his mother finished her work, and when the party separated, she took her boy home. He is now living with his mother at Fusitootai, and is named Mata-uli (dog-face), a fine healthy lad about ten years old.

The pendent breasts, common among the Samoan women, and indeed among the women of all the islands of the Pacific, are caused by suckling their children in a peculiar manner, by which they *hang* on the mother and stretch the breasts, as well as by the relaxing tendency of the climate. They suckle their children until about two years old. I have seen women who threw their breasts over their shoulders, to have them out of the way; and I have seen children standing at their backs, suckling from *behind*, when the

breasts have been thrown over the shoulders to allow the mother the free use of her arms in any work she had in hand. The young women, in their coquetry, and until they take to the clothing inculcated by the missionaries and supplied by civilization, train their breasts *upwards*. Nine out of ten of the women who become wives of white men, if their husbands leave the islands, give themselves to prostitution, and evince a decided repugnance to take native husbands.

The custom under which a girl was admitted into the status of womanhood was at once simple and agreeable. As the age of maturity approached, her friends collected property, and on a given day invited all the women of the tribe to a feast, when the property was distributed, and the damsel proclaimed a full-grown woman. The neglect of this custom was considered a token of the extremest poverty—a state into which it is hardly possible for a Samoan to sink. At the present day, however, the custom is very, very rarely observed.

In singular contrast is the custom under which youths are still initiated into manhood by the operation of tatooing, which is at once most painful and protracted. Extending as the design does from the knees to the navel, it requires no little nerve to undergo the operation, and yet it is anxiously looked forward to by all the youth of the country. A young chief is usually tatooed at about the age of eighteen, and when the time for the operation is come all the lads of his tribe, perhaps twenty in number, from the age of fourteen and upwards, prepare to join him.

Tatooing is a regular and honourable profession, and the operator ranks as a *matai*—a master or professor. When application is made for the services of a *matai*, the application is always accompanied by a present of fine mats, or toga (tonga), the acceptance of which is the sealing of the contract. A house is set apart for the performance of the operation, and the youths pass in turn under the hands of the *matai*,—first the young chief, the others following, usually according to tribal rank, and each having but a small portion of his body tatooed at a time. When all is ready and the operation is about to commence, more fine mats are presented, or perhaps a new canoe, and food is daily supplied by the friends of the youths. The party of operators consists of the *matai*, and five or six assistants, whose duty it is, with pieces of soft white *masi*,* to wipe away the blood as it oozes out of the skin under the manipulation of the *matai*. A young woman, generally a relative of the youth operated upon, sits cross-legged on a seat, on whose lap the young man places his head, and stretching himself out at full length, three or four more young women hold his legs and sing, to drown his groans as he writhes under the lacerations of the instruments. It is, however, held a want of courage and hardihood to give way to groans, though I have heard some lads literally yell with the pain. The part first tatooed is a stripe on the back, a little above the level of the navel, and

* *Masi* is the name applied to the native cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry, when it is in an unfinished stage,—the bark merely scraped and beaten out to a very thin and soft texture.

the finishing touch is given on the navel,—said to be the most painful of the whole operation. When about as much as the palm of one's hand is done, which occupies upwards of an hour, the lad rises and another takes his place, and in this way five or six subjects may be operated upon in a day, sometimes not so many. Each lad's turn comes round about once a week, according to the number of the party; and until the skin is thoroughly healed, they look most hideous objects, hobbling about in every variety of contortions, and fanning off the flies with little white switches of *masi*. When the operation is about half finished, the *matai* waits for another instalment of fine mats, and when the navel only remains to be operated upon, the great payment is made. If the *matai* is dissatisfied with the property presented, he delays the completion of the design. An unfinished "tatau," as it is called, being considered very disreputable, the friends of the youths are quick to take the hint and hunt up more property. When at length he is satisfied, the *matai* gives the finishing touch, for which again he receives another payment. Altogether, what with the payments in fine mats, native cloths, and canoes, and the food consumed during the three or four months of the process, tatooing is an expensive affair. When it is all over, and the youths thoroughly healed, a grand dance is got up on the first available pretext to display the tatooing, when the admiration of the fair sex is unsparingly bestowed. And this is the great reward, long and anxiously looked forward to by the youths as they smart under the hands of

the *matai*. The instruments used are made of human bones (*os ilium*), and are generally five in number, to suit the various patterns in the design, which is most elaborate. They vary from the eighth of an inch to an inch in width, all being the same length, about an inch and a half, and attached to reed handles, about the thickness of one's finger, and about six inches long; in shape they look like so many diminutive carpenters' adzes, the edges being serrated like a fine-tooth comb. A little mallet is used to tap the instruments, which is held in a particular manner under the thumb and over the forefinger. The rapidity with which the *matai* works his fingers, the precision with which he moves the instruments and punctures exactly the right spot, and the regularity of the tapping with the mallet, are extraordinary. The mixture used to impregnate the skin and produce the blue-toned colour, is made from the ashes of the *lama*, or cocoa-nut, and water. Into this the instrument is dipped every few moments, and with every tap of the mallet, it passes into the skin. The design or pattern of the tatooing is in the main alike throughout the group, though certain districts have what may be called coats of arms in addition,—some animal usually, which serves to distinguish a man when slain in battle,—and each generation has some particular trifling variation. Instances occur, though rarely, where a lad becomes frightened and refuses to have the tatooing finished, in which case he becomes the butt of the jokes and taunts of his own sex, and the object of the jeers and ridicule of the other.

The custom is slowly falling into disuse. Discountenanced by the missionaries and the native teachers, it receives its main support in the pride with which a tatooed Samoan looks upon himself, and in the spirit of emulation and jealousy with which he looks upon the Tongans, who flock from their own islands (where its practice is strictly forbidden by the laws of King George) to have the operation performed in Samoa. Viewing the custom from a point on which a Samoan loves to dwell,—his improved appearance,—apart from other considerations which weigh in the encouragement of civilization,—one cannot wonder at the tenacity with which it is maintained, notwithstanding the pain and the expense it entails. For an untatooed Samoan does in truth look unmanly, looks even naked, by the side of one who is tatooed. I have known chiefs over forty years of age undergo the operation a second time, to renovate the "tatau," and give renewed youth and manliness to their bearing.

The Samoans treated their sick most humanely, promptly supplying every little want, and willingly humouring every little whim. All diseases were held to be the visitations of the displeasure of some god, and when any one became ill, the first thing done was to consult the village priest, and through him to propitiate the offended deity. For every application, which was always introduced by a present of property or food, the wily priest had a ready answer; he was never at a loss to name the cause of the god's displeasure, and whatever he declared to be the needful propitiation, was promptly offered,—and, as in the

case of childbirth, the god always happened to require something that would be useful to the priest, sometimes it was a canoe, sometimes a piece of land. If it happened that the priest did not want anything just at the moment, or that the suppliants did not possess what he did want, he would require the family to assemble around the bed of the sick relative, and there to confess their sins. The requisition was always implicitly obeyed, and each one confessed. *everything* he or she had ever at any time done. Whether it were theft, adultery, seduction, lying, or invoking a curse upon the sick person, however long concealed, all was openly, and with solemn contrition, confessed; and as evidence of sincerity, a mouthful of water was sprinkled at the bed of the invalid. If the disease showed symptoms of terminating fatally, all distant relatives were immediately summoned, and each came with a fine to deposit, at the feet of the sick person in token of affection. When death took place, the expressions of grief were loud and vehement; lamentations and wailings filled the air. Yet just in proportion to the intensity of the grief was its duration; it soon passed off, after the dead was beneath the sod, and the heart of the loudest mourner soonest returned to its wonted placidity and enjoyments. As death approached, the wailings commenced by one exclaiming, addressing the dying man by name, "O Tui! why are you going? why leave us so soon? Without you what will become of our family?" A son exclaimed, "Oh, my father! why are you leaving me? Let me die in your stead. Your family have no protection without

you!" A brother cried, "O Tui, my brother! why do you leave me thus? Stop with me yet a little longer! Without you, I am nothing! Stop with me yet a little longer!" A father wept aloud, "Oh, my child, that I could die for you! Who is there left to me when you are gone? The hope of the family, and the strong arm go with you, and there is none to take the family name!" Or if the dying were an unwedded maiden, the mother wept loudest of all. "Oh, my child, why do you leave me thus? Your life has been useless. Why not live until your husband has brought us property? Your life has been without profit, wasted. Oh, my child, that I could die for you!" If relations from a distance arrived too late to see a chief alive, they took cocoa-nut leaves and ran round the house, striking the roof, and summoning the chief by name: "Pea, O Pea! where are you? Whither have you gone? Why did you go before we had seen your face, and shown you our affection? Pea, where are you gone?" They then fell on the canoes and houses, breaking them up and tearing them down, felling the breadfruit-trees, devastating the plantations of yams and taro, while the mourners around the corpse tore out their hair by handfuls, rent their garments, beat their faces, and cut their heads with stones, until the blood flowed freely. This first wailing over, the body was placed on a mat in the centre of the house, bathed with cocoa-nut oil, variously scented, and wrapped round with cloth, or the finest mats, according to the rank of the deceased. The face, rubbed with scented oil and the juice of

turmeric, was left uncovered, and on the chest was placed a roll of the softest cloth, to support the chin. The body of a chief was put into a canoe, for a coffin, again wrapped round with cloth and mats, and tightly bound. While the corpse lay in the house, it was never left alone; the relatives kept constant watch, and a fire always burning brightly. No food was taken to the house, the watchers fasting by day and eating elsewhere at night. Those who handled the body fasted after this manner for five days. To touch food with their own hands, was to incur the anger of the family god; a toothless mouth or a bald head was the inevitable punishment. At night they silently partook of food put into their mouths by the hands of others. At the close of the fifth day, they washed their hands and bathed their faces in warm water, and were purified, free to revert to their ordinary habits. If it happened that more than one of the family had died of the same disease, the body was opened, any inflamed part carefully removed, and, after the body was buried, as carefully burnt, under the belief that the burning of such inflamed part destroyed the disease, and so rescued the rest of the family from its ravages.

While the body of a commoner was usually buried the day after death, the body of a great chief was kept above ground from ten to thirty days, according to circumstances. In the latter case, all work was forbidden in the village, and no strangers allowed to approach. If perchance a luckless wayfarer, forgetful of the disease of the great man, and pushing on his

journey by the shortest road, reached the precincts of the village, he was "clubbed," and left to die, unless his feet were swifter than those of the stalwart young men of the village. In all the houses fires were kept burning night and day; and in various parts of the village fires were kindled every night in the open air, while the young men patrolled the pathways, proclaiming the honours and singing the praises of the deceased chief, and the young women responded from the house where the body lay. Towards midnight the young men joined the young women in the house, and together or alternately chanted their songs, till the day dawned. If the chief were related to various tribes, his body was not buried until visited by them all, and with songs of wailing and mourning, borne high on the shoulders of the bearers, through the village by each tribe. The body was carried to the grave on the shoulders of five or six men, all the friends and relatives attending in irregular order, each taking a mat or a piece of cloth in token of their grief, which was again for the nonce as loud and vehement as at the hour of death. The drinking-cup, the bamboo pillar, the mats and cloth used during illness, the sticks with which the grave was dug, were all buried with the body. Over these were thrown more mats and cloth, then white coral-sand, then the soil. The head was placed towards the rising, the feet towards the setting, of the sun. On the day following the burial, all the property collected—the gifts at the bedside of the invalid, the presents at the grave—was distributed, every one who gave re-

ceiving something in return,—a custom which tended wonderfully to ameliorate the grief of the mourners.

The Samoans had no cemeteries. Their graves were all in the village near their houses, and *there* they all wished to be buried. Even the bones of those who, on their war expeditions, died far from home, after peace were carefully carried to the family grave near the house where the bones of their forefathers lay. Hard was the fate—fearfully dreaded by every Samoan—of the man who died by the enemy's club, whose body rotted unburied, for whom no fires were kindled, whose head, paraded by his victor before the vaunting enemy, lay none knew where! His spirit haunted the survivors of his family, and in every creaking bough, in every whistling breeze, they heard his mournful wail, "I am cold, I am cold!"

The grave of a chief was called "the sandalwood-roofed house," and was carefully built up with stones in the shape of an oblong, about four feet high at the head, gradually sloping to about three feet at the foot, with sun-bleached shells, and white pebbles from the beach on the top, and surrounded with spears. A very valiant warrior had his club laid over all,—the mute record of his valour and his prowess. The grave of a commoner was called "the fixed resting-place," and a low mound about two feet high, built over with stones, distinguished it from that of a great chief.

All these customs are now, however, but seldom observed. When a person dies, the missionary or his native assistant buries him quietly, and a little exchange of property—very quietly and very informally conducted—is all that takes place.

CHAPTER VII.

SAMOAN SPORTS.

THERE is not much variety for the sportsman in Samoa, the only animal which gives any real excitement in the chase being the wild boar. Herds of wild pigs are found all through the bush; the natives frequently organize hunting-parties, more for the sake of the meat—though dreadfully tough it is at best—than for the sport. Occasionally joining these parties, I have witnessed, and shared in, some rather hard fights with the thick, tough-skinned boars, which always stand at bay with the dogs, while the sows and their litters make off. The first regular hunt I had was with the chief Tui-o-le-Mauga (Maunga), accompanied by twenty-five of his young men, and ten dogs trained to pig-hunting. Each man carried a long knife and a tomahawk, and a few had spears as well; the chief had his musket, and I my rifle. At four o'clock in the morning we started from Magia (Mangia), a little village belonging to myself, and after a three hours' walk through tangled bushes, across marshes, and up the slippery sides of the moun-

tain, we reached the summit of Tafua Upolu, the loftiest peak of that part of the island. Selecting a spot for our rendezvous, in case of becoming separated, three of the party were detailed to build a hut, shoot pigeons, gather wild breadfruit, dig wild yams, climb for cocoa-nuts, and have everything ready for our return in the evening. The rest were divided into two parties, one under the chief, the other led by me.

"Tracks" were soon found where pigs had been rooting about, and away went the dogs on the scent. These dogs are the ugliest curs imaginable, but their instinct in pig-hunting stands them in good stead for their miserable appearance. In less than half an hour their peculiar, shrill, yelping bark told us the herd was found, and when I came up with them, two lads of the chief's party were tying the legs of a young boar, about 100 lb. weight, which they had caught by running down with three of the best dogs. The chief had taken up a position to shoot a monster boar that the dogs kept at bay. From tree to tree he jumped, making his way as near to the animal as he could, and watching his chance to shoot without injuring the dogs. The boar caught sight of him, and prepared to run; the chief fired, and missed! I brought him to with a ball in the fore-shoulder, thinking the damage to his leg, if the ball did not reach his heart, would effectually disable him. But no; the beast received the shot, then made straight for me, before I had time to reload. The only thing I could do was to drop my rifle, make a spring high over his head on to his back, and go right over him,—leap-frog, in fact,—and get

behind the nearest large tree, for his ugly tusks, some six inches long, would have made mincemeat of one's leg in no time. The chief had now re-loaded, but before he could bring his piece to the fire, the boar made a charge at him which he baffled by dodging behind the tree, and the beast flew past, giving me the chance to recover my rifle. Once more the dogs brought him to bay, and the chief placed another ball in the same shoulder. The fury of the beast was intense, with his two wounds, and the worrying of the dogs. He stood grinding his teeth, and frothing at the mouth, looking first at one, and then at another of us, as if measuring our capacity for battle. The chief suggested that one of us should tackle him, while the others looked on without interfering. Of course I had to *claim* the *privilege* to do so, after such a challenge; though, in truth, this being the first wild boar I had ever encountered, I felt as if I had somewhat rashly undertaken the combat, for even with his two wounds, I fancied he might possibly hold out longer than myself, and if I failed to kill him, the failure would be fine sport for my comrades, and not soon forgotten in their jokes. However, I stepped out in front of the infuriated beast, and no sooner was I there than he was there too; quite promptly enough, I thought. He made a furious charge at me, which I received with the butt end of my rifle, trying to throw him over on to his wounded side, but ineffectually. A second time he came at me, and a second time I checked him. As he drew up for the third charge, his long bristles standing on end, grinding his tusks

and tossing the froth from his huge mouth, I drew my tomahawk; on he came, swifter than ever, and the tomahawk fell deep into the thick part of his neck: he dropped powerless at my feet, and my boy Atamu did the rest with his long knife. It was rather hot work, for the day was warm, and these old boars have immense strength, and no little dogged pluck; and their skins are so thick that often a spear will break short off without leaving even a mark where it strikes.

Detaching four or five lads to quarter and carry this our first slain to the rendezvous, we followed the herd, with which our dogs had once more come up. The chief had the first shot again, selecting the larger of two boars at bay, and again the ball lodged in the fore-leg, infuriating the beast without weakening him much. Carefully watching my opportunity at the other boar, I had a deliberate shot, and brought him down with a ball in his heart, but no one could approach to apply the knife, because of the proximity of the other boar, at which the chief now had his second shot, wounding him in the other shoulder. By way of a little bit of retaliation, I suggested to the chief that some one had better stand out and fight the beast, for, with his two wounds, he had now become infuriated. Forward jumped the chief in a moment, and in another the monster was upon him. The chief received the charge with a whale-spade, giving the boar a fearful cut on the head. Still, maddened to fury by now tasting his own blood as it ran down from the wound just inflicted, the beast rushed on again at the chief, who this time, by a quick movement, slipped aside a

little, and landed the spade in the neck of his prey, bringing him immediately to the ground.

The boar I had shot had been duly attended to by some of the lads, as soon as the fight between the chief and his boar began in earnest; for sometimes these wild hogs, if the knife is not promptly applied to the throat, will recover, and be off again before one has any notion of breath being in them still. We had now killed three great hogs, each weighing at least five cwt., standing, when alive, nearly three feet high, and measuring, from snout to tail, some inches over six feet,—besides the smaller one caught alive by the lads.

It was noon, and we rested over our pipes and young cocoa-nuts for an hour, and then started off in pursuit once more. We killed two boars as the afternoon's work, with pretty much the same adventures as in the morning, excepting that the last one chased a lad, who scrambled up a tree just large enough to bear his weight, and so great was the fury of the wounded boar, that he commenced an attack on the tree, running at it and biting it with all his force, until the chief dispatched him. The other one I shot through the head, the ball entering at one ear and passing out at the other; the pig fell, but before the boy could get up to him with his knife, the beast rose and bristled up for battle. As the animal stood perfectly quiet for a moment, eyeing the lad I placed a ball in the very centre of his head, which we afterwards found had passed through the brain, and his career was finished.

As evening drew on, we retraced our steps to the

rendezvous, where the young men had run up a hut of wild banana leaves, in which we all lodged for the night, and feasted on wild pigeons cooked in their own fat by being wrapped in young banana leaves,—a most delicious repast after the day's fatigue. Young cocoa-nuts warmed on the hot stones were a capital substitute for *tea*, not to mention anything stronger; and the wild yams and breadfruit were excellent vegetables. A wood fire in the centre of the hut kept a *few* of the mosquitoes out, but by no means *all;* and we listened to the legends and stories and riddles of one after another, until we all fell asleep. In the early dawn two lads were sent out to shoot wild fowls that unconsciously betrayed their roosting-places by their frequent crowing. With these for breakfast, we fared sumptuously. As on the previous day, we had our various encounters with the boars, and one with an enormous sow, the mother of a litter of eleven little pigs, all of which we afterwards caught alive. This was the most furious affair of all, for being more savage and quicker in her movements than the boars, there was no jumping out of her way, no playing leap-frog, for her long snout would have given an increased impetus to the spring over her back if her grip did not suddenly check it. I came upon her as she was moving off, grunting and snorting at her little ones to keep them together, while the chief was dispatching a small boar kept at bay by the dogs. My boy Paula, a smart, active little fellow of about fourteen, and as quick as thought in his movements in the bush, caught one of the little suckers, and before

he could squeeze its mouth to stop its squeaking, the sow was after him; but Paula would not lose his prize. Griping the pig's tail between his teeth, he sprang up a tree and there held on, grinning more like a monkey than anything else. Before I could bring my rifle to bear, the sow rushed upon me and I had to meet her with the butt. At least six or eight charges did she make before I had even the smallest chance to grip my tomahawk. The report of the chief's gun as he at last finished off his boar, caused her to look just for a moment in that direction, and that was my time to draw my blade. At the next charge—she was too near and too quick to let me use my rifle—I met her with a blow on the snout from my tomahawk, and we had a regular hand-to-hand fight, if it may be called so. At last a dog rushed up, set on by one of my lads, which the infuriated sow ripped open with one turn of her head; as she did so, my tomahawk fell deep into the thick part of her neck; the battle was over, and Atamu's knife put an end to her. The young men had caught several smaller pigs alive, by running them down with the dogs and knocking them over with stones. After a second night in the bush, we returned home with eighteen or twenty pigs, besides the eleven litters. The pigs killed in the bush are always cooked there, and taken down in baskets, which make a greater show as the hunters pass from village to village. It is not always that one meets with stout resistance as we did upon this, my first hunting expedition; we were fortunate in falling in with large hogs on that occasion. I have

sometimes been out two or three days in the bush, hunting from morning to night, and had no regular encounter at all. Sometimes, when the boars accompanying the herd are small, they rather run than fight, and then the dogs are certain in time to bring them down. As they run, one dog gets hold of an ear, another the other ear, another nips him on the shoulder, another seizes hold of the tail, and together they bring the unfortunate pig to the ground quite exhausted. And the young men, tangled as is the bush generally, are never far behind the dogs with their knives; or if they have no knife handy, they quickly put a stick across the throat which two men press down as hard as they can, and so choke the pig. A large sow with a young litter is the most difficult to catch, and shows the most determined fight. The skins of the old boars are frequently an inch thick. The tusks are much valued when they are very long and well curved, and are worn as neck ornaments. In Fiji, boars are kept in styes, and fed to a good old age, on purpose for their teeth.

There are many wild fowls of the common domestic breed in the woods, but they are so very shy, and the underbush is so very thick in most places, that it is no easy matter to get a shot at them on the ground or on the wing, excepting when, as they sometimes do when suddenly disturbed, fly on to the trees immediately overhead. They generally, however, give one loud cackle, run a few yards, and then take to their wings, dodging amongst the branches until they reach a tall tree at some distance off, quite out of

range. The usual way to get them is for a boy to take a tame cock with him into the forest, and when their scratchings are found, throw his bird on the ground, when he at once commences to crow, whilst you take your stand behind a tree, or better still, under a thick bush where you can turn without noise or being seen, if your game should not approach from the front. Soon the crowing of the tame cock attracts the wild bird, and in a few minutes he comes running up, picking at the ground and preparing for a battle, or, if a hen, for love-making; and then is the opportunity to shoot. An early riser can often bag a dozen in a morning, by going out at four o'clock and picking them off their roosts, which are easily found by the crowing of the cocks and the cackling of the hens. The native boys often take tame roosters into the bush, and with a fine light string about two yards long on each leg, let them fight the wild fowls until the combatants are so entangled that neither can move. I have seen some of these tame roosters that seemed to *know* their business was rather to entangle as quickly as possible than to conquer their foe. I once had a little boy—the Paula already mentioned—who could crow so exactly like a cock and imitate so perfectly the cackling of the hens, that we used to hide ourselves in a wood and get as many as six or eight wild fowls in an hour's shooting, all enticed by his voice within range of my piece. Sometimes they are caught by putting up a few reeds as a trap (or fale-moa) under a roosting-place, covering it over with leaves and putting food inside, then leaving it till next morning, when three or four fowls are almost

sure to be found ensnared. But they soon grow suspicious, and after one batch is thus caught it is a very long time before a second is taken in the same place.

There is good pigeon shooting. I have started out at five o'clock in the morning, and returned before noon with sixty birds, all in prime condition. In the season, from May to October, they are so fat that they actually burst as they fall on the ground, if shot on the top of a high tree. They sometimes require a good shot to bring them down, for when they have had their morning's feed they always perch on the highest branches of the loftiest trees, often seventy or eighty yards up, to sun themselves, and there they are effectually hid by the lower branches. Then, they are only to be found by following their note as they coo one to the other; and the crackling of the dry leaves, as the sportsman comes under the tree, makes them hold up their heads to reconnoitre; then is the chance to knock them over, no part, however, being visible but their small heads. Whilst feeding, until about eleven A.M., they are sure game, at from thirty to sixty yards, on the wing or at rest.

One of the most popular of Samoan amusements is pigeon catching. There are places in the wood expressly prepared for, and devoted to the sport from time immemorial, called Tia. Great preparations are made for the expedition, which may remain on the hills for a month or more. Pigs, yams, taro, and breadfruit are cooked in abundance; and nearly all the people of the village accompany their chiefs. Arrived at the ita, the bush is cleared off, huts run up, and stones placed, to form

the circle round which the chiefs sit in ambush, under green boughs, cut fresh every day from the trees. By his side each chief has his tame pigeon, perching on a stick about three feet long, and with some fifty yards of string attached to its legs; and before him lies a bamboo, thirty or forty feet in length, to the small end of which is fastened a net-bag. When all is ready, and after a drink of ava all round, the tame pigeons are thrown up to fly together, while the chiefs hold the strings in their hands, and with a gentle jerk make them wheel round and round the circle very prettily. The wild pigeons are attracted, and fancying they are hovering over food, flock in amongst them. One chief after another then raises his net to entangle the wild birds, and the man who catches the greatest number is the winner. To him all the others of the company give whatever was agreed before the game began,—generally a quantity of food, or so many roots of ava,—all which is again by him divided amongst his companions, and indiscriminate feasting follows. These pigeon expeditions, when several young chiefs of different villages united, were little else than what is best designated, in vulgar parlance, "quiet sprees." The training of the pigeons for this game is practised generally on the malae, or open space in the village, and takes a long time. Birds that fly round well, and keep up, say five minutes, and return to the hand when called, are highly prized and petted, and are the constant companions of the chiefs and orators on their journeys, at their public meetings, and in their daily avocations. There are two varieties of

pigeon—the Lupe, which is trained as just described, and is the best eating, as well as perhaps the most numerous of all the Samoan birds; and the Fiaui, which, with its fine glossy blue plumage, made more brilliant by contrast with the snow-white ring round its neck, is the more handsome bird, though it is but poor eating, and seems never to get as fat as the former. Indeed, I never yet shot a really fat Fiaui, though I have bagged many a score. Their habits are precisely the same, feeding on the same berries, and breeding in the same season, and their coo is identical.

The most rare, and when in full plumage one of the most graceful of Samoan birds is the Dodo-like Manumea (*Didunculus strigirostris*). Its plumage is a brilliant dark-blue, with just a tinge of brown on the edge of a feather here and there; its size about that of a common house-pigeon; its legs pink; its bill dark, with a tinge of pink. Its habits are nocturnal, and with its diminutive wings it travels by long hops or jumps. When at rest, it perches on the low branches of the bushes, to which circumstance the natives attribute its rapid extinction, as it is so easily caught by the numerous wild cats and monster rats which infest the wood. When cooing, it accompanies each note with a most graceful bow, a peculiarity which the natives never fail to mention when speaking of the manu-mea I have seen only two taken alive. In 1855, Captain Morshead, then commanding H.M.S. Dido, carried away a very fine one. In May, 1863, Mr. Consul Williams took two to Sydney alive, where it is said

he obtained no less than £150 for them. I have twice seen one in the bush, but it was so shy that it was impossible to shoot it, or catch it in any other way. It is only on the island of Savaii that the manu-mea is now known to exist, none having been seen on any of the other islands for many years.

The Punae (or "springer-up") is another very remarkable bird, which is now also nearly extinct, from the same cause as the manu-mea. The natives state that it burrows in the ground; feeds on grubs, worms, and insects; runs very fast; and when first starting from its burrow, makes a long spring upwards from the ground, but having very small wings it cannot fly. I have found traces of the punae only at Aopa, an inland town in the northern aspect of Savaii, but I was never fortunate enough actually to see one. Its deserted burrows were there pointed out to me, where, in days long past, it had been captured. It is said to be excellent eating, and as such was very highly estimated by the natives. In the days when the punae were plentiful, regular hunting-parties used to go out after them; dogs were trained to find their burrows; and the bird was taken by placing a net over the burrow, in which it became entangled when, emerging from its haunt, it made the long spring with which it invariably started when disturbed. The natives of Rarotonga have often told me that it (or another very similar bird) still exists numerously on their island. I presume it is a species of the apteryx; and I have heard something of a skin having once been sent to Sydney, though I never

could trace by whom, or to whom, or any other particulars.

The Manu-ma (or bashful bird, *Ptilonopus Mariæ*) is a very beautiful and resplendent dove, closely allied to the less brilliant Manu-tagi (tangi), or crying bird (*Ptilonopus fasciatus*). The first has the crown of the head a bright purple, back, wings, and tail a pale green, breast white, purple, and yellow intermingled, and the under part of the body a very pale grey or stone-colour; under the tail is a little tuft of yellow feathers fading into the pale green of the tail. The second has the head a very pale crimson, back, wings, and tail a light green, breast and lower part of the body a pale yellow intermixed with pale green. Both feed on berries, and are very shy in the bush, but soon become quite domesticated when caught, and, like the pigeon, eat freely from the hand. They are also trained to fly round the malae, with a long string like the pigeons, and at the call to return and perch on the finger. Another beautiful dove is the Manu-lua, or double bird, not unlike the manu-tagi in plumage, and similar in habits. The Tu, or Tu-aimeo, are very pretty little birds of the dove family, with a plumage of a dark chocolate-brown, which varies in its tinges according to the light thrown upon it, and a yellow bill; they hop and fly about very actively on the lower branches of the small trees, and run on the ground very swiftly. The word Aimeo describes that state of sulkiness over a dinner, which often shows itself in a person who is too fastidious as to his food. The Tu is said by the Samoans to suffer the same affliction, and hence its

name—tu-aimeo. The Lulu, a species of owl (*Strix delicatula*), is very commen; and preying as it does on the chickens, even at the house door, it is destroyed whenever the opportunity offers.

The Manu-ao, or morning-bird, is perhaps the best songster the Samoans have. It possesses a very melodious voice, ranging from the lively to the plaintive in one breath, and is always heard in the early dawn. Its plumage is something between a black and brown, with a tinge of blue, (I cannot describe it more definitely,) and is about the size of our nightingale. The Fuia reminds us of our blackbird in colour and size, but its song is inferior,—though, I think, it ranks next to the manu-ao among the few song-birds of Samoa. The Tutu-malili is also like our blackbird, but without its song. The Tiotali (*Dacelo albifrons*) very much resembles our kingfisher in appearance, and feeds on grubs and worms, and has no song. The Sega (Senga, *Trichoglossus palmarum*) is a beautiful little paroquet, with a deep green plumage and red breast. It sucks the honey found in the blossoms of the cocoa-nut and the gatae (ngatae). The little boys climb the cocoa-nut trees, and as it feeds slip a noose made of the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk over its head, but, unlike the paroquet of Fiji, it does not live many weeks when caught. The Jao, another honey-eater, with a light brown plumage, is an active saucy little bird, whose chief delight is to join with its mates to teaze and worry the Aleoa, a timid, stupid bird, very much like our cuckoo. The Tolai, or Tolai-ula, is a delicate little bird, with a

bright black plumage, a brilliant scarlet breast, and long black bill and legs. It has no song, and feeds upon honey as well as insects. The Pea-pea is a bold little swallow, always playing about over one's head in the evenings, feeding on gnats and other insects, and tempting one to practise flying shots. The Sega-mau'u (Senga maoo-oo) is a handsome bird with a plumage of bright green, feeds on seeds, and has no song.

The Tuli is a species of plover, found at low tide seeking its food along the sandy beaches, and is very good eating. A dozen or two may be bagged in an hour's walk along the seashore, and offer good sport when in season. Another seashore bird is the Matu'u, or crane (*Ardea albolineata*), of which there are three varieties distinguished, as they stalk about the sandy beaches or over the mud flats, by their plumage—lead-colour, pure white, and speckled; the first is the most common. They offer a good mark for a rifle at a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, but are not delicate eating, being too fishy and coarse. The Manu-lii (*Porphyrio Samoensis*) is a very handsome bird, with a brilliant blue plumage, a bright red cap on the head, red bill, and long red legs, and makes a very hideous screeching noise. It lives and feeds in the marshes and swamps, where the natives plant the water-taro, which it destroys by scraping up the young roots. It is readily domesticated, and learns to follow its master like a dog. Since it is as common in Fiji as in Samoa, the geographical name "*Samoensis*" is incorrect. And a peculiar coinci-

dence is, that its native name is misinterpreted by most of the white men in the islands. They suppose it to be manu-alii, "chief bird;" while in reality it is manu-a-lii,—lii being the name of a cluster of stars. What connection there is between the bird and stars I never could learn; but that the one takes its name from the other, I have repeatedly been assured by the old men who are supposed to be philological authorities. The Toloa, a species of teal (*Anas*), is found in goodly numbers about the taro-swamps just outside the villages, as well as up the valleys, and about the banks of the rivers. They are capital shooting, and very good eating when hung up in a draught for forty-eight hours before being passed into the hands of the cook; indeed, stewed in a pint of champagne, a toloa almost equals a pigeon wrapped in a young banana-leaf, and steamed in its own fat in the hot stone-oven of the natives; and their eggs are very large and delicate. In hunting the toloa, one must be prepared to wade above the knees, sometimes in mud, sometimes in water, after the game,—rather heavy walking, but not always wholly unpleasant on a very hot day. A good flying shot may always be obtained by taking a position near where the ducks are known to be feeding, and sending a boy forward to start them up; they fly to the other end of the swamp, where the game may be repeated, and there is generally a chance for a double shot at each rising, for they almost always fly in flocks. If only winged, and fallen into the water, a toloa will dive down into the mud and there remain three or four

minutes, or make for the dry land furthest from you and run for its life. Without a good dog, it is then hopeless to search for it. I have sometimes caught young ones and tried to domesticate them, but never succeeded. As soon as they are well fledged, they are suddenly missed some morning or evening, when calling the poultry to their feed in the back yard. I have reared some from eggs found in the bush, by putting them under a Muscovy duck, but they never seemed to thrive well and never bred amongst themselves; only once did I succeed in obtaining a cross between a toloa and a Muscovy duck, from which nothing further resulted. The name of this bird is also the name of a cluster of stars, but as in the case of the manu-a-lii, I was never able to learn any tradition connecting the two.

It will have been observed that many of the names of birds begin with *manu*, as manu-mea, manu-ma, etc. Manu is the generic name for birds in the groups south of the equator, from Tahiti, westward to Samoa and the Friendly Islands. In Fiji, the word assumes a reduplicated form, and becomes *manu-manu*. In the chiefs' or court dialects of these various groups, the word is sometimes made to comprehend *all animals*, except man, but that is not its strict meaning. The domestic fowl is distinguished by the word *moa*, which does not signify a bird; in Fiji it takes the form of *toa*, and maintains the same restriction.

A very agreeable feature in hunting in Samoa is that when one becomes tired or hungry or thirsty, he has only to tell his boy so, and wherever the party

may be, in less than half an hour that boy is certain to look at you with a smile, and point upwards to the bunch of cocoa-nuts that hangs temptingly over your head; and there you have at once food and drink. In some parts, notably in the Aana district, half an hour will always take you to a grove of breadfruit-trees; and under their cool shade, while appreciating the companionship of a pipe, and the thoughts wander over the sea, homeward to the good folks in old England, the boy roasts a breadfruit, grills a pigeon, husks a cocoa-nut, and spreads all out before you on a wild banana-leaf,—altogether a capital luncheon at any time or place.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAMOAN FISHING.

In the way of fishing, there is sometimes very fair sport amongst the coral reefs. At night, a few hours may be passed in the chilly dew on the lagoons just inside the reefs, where there is an almost endless variety of fish of every conceivable colour, and varying in size from half an inch to two feet in length, and occasionally even larger. Now and then a shark may be hooked, which causes some little temporary excitement; otherwise it is generally dull play. At certain seasons the sharks are numerous inside the reefs, and occasionally they approach the beach. A hook may then, in the evening, be taken out in a little canoe, dropped in about two fathoms of water, and the line carried back to the shore, where a man sits with it in his hand. By-and-by he feels a jerk, and then a stronger pull, and then two or three help him to haul in until the shark is in shallow water, where he flounders and exhausts himself, and is ultimately hauled on shore. I have sometimes found small ones, from two to three feet long, snugly ensconced under the coral on

the inner ledge of the reefs, with just the head exposed. They are said to be blind in this stage of their existence, and I think they must be, for I have often fastened a spear in their heads when found in this dormant position. But sometimes the natives when out fishing on the reefs have regular battles with these ferocious monsters. I knew a Tonga man who had lost both his arms in an encounter with one; though he so far retained the use of his "stumps" as to be able to climb up a cocoanut-tree, thirty feet high and send down the young fruit. I have seen the sharks so numerous, and so savage, off the east end of Upolu, that they actually rushed at my shadow as it fell on the water, when I climbed up a tall cocoa-nut tree that grew on the steep side of a little island just outside the reef.

Perhaps as remarkable a mode of catching sharks as any, is that I have heard narrated by Rarotonga men, as practised by their neighbours on the island of Aitutaki, one of the Harvey group. At one end of the island is a large lagoon, formed by the reef that runs round it, stretching far out from the land, and there the sharks breed, and are regularly fed. As they are very prolific, I have seen as many as twenty-five and sometimes thirty little ones taken out of a shark; they increase rapidly. When any feasting is going on amongst the natives, sharks being held necessary to complete the variety of food, parties are sent out to catch them in the lagoon. Provided with a strong rope and a supply of bait, two or three young men start off in a canoe, and taking up a posi-

tion over the haunts of the sharks, throw over bait after bait, until the greedy monsters have eaten to repletion. Waiting quietly in their canoes, the fishermen soon see the sharks stretching themselves lazily on the sand, with their heads just out of the caves formed by the overhanging rocks that rise from the bottom of the lagoon. With a noose in the end of the rope, which he holds in his hand, a man quietly slips from the canoe into the sea, dives down to a shark, slips the noose over his tail, and, as with a jerk of the rope he tells the men above the prey is fast, he himself, with a strong spring from the ground, swiftly rises to the surface. All pulling away at the rope together, the shark is soon brought to the water's edge, and, as the tail is raised out of the sea, he becomes almost helpless; then, with a strong pull together, after a moment's spell, the shark is suddenly bounced into the canoe. Frequently, as the shark lies at the mouth of a cave, with only his head out, the tail cannot be reached. The diver then has to tap the monster gently on the head, who, lazy and drowsy after the good feed just supplied from the canoe, quietly turns his tail to the intruder,—and, by Jove, on slips the noose before he knows it is there.

I heard of a courageous fellow at Manua, the easternmost of the Samoan group. He went out in a little canoe by himself, and after throwing bait into the sea, a number of sharks came swimming around him, eating it as fast as he threw it over. He managed to get a noose over the tail of one, but the rope broke as he was hauling it in. Looking round

his canoe, he saw the monster still swimming about as briskly as ever. He jumped into the sea, and diving down amongst the whole school of sharks, caught the rope as it trailed in the water, swam up with it to the surface, and sprang into his canoe, holding the rope between his teeth. He hauled the shark up to the water's edge, and watched his chances to strike it with his paddle on the nose. What with the pummelling and its struggles in the sea, it soon drowned itself, and the brave fisherman towed his prize ashore. At Tutuila, a native, as he stood on a rock, speared a shark, caught it by the tail, began to drag it ashore. Suddenly it threw its head round, and caught the man by his great toe. In his agony he let go the tail,—but still the shark held on, hanging with its whole weight. A companion ran to the rescue, and squeezing the throat, and forcing his fingers into the eyes of the shark, it opened its mouth, and the toe, cut to the bone, was released.

Bonita fishing is, perhaps, the most risky of all Samoan adventures. The natives start off at the dawn of day, and paddle far out to sea in the calm of the morning, and there trail their hooks behind their canoes, heedless of the brewing storm, and trusting to the strength of their arms and the fleetness of their skiffs, to reach the shore before its full force overtakes them. The bonita are found in "shoals," with birds hovering over them; and when these birds are seen still further out to sea, the fishermen bend to their paddles, and the canoes skim over the waves, until in the midst of the "igafo," as the shoal is called. There

the hook, still trailing from a long bamboo rod over the stern, is played to and fro, and as the bonita bites at it with a spring and a splash, he is tossed up with a jerk, and landed in the canoe with a shout and a cheer. But occasionally it happens that some of these bonita-fishermen never return to their homes. Following the fish, in their eagerness to catch them,—for a clever bonita-fisherman wins great fame in Samoa,—before they observe the distance, the hills are scarce visible, the breeze strikes down upon them in full force, and away they drift, until the land is quite out of sight, and then, feeding upon the raw fish and the few cocoa-nuts always carried in the canoe, their only hope of life is to fall in with some vessel, or to linger on until thrown upon some unknown island.

The trade winds, which are generally considered so regular and so safe, are nevertheless sometimes very treacherous. I remember once being with a boat expedition from H.M.S. Juno, Captain S. G. Fremantle. It was a very fine evening, when, on our return, we anchored off Malua to rest the crews, while Captain Fremantle and my father landed at the mission premises to take tea with the missionaries, and it was just full moon, when the tide is always highest at about 6 A.M. and 6 P.M.; hence the delay had lost us the evening tide to pull up inside the reef. We received orders to make the best of our way to the ship, while Captain Fremantle and the Consul went on in the gig, which, drawing but little water, had not to wait for the tide. To save the night, and as it was very clear and calm overhead, we proposed to work up outside the reefs,

as is often done successfully in much smaller boats than ours were. At about eight o'clock we started; at nine we were well off from the reefs, and clear of all shoals. As we were standing off shore for the second time, the pinnace leading, the first and second cutters following in order, the breeze began to freshen from the eastward. We tacked in shore, and as we neared the reefs found we had made a good reach to windward, and once more tacked off shore, with the breeze still gradually freshening. When about three miles from the reef, the moon, which had been shining down upon us most brilliantly, suddenly became obscured, thick heavy clouds rose rapidly to windward, and by their density added to the darkness. The wind freshened yet more, and the seas rolled more fiercely still, before we could reef our sails or turn our boat to the shore. But in that total darkness, what use would it be to turn our boat to the shore, when that reef, with its roaring, curling breakers, was between us and safety? Our men were kept baling, and though our boats were heavily laden with arms and ammunition, we could not throw anything overboard to make them ride the seas more buoyantly. Losing sight of the two cutters, Lieut. Bradshaw's first care was to show a light for their guidance. After consultation, Mr. Bradshaw and I were both of opinion that it would be better to chance finding the passage than await swamping, where no one could possibly reach the land, even through the breakers; and by the skilful management of the lieutenant, our boat was turned to the shore, though we could not see it.

Smartly handled, our gallant little craft went over the capping waves, drifting towards the reef under bare poles, when we fell in again with our comrades, and managed afterwards to keep company. I was the only one in the expedition that knew the reefs and the passages through them, but I felt as if the best knowledge would be of no avail. Onwards we went, with our three lights at the mast-heads, to show our respective positions, and soon we heard the terrible roar of the surf as the waves broke over the reef. Lieutenant Bradshaw took the helm, and I took my station in the bow, the men with oars in hand ready to ship them, and back off or struggle onwards, as the only hope for our lives if perchance we rolled into the breakers. With my ear on the gunwale, I listened to the surf, as we drifted along the reef, hauling off and drawing closer as the sound guided us, sometimes finding ourselves, where the reef suddenly curved outwards, unpleasantly close; occasionally the seas broke within oar's-length of the boat. The cutters were kept outside of the pinnace, so that if we suddenly went headlong into those remorseless breakers they might have a chance to back off. In this way, for nearly an hour of anxious suspense, with the wind howling fiercely, the seas rolling high and splashing over into our boats, keeping our men always baling, with the darkness made more dismal by the rain that began to fall, we tracked our way along that reef. By-and-by the water seemed smoother, and we could stand upright without holding on for our lives. We edged still nearer the reef. The water still became

smoother and smoother, and the compass showed that we were gradually trending southward, and then I knew where we were. Two boat-hooks were lashed together, and with them a seaman sounded as we tracked our way, pulling and backing with the oars between shoals and rocks and breakers, until at last we reached the anchorage off Malua, whence we had started five hours before. It was one o'clock when we lay down for an hour's rest on the softest and driest planks we could find. As daylight dawned, the weather broke, the morning was beautifully calm, and with the tide we rowed up to Apia. At seven o'clock ran alongside the 'Juno,' in regular man-of-war style; and right glad we were to have a cup of good warm coffee, spiced with something to renovate the inner man. Had that night a canoe been overtaken as we were, she must either have swamped or miraculously drifted away. I could tell many more such adventures, but they are only what men must expect when they abandon the cosy homes of old England to rove amongst savages.

The Samoans are very fond of hunting the turtle. When they find one in the lagoons, the canoes surround it, a net is passed from one to another, until a circle is formed; a man jumps overboard, and dives about until the turtle makes a dash to slip between the canoes, and finds itself entangled in the meshes of the net. Sometimes sharks are also taken this way. Another mode of catching the turtle, when one happens to be found resting quietly on the surface, is to slip overboard as silently as possible, and diving

down, to rise under the turtle, catch hold of its flippers, and by suddenly turning it over on to its back, render it perfectly helpless. Seine-fishing in the season is sometimes amusing, and engages the energies of both sexes, old and young. Twenty-five or thirty small canoes, carrying one or two persons each, follow the two large canoes on which the seine is coiled. When the school of mullet is seen, they are driven gently to where the lagoon is free from rocks and stones, and then the two large canoes carry the seine round in opposite directions, until they meet, and the fish are enclosed. The small canoes paddle up and fall in round the seine, and between them nets about eight or ten feet square, are held up out of the water by the men and women, while three or four of the younger ones plunge about inside the circle. The poor mullet, terrified out of their lives, spring over the seine, as it is drawn together, only to fall into the smaller nets awaiting them. Two or three hundred fish are sometimes taken in a morning's expedition.

Fishing by torchlight is more picturesque to the spectator than agreeable to the fisherman; and it is seldom that any very large fish are taken. A variety of small fry, very pretty, with their gaudy colours, to look at, but not much to the taste, are usually brought home after a stroll at low water over the coral, with the additional pleasure of dragging a canoe after you all the time. I have frequently gone out about nine o'clock in the evening, with two or three others, and taking up a position among the rocks, on the edge of

a passage through the reef, sat for a couple of hours without moving out of the boat, pulling up a fish every fifteen or twenty minutes, while there have been thirty or forty torches around us on the flats, and but few of the bearers have taken more or better fish than any one of our party. The most interesting and amusing part of the evening's pastime generally was, contriving to foul one's hook on a rock at the bottom, sending a boy down to clear it, and watching his movements by the light of the moon.

Crab-catching on the mud flats is often, I may say, a pastime with the natives; these crabs, especially when curried, are very good eating, as are also the cray-fish taken on the reefs. Speaking of crabs reminds me of the mali'o, or land crabs, which have a peculiar habit. At every full and change of the moon, they leave their holes, and march down by thousands to the water's edge, where they take a dip in the sea, and then crawl back to the bush. On these occasions the natives, especially the young folks, are all alive with torches, waylaying and chasing the crabs as they crowd the beach. It is a time of excitement, and consequent shouting, and the scene viewed from the water is really very pretty, as the shadows of the natives are thrown amongst the cocoanut-trees that line the beach, or reflected along the white sand that stretches out on either side. Baked in banana-leaves, with the juice of the old cocoa-nut kernel, the crabs make a very palatable mess, and are considered quite a delicacy by the natives.

But the greatest delicacy of all, according to the

native taste, is an annelidan, known in Samoa as Palolo, in the Friendly Islands as Balolo, and in Fiji (writing the word as pronounced) as Mbalolo (*Palolo viridis*, J. E. Gray). It appears only in certain strictly defined and very limited localities, in each group,—a month earlier, about the first week in November, in Samoa than in the two other groups. It rises directly from the bottom of the sea to the surface, appearing first about four o'clock in the morning, and continuing to increase in numbers until about half an hour after sunrise, when it begins to dissolve and gradually disappears. By eight o'clock not a trace of the palolos remains in the sea. They look just like so many worms, from an inch to a yard in length, showing every conceivable colour as they wriggle about, and are soft to the touch. The time of their appearance is calculated by the old men of the various tribes, and is known by the sun, moon, and stars having a particular bearing to each other. A month before the great appearance, a few are found in each of the localities where they rise. Parties go out in their canoes morning after morning to watch for this first appearance, for by it the calculation as to the second and great appearance is verified. When that time comes, whole villages, men, women, and children, crowd the scene; by two o'clock the sea is covered with canoes, the outriggers getting foul and breaking adrift without distracting the attention, as by four o'clock all are busied scooping up the palolos, and pouring them into baskets made for the occasion. The noise and excitement from four to six o'clock is something extraordinary, and the

scrambling most amusing. And when, with canoes loaded, the crowd disperses, the next thing is to prepare the ovens to cook the palolos, which are merely wrapped in breadfruit leaves. They are sent round with much formality to friends at a distance, and sometimes kept three or four weeks, by being occasionally warmed in an oven.* I never could muster courage to do more than merely taste them, so repulsive is their very appearance as they roll and coil together, though Englishmen, and even Englishwomen there are, who eat them, and *professedly* with a relish,—for which, I suppose, one cannot but accept their word. One lady, in particular, there is, as described by Dr. Seemann, "a strong-minded individual," who eats palolo with a remarkable gusto. I think she will not be deprived of her fancy dish by many of her visitors.

So much of the existence of the Samoans is passed in the water, fishing, bathing, and otherwise amusing themselves, that they really become as much at home on the sea as on the dry land. They are expert swimmers, though not such good divers as the nations of some of the Atoll islands nearer the equator. The Penrhyn Islanders will dive down eight or ten fathoms and bring up shell-fish or anything else they may find on the bottom, and think it nothing more than play. Many of the more expert will go down as much as fifteen fathoms of water and bring up whatever they want. These natives are perhaps the best divers in

* A correct figure and magnified sections of the Palolo will be found in Seemann's 'Viti,' page 62.

the Pacific, and obtain the mother-of-pearl which abound at the bottom of their lagoon without the aid of any artificial means. A man dives down, finds the shell adhering to the hard rock, wrenches it off, turns to another and another, and still another, and at last comes up with his arms full when you had begun to think he would never rise again. Some curious affairs have taken place at these Penrhyn Islands. When first discovered to have pearl-shell, a party went there from Tahiti to monopolize the trade. Others, however, soon followed, for the news spread quickly over the Pacific. In due course, parties went there from Samoa. Among the latter was an Irish American, who owned and sailed one of the smartest American-built fore-and-aft schooners that ever floated the seas. She was called the 'Tickler,' and old Martin did not hesitate, as he termed it, "to tickle the blamed niggers" on several occasions with shot and bolts and old nails from sundry guns which, in port, he stowed as old iron amongst his ballast; at sea, and when he wanted to use them, he carried on his deck ready for any kind of practice. Martin loved his swift and beautiful little craft, and was almost ready to blaze away with those same guns upon any one who ventured to disparage her qualities. But he also loved the pearl-shells, and when he could not get them as the other traders at Penrhyns did, by honest barter, he turned to his guns and trusted to them for a supply. He blazed away into a village on one of the coral islets in the lagoon until he so frightened the poor natives that they gave him shell which had

been collected by contract for a more honest trader,—afterwards giving the natives some few trifles, so that, as he expressed himself, "It could not be said I stole their shell!" On another occasion he supplied each man of his crew with a *helpmate*, under pretence of carrying a party of natives to dive in another lagoon a little to the westward. After indulging his crew for about a month, he put into Apia, and there the poor natives gladly went ashore and refused to go on board again; whereupon Martin declared the contract broken, protested heavy losses would accrue to his voyage, and very cleverly assumed that air of injured innocence of which he was a ready master. This sort of thing is easily enough managed when conscience is out of the way. A little good feasting on board while the vessel is in port, a few presents and bland promises of a speedy and sure return with an unlimited supply of calico, knives, hatchets, and tobacco, will almost always coax a party from their coral islands, where they feed only on old cocoanuts and raw fish, and hide their nakedness with three leaves. When out on the blue sea, and the cocoa-nut trees are out of sight, they are under the absolute control of the captain, and he does pretty much as he likes with them. When they have served his purpose, a little harsh treatment just a few days before making his port, will so disgust them that as the anchor drops they make for the shore. The captain's part is to play the injured innocent. But sometimes the natives become the aggressors, while the white man is dealing honestly and honourably with them. A

Captain Sustenance, under a fair and fully explained agreement, took a party of divers and their families from Manihiki to search for pearl-shell at Suwarrows, about 500 miles eastward from Samoa. The natives were left there with ample provisions and everything for their comfort, and with boats for working the fishery, the whole being under the charge of two white men. When, some months after, Captain Sustenance returned according to arrangement, he found the white men gone! The natives had attacked them one day in the boat, tied their hands behind their backs, put a stone to their necks, and let them overboard in the deepest part of the lagoon, according to the account some time afterwards given by one of the women of the party. The struggles of Jules Cirel, a stalwart young Frenchman of superior education, but whom dissipation had driven from society, as he sank into the water were desperate; the memory seemed to haunt the woman, for she told the sad story with awful trepidation for one accustomed to deeds of cruelty and blood. Captain Sustenance, finding the adventure a losing one, took the natives on board the 'Staghound' for conveyance back to their homes, as he had agreed. On the passage,—only the matter of a few days,—he discovered a plan of the natives to take his vessel when the land appeared in sight, and to kill him, his wife, child, and crew. Captain Sustenance certainly never gave cause to the natives for dissatisfaction, for no trader amongst the islands habitually treated them better than he. In the course of a few weeks in the Pacific, one could easily collect

many such stories with far more startling details than I have ventured to give,—sometimes the white man, being the aggressor, sometimes the native,—sometimes women being the cause of quarrel, sometimes unbridled cupidity and avarice incited by the sight of the trader's cargo of fancy calicoes and bright beads. In almost every case the result is something done in "the way of trade."

But to return to the Samoans. So great is their love of the water, that whenever the surf rolls in over the reefs rather more heavily than usual, boys and girls, from five to twenty years of age, are sure to be there, some with boards, others without, sliding along indiscriminately on the curling breakers, and thinking it the best fun in the world. They swim out to the edge of the reef or shoal where the wave curls up to break into foam, throw themselves forward with a jump as the breaker takes them, and away they "scud" in the midst of the white sea-foam, shouting and yelling with their loudest voices (which by the way is not the least part of the fun), and jeering each other as the swifter ones pass the slower. When the breaker is spent, the swimmers are left in smooth water, and all turn again towards the sea, breasting the smaller waves and quietly sinking down as the larger and stronger ones pass over, or boldly diving through them. The starting-place reached, away they all go again just as before, and keep at the game until the tide ebbs and leaves the reef bare. When tired of swimming, they take to their *paopao*, or little canoes, and pass the rest of the morning in them at the same sport, swamping

and baling again as often as swamped. It is really tempting sport, and a little of it is by no means unpleasant, beside the confidence one gets by accustoming himself to the breakers, rude and remorseless as they sometimes are even in this mildest form of companionship. I know it was from occasionally indulging in this sport that I was enabled to save the lives of one or two young ladies who were on board the 'Sabine,' an American brig wrecked off Apia. The vessel was bound from Sydney to California, and with seventy-five passengers on board put into Apia for provisions and water. Taking the notion into my head "to see the elephant," as the expression went, I took passage in her for San Francisco, where the great "elephant" referred to was symbolized by gold nuggets, bowie knives, revolvers, and Vigilance Committees. On board such vessels as the 'Sabine,' where there were a multiplicity of owners and a nominal commander, discipline grows lax and orders become contradictory. On the day appointed for sailing, the pilot came on board, but told the captain that the breeze was not enough to carry the ship to sea. One owner, a canny Scotsman, said, "Go we must,—can't afford to feed all these hungry passengers in port;" another owner, a successful digger, said, "No, wait for a breeze; guess I can spend another day or two on shore with the Kanakas and at the bowling-alley;" while the captain, a "down-easter," gave his opinion thus, "—— me, the 'Sabine' 's a Baltimore clipper, and will go where you point her,—up anchor, pilot." Old Baker, the pilot, shook his head, but nevertheless obeyed orders,

even to breaking owners, as sailors say. Tossing off a glass of brandy, the "old salt" went forward, and at his word of command the sails fell loosely from the yards, and the anchor was "hove up." A boat was sent ahead to tow the ship. As we slowly moved towards the mouth of the passage, the heavy swell which not unfrequently rolls in when there is a dead calm, checked the little way we had, and again the pilot advised anchoring. But instead of taking his advice, the captain ordered another boat ahead. Still we drifted towards the lee reef, and when a third time the pilot shook his head and refused to take the responsibility of the vessel upon himself, the captain again exclaimed, with his usual prefix, "—— me, she's a Baltimore clipper, and will go wherever you point her." Before he had well got the words from his lips, the rudder struck on the shelving ledge, the vessel heeled broadside on to the reef, and the surf breached clear over us with a tremendous roar,—all this in one minute. Then arose the shrieks of the women, loud and frantic, and the cursing and swearing of the men as they rolled and slipped about,—all in the direst confusion. The captain's self-possession, however, did not fail him, though his Baltimore clipper failed for once to go where he pointed her. He stood on the poop by the mainmast, and shouted that he would shoot the first man that left the vessel before the women were rescued; but there was no gun or revolver in his hand or his belt, and men who had been in California thought lightly of the threat. A Sandwich Islander, one of the crew, who had been to the diggings, and was

at home in the water, jumped over, and at him the captain threw a marlinspike with a good aim for his head, but which he dodged by simply sinking himself, and away he went on the surf and under it until he reached the smooth water inside the reef. But on board, what was to be done? The bottom planks of the vessel were floating up on all sides, the sea ebbed and flowed in her as the rollers dashed against and breached over the hull from end to end; no one could stand on her decks where everything was flying about adrift, and every moment the spars threatened to fall. Boats from the shore crowded inside the reef as close as they dare venture, but yet a couple of hundred yards or more from the wreck. I proposed to the captain to tie a rope to a plank, and I would swim with it to the boats inside the reef, and then pass the passengers along it. The rope was got up, and overboard I went; a Samoan lad that was with me on board was at my side in a moment. The first great roller topped over us like a mountain, and as it curled up high over our heads and broke with a terrible roar, we let go the rope, held each other's hands, and sank down together to the bottom, with our eyes upwards to see when it had passed. Rising again to the surface with the utmost swiftness, we clutched the rope with all our might, as it was quickly paid out from on board; and so with the next roller, and the next, until we reached the smooth water, pretty well exhausted, fastening the rope to the pilot's boat, which was firmly moored beyond reach of the surf, and after a minute's spell, we returned along the rope and through the surging

billows to the vessel. After another moment's rest, and while Miss Emma —— was being stripped of her clothes except the under one, I got overboard again, holding on to the rope with both hands, and the frightened girl was lowered into the sea between my arms and the rope. She caught hold of my wrists, and as the next great roller came toppling on to us, I sank down with her to escape its fury as it broke over our heads. Rising again with my charge, who held on with a grip that left the marks of her finger-nails on my wrists for many a day, her long hair came over my face, almost blinding me, as she uttered a shriek. With a word and a kiss of encouragement, we worked our way along the rope, sinking and rising to the surface as the fierce rollers came and went over us, until we reached the boat, and Miss Emma, almost fainting, was lifted out of the water. Returning for her sister, I took the precaution to tie her hair as gently as possible with a rope-yarn, but as Miss Margaret was lowered her garment came over my head and almost smothered me. Letting go the rope, I got myself clear, and away we went as before, rising and sinking and tugging at the rope until the boat was reached. Then came the turn of Miss Mary Ann ——, whose garment was, however, tied round her legs to keep it from expanding and descending over my head. When I reached the boat with her, I was too much exhausted to try another, and found myself bleeding from coral wounds I had somehow received.

There were many men ready to man the boats and rescue the rest of the passengers from alongside, which

though attended with the risk of upsetting, was yet becoming practicable because the ebbing tide made the swell go down at intervals; and hundreds of natives had flocked out to the reefs, ready to render assistance. Yet the confusion on board the ill-fated vessel was as great as ever; pigs, yams, water-casks, bulwarks, planks, spars, and all kinds of things were rolling about on deck and floating on the sea in all directions. The first boat that went alongside was steered by my brother, who had mustered a crew of picked stalwart fellows, and returned safely with a number of the passengers. And so the next boat, steered by Charles Frewen, brought off another party. I went in the next, and returned with a third party. Going a second time, I had just received into the boat old Mr. and Mrs. New, a stout portly old gentleman, and his still stouter, heavier wife, and also a Mrs. Graham and her little baby about four months old, when a tremendous sea broke right over the vessel, and caused her to roll with a terrible lurch against our boat, splitting the stem open. Before we had recovered our astonished senses, a second sea rose right under us, and topping into a crest just at our bows, lifted the boat "end over end," as sailors have it, —turned the boat over lengthways, the bow over the stern. This will give some idea of the sea. Every one fell out, going in all directions; and when I came to the surface, I found myself in contact with the stout Mrs. New, who was floating with her face downwards, and gown over her head. Failing to right her—to turn her face upwards—I laid hold of her long hair in my teeth as it floated to the stream, and

pulled her after me, striking out with might and main. A Samoan came to the rescue, and when we got her to the boat, the old lady disgorged a quantity of sea-water—almost enough to float her—and soon got the better of her fears when, on shore, a glass of hot brandy was administered. Her husband and Mrs. Graham were picked up by natives. But the finest thing of the whole day was the rescue of the baby by the young chief Pou-Vi. Seeing the little fellow slip from his mother's grasp as she fell headlong from the uplifted boat, he plunged out after him, boldly diving through rollers, and swiftly skimming over the surf. Catching the little fellow by the waist, he held him up high in his right hand, and struck out with his left; and though the seas broke furiously, the noble young chief never lost his hold or checked his speed until the child was safely in the anxious mother's bosom. The white men raised fifty dollars by subscription, and presented them to the young chief in acknowledgment of the gallant deed. Fortunately no lives were lost, and to the credit of the natives it must be told that nothing was stolen of all the things that strewed the beach for several days.

CHAPTER IX.

VAGABONDIZING WHITE MEN.

With some seventy persons thus thrown on his hands as distressed British subjects, my father was in trouble as to their disposal: how was he to get them all back to Sydney? In the midst of his perplexity an opportunity offered rather unexpectedly. The schooner 'Helen,' of Sydney, a regular trader between that port and Moreton Bay (now Queensland), had been seized at sea by a party of men who secreted themselves on board just as she was leaving the wharf in Sydney. The captain of this gang of desperadoes called himself Jones, and landed at New Zealand two young lady passengers, who were returning from school in Sydney to their parents in Moreton Bay. The name 'Sydney' on the stern was struck out, '*Adelade*' painted in its place, and the pirates shaped their course for California, but running short of provisions, they bore up for Samoa, and anchored in Apia harbour just after the wreck of the 'Sabine.' "Captain Jones" failing to deposit the "ship's papers" in the British Consulate according to

custom, my father went on board to ask for them. Captain Jones stated they were in his desk, and he had unfortunately dropped the keys into the sea the day the vessel came to anchor. As he was returning to the shore, my father noticed that the ship's name was painted on the stern as the 'Helen, of Ade*lade*,' not *Adelaide*, and it seemed remarkable that the people of that colony should not know how to spell the name of their city. The papers being still not forthcoming, this fact, together with several others, aroused my father's suspicion that all was not right. Again he went on board to demand the papers, when Captain Jones promised positively to take them on shore within an hour. No papers being brought, my father resolved to seize the vessel. There were evident signs of preparations for going to sea, and no time was to be lost. Yet how was the vessel to be taken? There were thirteen men on board, grizzly, desperate-looking fellows,—just those men whose very looks tell you they would fight to the last rather than surrender, and would not stand nice as to the means to escape detection and capture. Young and thoughtless as I then was, I volunteered to take the vessel, if my father would give me the order, he being, under the circumstances, the only authority in the matter. He gave me the order. I mustered eleven Englishmen, "good men and true," upon whom I could rely in an emergency, and telling them the service we were upon, armed them with cutlasses and pistols. We launched our two whaleboats, professedly to have a race in the harbour, and stowed our arms under each man's

thwart, quite out of sight, yet handy when required. Shoving off from the beach at four o'clock in the afternoon, we rowed about the harbour as if racing and amusing ourselves. At last, running close to the schooner, and lying on our oars, I asked Captain Jones if he would allow us to make his vessel our starting-point for a fair race, and if he would give the word for the start. He agreed, and off we went, but, as previously arranged, made some bungle, which was referred to Captain Jones for arbitration. Again we started, again we bungled, and again referred to Captain Jones. At the third start, we pulled the distance, and came back to the schooner as near a tie as design could make it, ran alongside, and jumped on deck, each man making for the station previously assigned to him, I myself taking Captain Jones. The crew were all on deck,—completely thrown off their guard,—but seeing each of my men armed, they instantly saw the *ruse* and rushed for the forecastle, where their arms were piled, loaded and ready for immediate use. Our fellows were too quick for them. Only two of the pirates got below,—and slipping on the hatches, they were kept below,—as I called to every man to stand just where he was, on pain of being shot. We now had the advantage of being one man more on deck than the pirates. As we ran alongside, my father shoved off from the shore according to arrangement, and got on board just as we had the crew completely in our power. At this juncture, Captain Jones made an attempt to slip past me, to get down to his cabin. Placing myself in the companion-

way, I barred his passage until my father took charge of him. I then went forward to make the two fellows below hand up their arms, which I served out to my men. Leading the way, Jones and my father followed me into the cabin, where the former made a desperate rush for his state-room, and before I could get well hold of him, he grasped a revolver from under his pillow, which I knocked out of his hand,—putting the man himself on the floor at the same time. He now admitted he had no ship's papers,—he had forgotten them at the Custom House in Sydney. My father mustered the crew on the quarter-deck, and told them he would keep them all as prisoners until they could be sent to Sydney for trial,—offering, at the same time, to take the statements of any who should turn Queen's evidence. After some evasion, and when they were all in irons, two of the gang divulged the whole affair. Making the pirates well secure for the night, my father left me in charge of the prize. Examining their arms, I found a blunderbuss loaded to the muzzle, which Captain Jones kindly begged me to fire off. I preferred lashing it to the rigging, and with a string to the trigger, discharged it from a distance. It burst into a thousand pieces,—fortunately without hurting any one. Captain Jones coolly remarked he had intended that for the man who should attempt to take him,—if he missed his mark, the bursting at any rate would take effect at close quarters; and if he and his assailant were both killed, why, it was better to die than be taken alive!

When a place was prepared for them, the prisoners

were taken on shore, the passengers of the 'Sabine' put on board, and we sailed for Sydney to deliver the vessel to the proper authorities there. She was an unfortunate vessel. On the passage we lost our foremast in a gale, and Mr. Bowen, the mate of the 'Sabine,' was struck by lightning as I stood by his side one night in a "southerly burster" off the coast of New South Wales. The poor fellow never rallied from the shock. Lingering for some months, he at last died a mere skeleton. From Sydney I went to California, where I had various adventures, for it was in 1849 and 1850,—the high days of Californian experiences. On my return to Samoa, I found the prisoners had all escaped, before the 'Bramble,' under the command of Lieutenant Pollard, arrived to convey them to Sydney. They managed to get their irons off (unquestionably by the assistance of sympathizers),—gagged the unfortunate jailor, stole a whaleboat belonging to one Bessell, an American resident, and put to sea. They were traced to Wallis Island, and to Fatuna (Home Island). After that nothing more was heard of them.

The white men who first lived in Samoa were for the most part ruthless ruffians, who neither valued the life of a friend nor feared the arm of a foe. They were, with but few exceptions, convicts who had escaped from the penal settlements of Australia, and steeped in the deepest of crimes, caring nothing for their own lives, feared neither God nor man. Some of them attained to considerable power and position among the Samoans, and nearly all ended their careers by violent deaths at the hands of their own comrades,

or under the club of the islanders, to whom, one after another, they made themselves intolerable by their overbearing recklessness.

A party of nine Englishmen arrived off Savaii in a small schooner they had seized as they were being conveyed in manacles from Sydney to Norfolk Island. By some means they got their irons off, rose suddenly and simultaneously upon their guards, killed them and threw their bodies overboard, massacred the crew except two, who were kept to work the vessel, and steered away for the sunny tropics, trusting to "chance" to hit upon some island where they would not be traced. After some weeks of revelry, during which time they quarrelled over their cups and killed two of their comrades, they sighted the island of Savaii. As they neared the land, canoes went off, and finding the natives friendly, they resolved to remain there. The Samoans were coaxed on board, and detained until such few things as were wanted,—of which the most necessary were the arms and ammunition of the murdered guards,—were put into the canoes. Holes were bored in the bottom of the vessel, and when she was half full of water, they jumped into the canoes with the natives, abandoning the schooner to her fate. The two men of the original crew, in an auspicious moment for themselves, were allowed to accompany them, and from the shore they all watched the vessel disappear as she sank in the blue water. Satisfied that now no traces remained to tell the story of their escape and their retreat, and each distrustful of the other, they separated, each one

going into different districts and joining rival chiefs, in whose wars they shared, but never fighting against their own colour. Occasionally they met, and then they made liquors from the pine-apple and the banana, of which they drank to intoxication, then quarrelled, and the stronger killed the weaker. A man who passed under the name of Young killed two of his comrades in one of these bouts, who in his turn was waylaid and killed in the bush by the "Blacksmith," and subsequently "Tom the Devil" killed him. "Irish Tom" was the bully of the gang, and to escape his vengeance the other two took passage with three others of a like party in an American whaler that happened to call off the port. Though afraid of their own comrade, they were themselves desperate fellows. As the whaler was trading with the natives, giving a blue bead about the size of a marble for a hog weighing three or four cwt., or a piece of iron hoop six inches long for 500 yams, these five escaped convicts went on board, having for the occasion resumed their shirts and trousers, which had long been laid aside for the native cloth and the titi. For they had all been tatooed, and were proud to display to the gaze of the admiring natives the fine blue tints which stood out in conspicuous contrast with their white skins. By specious lies they deceived the captain, who happened to want men, and they engaged themselves as part of his crew. When the trading was done, the natives gone, and the order given by the captain, as he stood on his quarter-deck, to make sail off shore for a cruise after whales, the five ruffians appeared before him,

and demanded to be taken to Valparaiso direct! The crew, nearly all "green hands," were cowed by the boldness of the act, and rendered their captain no assistance;—it may be they were only too well pleased to see the turn the voyage was likely to take. Under threats of immediate violence, the captain promised compliance;—but ultimately he got the better of them, and managed to land them on some other island to the northward. "Irish Tom" long held his sway on Manono, where he had identified himself with a powerful chief, and in whose wars he was the terror of the enemy. With numerous wives,—any girl he fancied was at once given to him,—with absolute power, dreaded alike by foe and friend, with ready attendants to do his bid and humour his every whim, feeding on the fat of the land and borne on the shoulders of his companions from place to place, he at last became intolerable even to the chief with whom he lived. To strike down with a blow of his club, or to lodge a bullet from his musket in the man who dared to ruffle him, was a trifling matter with "Irish Tom," which gave him no afterthought. One and another fell under his strong arm, until at last his nearest friends felt unsafe in his presence. And he was ever ready and willing to meet any Samoan in the Malae with club or spear or musket; it mattered but little to him, if only the natives feared him, and he had his many wives. One evening he sent a girl for water, another for his razor, another for a piece of a broken looking-glass; he sat between two posts in the front part of his house, with his face towards the

light, to shave himself. The three girls stood before him, ready to run at his bid, yet playfully admiring the man who was the hero of their clan, whom all their enemies feared, all the maidens cherished,—acting well their part in the tragedy, so well indeed that the victim was thrown off his guard. Four stalwart young fellows, with strong arms and heavy clubs, hidden in the shade of the matting that hung from the posts on either side of the white man, silently but swiftly stole upon him, two from the right and two from the left. His hour had come,—the opportunity so long waited for, the unguarded moment his wariness had so long denied. As the girls raised a laugh at something the white man said, those four heavy clubs fell together with all the force of those strong arms upon the head of the man who never hesitated to slay his fellow for the veriest whim or most paltry pique,—"Irish Tom" lay stretched and dying on the ground of his own threshold. But four words escaped his lips,—"my club, my club,"—and he ceased to breathe! The story of this man's career is that of many another of those who first taught the islanders of the Pacific an acquaintance with the white man.

It was the practice of these white men to announce themselves the relatives of the great chiefs of the white man's country. One was the son of the King of England, whose royal father, afraid that his crown would be taken from him by his people and given to his son, who was so very much beloved, had begged him to leave his native country and to rove about the world, of which he had now found Samoa was the

choicest spot. Another was the father of the King of England. He had become tired of governing his people, and gave up the country to his son. Another was the son of a great fighting chief. He had himself killed three or four chiefs for venturing to trifle with some of his numerous wives, and then left his native country in disgust, and never intended to return to it. The brothers and uncles of the King were perhaps the most numerous. When I was last at Samoa, in 1863, one of these royal brothers was still alive, though fallen from his high estate, and now only known as "Old Tom Franklin." He had been a hero in their old fights, and, a strong, active young fellow, with a fine curly head of hair, he had been rewarded by the chiefly title and rank of Vavasa, and a bevy of wives, and was borne from place to place on the shoulders of his vassals. Having been a man-of-war's man, he could sing a good song and tell a good "yarn;" and when the "new religion" movement proved a good speculation, he joined a flourishing party under "Big-legged Jimmy," to whom his stock of songs and yarns were invaluable. Tom became a teacher, then a priest. When the teachings of the missionaries had won over Samoans and Christianity was established, his occupation was gone. When I arrived in Samoa in 1848, he was getting an old man, and I took him into my service, as he promised all kinds of reformations. When I left Samoa some years after, he went back to the scene of his former glory and power on Savaii, still retaining his name Vavasa, but nothing more. When, in 1863, I once more visited Samoa, I found the old

man practising medicine. He had set up as a doctor in a little village on Savaii, administering for every ailment breadfruit pills, vinegar and water, and Epsom salts, disguised in as many forms as his ingenuity could invent. His practice brought him in a good living; that is to say, it brought him in as much pork, fish, and fowl, as many yams, taro, and breadfruit, as he and his *one* wife could eat; as many mats as they wanted to spread the floor of their house and to sleep on, besides a few to give away occasionally, and attendants to chew as much *ava* as he could drink at morning, noon, and night. "And after being over thirty years amongst these Samoans, becoming one of them, even to tatooing, what more does old Tom Franklin want in his old age?" was his reply when I last talked to him about the vagaries of his career, and the changes from Vavasa, the warrior, chief, and priest, to Vavasa, the breadfruit pill and vinegar doctor. "He is contented, and while others look upon him with pity and call him a miserable being, he is a happy old man." So much for taste and habit.

Some of these white men were quick to see that a life of extended influence and idle luxury, according to their ideas of luxury, was best attained by quietly settling down as religious teachers, and ultimately becoming priests. A party of three, besides many others, put their heads together, and concocted a system of ethics at once to meet their own peculiar views of life and luxury, and accord with the susceptibilities and instincts of the Samoans. They announced a Supreme Being, proclaimed certain days for his public worship,

certain days for feasts in his honour, certain days for contributions to his priests; declared a revelation of his will, in which they themselves were delegated as his priests, giving to them the divine authority to say what actions were wicked, what propitiations were necessary, and what specific rights appertained to his priests. The grand doctrines were,—that polygamy was good and proper, that the priests had the authority to punish an offender by depriving him of his women, and that the most acceptable service to the Great Spirit was the competent maintenance of his priests by good feeding, unlimited supplies of ava, and free selection in women. The three founders of this remarkable system made considerable progress in its dissemination, though they boldly attacked one of the old customs, under cover of a special revelation. They declared that the Great Spirit had given all birds and fishes, and everything else that was pleasant to the taste, for the Samoans to eat; and that the incarnations of the old Samoan gods were no longer sacred, but free for the use of every one. In this same special revelation, it was announced that dancing was very good and proper, and, the two enunciations coming together, one helped the other. Their meetings for public worship were held in the *fale-tele* (or great house of the village), where the services were led off by singing the old nautical song, "Tom Bowline," or some other equally appropriate. This was followed by a short address, the subject of which was whatever might be most required by the venerable founders themselves, or some story manufactured for the occa-

sion; after which "Black-Eyed Susan," or other nautical song, was sung, and the whole closed with a prayer and a benediction. Subsequently one of these worthy teachers obtained a flute from some passing whaler, and having a notion of the instrument, made music to charm their hearers. Altogether, they lived what they termed "a regular jolly life," even to being carried from place to place on the shoulders of their disciples,—walking over stony roads or heavy sandy beaches, wading through rivers or jumping creeks, being not the proper thing for them to do. As, borne on the shoulders of their disciples, they entered a village of their followers, they pointed to the first fine fat pig or fowls that came in view, and declared the Great Spirit had decreed that was to be their dinner that day. And the pig or fowl made their dinner that day! "Big-legged Jimmy" often told me his adventures as a priest, until one day I happened to remark upon the awful profanity and sacrilege of the thing; a new thought seemed to flash across the old man's mind, and never again would he utter another word on the subject. The poor old fellow is dead now, the last of the three men who, forty years ago, were among the early innovators upon the priestly customs of the Samoans.

This "new religion" movement, as it was called, proved so very successful a speculation that one system after another arose,—all pretty much alike in their tenets. Ultimately a Samoan, who had ventured to Sydney in a colonial whaler, returned to his countrymen with a new creed. He had received from his

shipmates the name of Joe Gimblet, in Samoan *Sio Vivi;* and so great a hold did he get upon his countrymen in the immediate neighbourhood of his teachings, that to this day there are yet Siovivians in Samoa. He too taught the existence of a Supreme Being, who ruled the universe, and whom he called the "God of Heaven," whose Son he named Sisu Alaisa,—which, I think, is an attempt at Jesus Christ, a name he would too often hear profaned in the colonial whalers of his day. He allowed polygamy, dancing, and proclaimed feast-days, cured the sick by a miraculous touch, and ultimately selected an old woman as his chief priest. This woman priest performed some very remarkable cures. The sick were brought to her at night, put under a screen, and while she herself sat in the centre of the house invoking Sisu Alaisa, a cold hand suddenly touched the invalid, and the malady disappeared. The mysterious cold hand was that of another old woman, who was in the secret, and an agent also of the Great Spirit. The chief priestess one day announced that Sisu Alaisa had appeared to her in the night, and warned her that the world was coming to an end; that Sisu Alaisa himself was coming to dwell in Samoa, that he would be seen riding in on the crest of the waves from the sea off the north-west coast of Savaii, and after terminating the present order of things, would cause food and all else requisite for life to come down from the skies for his faithful followers, while the unbelievers would be eternally destroyed. Great preparations were made for the expected visit of Sisu Alaisa. Young and old

crowded the beach, after feasting on their pigs and taro, and abandoning their plantations as no longer necessary under the new order of things. But the visitor never came. Day after day they waited, and when at last they began to feel hungry, the old priestess declared she had received a second revelation;—Sisu Alaisa was angry with the present generation of evil-doers, and would not come for many a long day, until there were more believers. The disappointed "faithful" returned to their plantations and their every-day avocations, and still await the coming of Sisu Alaisa, as announced by their old and first priestess,—at some future time he is to come riding in on the waves from the sea off the north-west coast of Savaii. When I was last in the district to which the Siovivians are now limited, they told me they firmly believed that Joe Gimblet had introduced the only true religion, and that all would yet come right with them. There are, however, now but few of his followers,—all in the one little village facing the sea where Sisu Alaisa is to approach; and though the man calling himself the high-priest adheres tenaciously to his belief, it will not survive his generation. The few remaining believers are all old grey-headed men and women like himself,—the last relics of the days when vagabondizing white men were warriors, chiefs, priests, polygamists, and, in fact, almost anything they chose to be.

In no group of the Pacific have our erratic countrymen, in the pursuit of their vagabondism, lived what they termed such "jolly lives" as in Samoa in its

days anterior to the introduction of Christianity, and intercourse with a better class of white men and their civilization. I once had occasion in Joe Gimblet's village to shoot a hog that was to make my boats' crew's dinner. I fired where the pig showed only his head from behind a huge log. The ball entered at one ear, and, I suppose, passed out at the other. The pig fell, but as I turned to call a boy with his knife, it took to its legs again, and we lost our dinner. In the evening, when I was chatting with the high-priest, he looked fixedly at me and said inquiringly, "You shot a pig to-day, and yet it ran away after the ball was in its head?" I replied in the affirmative, when he solemnly shook his head and said, "Sio Vivi rescued that pig. You are all unbelievers. But if you give me a *lavalava* (two yards of calico) you may find it to-morrow, and then you shall have it." I gave the wretched old man what he wanted, but did not get the pig, for at daybreak we were off on our journey up the coast.

CHAPTER X.

THE CESSION OF FIJI TO ENGLAND.

In December, 1856, my father sailed from Samoa for England, leaving me as Acting Consul. On the 28th of September, 1857, I was appointed H.M. Consul at Fiji, though I still served in Samoa until the middle of 1858. Prior to my appointment there had not been a British Consul resident in Fiji, for though the group was included in my father's consular district, his residence was at Samoa. At this period there were not living in Fiji more than thirty or forty Europeans and Americans, and but few vessels trading were there. The unenviable character of the natives, their cannibalism, their frequent outrages upon the few whites already settled amongst them, and their constant intertribal wars, deterred the colonial traders from visiting them; the reported difficult navigation of the group led shipmasters to give it a wide berth; and indeed the character attributed to the whites themselves, represented them *all*—most unjustly I afterwards found—as little better than the Fijians.

On the 10th September, 1858, I arrived at my post,

and, much to my disgust, found no house at Levuka, the chief trading port of Fiji, suitable for a Consulate. While at Samoa there were good stores and neat dwelling-houses, a bowling-alley, and an hotel, at Levuka the white men, with only one exception, lived in native huts. The Wesleyan missionary, Mr. J. Binner, alone had a weather-boarded house, half-finished. From him I fortunately managed to rent two rooms. But before I had completed my arrangements, indeed within a week of my arrival, not less than twenty complaints were preferred by British subjects, some against their countrymen, others against the natives. Most of the complainants stated their case, and then simply *demanded* my interference on their behalf. The following is a specimen of these complaints, and of the manner in which they were preferred :—

"Levuka, 13th September, 1858.

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that last night I was on board the Sydney brig 'Vulture.' I went on board to spend the evening with the mate. We had something to drink together, and then we went to bed. In the morning, my watch was gone; the mate stole it, Sir. I wish you to detain the vessel until the mate gives up my watch and you have punished him. I request you to attend to this matter for me at once. I am, Sir, a British subject, and

"Your obedient servant, C. P."

The writer of this epistle delivered it himself, and was still so drunk that he could hardly stand. As he handed it to me he said, "I shall wait here for an answer, Sir. I have been robbed, and I'm an Englishman, Sir! my cousin Dan —— is a member of Parlia-

ment in Sydney, Sir." I read the letter, and then quietly told the Colonial M.P.'s cousin that I could not interfere, as I had not yet assumed the duties of the Consulate. "You won't see an Englishman righted, Sir? What are you come here for then, Sir?" I told him to be off. "Very good, Sir; I'll go down and write to my cousin Dan —— in Sydney, and show you up in all the papers, Sir. You won't see an Englishman righted, Sir, eh?"—"Decidedly not, under existing circumstances. You may hereafter be punished for your insolence."—"All right, Sir; we shall teach you your duty yet; my cousin Dan —— will fix you up in the Sydney papers, Sir! yes, Sir, we shall show you up in the papers."—"That is just what I want, my good fellow," I remarked, "and if you will oblige me by sitting down here and writing an account of me now, here are five dollars towards the cost of putting it in the papers." I put five hard dollars on the table, and placed pen, ink, and paper, ready for his use. "Blow me, Sir, if it's just what you like, I'll be —— before I'll do it. You *want* me to write to my cousin to show you up in the papers, eh? and yet you tell me to my face, you won't see an Englishman righted. D— me if I'll do it to please you." And away he trudged as well as his condition would let him.

Another of the complaints thus early brought before me was against the natives of Waea, a small island on the western limits of the group. Mr. Binner, Wesleyan mission Training Master at Levuka, had several boats, manned by mixed crews of whites

and natives, trading amongst the islands for cocoa-nut oil, beche-de-mer, and turtle-shell. A few weeks before my arrival, one of his boats had gone to Waea, in charge of two white men and some natives; one of the former was an Englishman, and the other an American. The natives of Waea had captured the boat, killed and eaten the crew, and appropriated the merchandise. Mr. Binner, as a British subject and owner of the boat and cargo, now pressed his "claim for redress and indemnity." While I was listening to the sophistry by which he sought to convince me that there was no possible connection between Mr. John Binner, Wesleyan teacher, and Mr. John Binner, oil trader, and that the cannibals duly appreciated the distinction, the U.S. corvette 'Vandalia' arrived at Levuka, and at the request of the American Consul, her commander, Captain Sinclair, took up the matter on behalf of the murdered American, and who it now appeared was in some manner interested with Mr. Binner in the ownership of the boat or cargo,—a fact which had not been made apparent in the first statement of the case to me. Mr. Binner was now convinced that it would be less injurious to the Wesleyan mission for Captain Sinclair to inflict retributive punishment for the murder of the American and his companion, rather than for me to press the savages "for redress and indemnity" for Mr. Binner's calicoes and hatchets. And so, much to my satisfaction, the case passed out of my hands into those of Captain Sinclair. A party of fifty men was quickly dispatched to Waea, to demand the murderers and to obtain indemnity. The Waea

people, mustering nearly five hundred fighting-men, defied the party and declined all communications. The Americans attacked them in their fort on the summit of a hill some 800 feet high. Some twenty of the natives were killed, as many wounded, and their town and fort burnt; of the Americans five were wounded.

Another case was more legitimately within the province of my duties. When the brig 'Vulture' was ready for sea, the mates refused duty, and the master applied to the Consulate. Going on board to investigate the case, I found some 400 hogs on deck. The vessel was a colonial sandalwood trader. From Sydney she ran to Fiji, where pigs were bought, and taken to the New Hebrides and other contiguous groups, and exchanged for sandalwood. A peculiarity of this trade was that the natives would exchange their sandalwood only for male pigs; they held sows in abomination as unfit for food. The mates stated their objections to proceed to sea, and after holding a Naval Court, I decided to take them out of the vessel. Thereupon they refused to leave her, and I had to obtain the assistance of Captain Sinclair. The fellows quickly set me at defiance, and stated they would put the master ashore with his "women," and throw me over the side if I interfered. However, when I showed the preconcerted signal, and the 'Vandalia's' boat came alongside, they quickly got into her, and went ashore as the vessel proceeded to sea.

On the following day, it was intimated to me that my countrymen were glad to welcome my arrival amongst them, and hoped that I would duly protect

them from the aggressions of the natives; but they "wanted no consul to interfere in their *family arrangements*." I was given to understand that the purchase of women from the Fijians was one of the ordinary trading operations of the white men. The price for a girl from fifteen to twenty years old, was from one to five muskets. The girls thus purchased were attached to a white man's household, as servants or "housekeepers," but were in reality so many wives. It was expected that I should not interfere with this "peculiar institution" of the country. The idea that I would interfere had arisen from the fact that the Commanders of Her Majesty's ships who had visited Fiji occasionally, had denounced this traffic. An Englishman, with cool impudence, declared to Admiral Erskine, when remonstrating with him upon the impropriety of his mode of life, that with reference to his "housekeepers" "his conduct was certainly open to objection in this particular, though, on all others, his conscience was clear; he had, in fact, been gradually reducing the number of his women, and the comfort he felt since he had got rid of *a dozen or two* would, even without a higher motive, be sufficient to induce him to persevere in his good intentions."*

These cases illustrate the nature of the duties expected from me as Her Majesty's Consul, by the British subjects in my consular district. What duties the Foreign Office expected from me, it is hard to say, for I never could obtain any instructions, specific or

* Erskine's 'Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific,' page 197.

general, printed or written, further than that "the experience which you have already had as Acting Consul at Samoa, renders it unnecessary for me now to give you any detailed instructions in regard to your consular duties and your communications with the native population!" My most earnest appeals, from first to last, for instructions have been steadfastly disregarded by the Foreign Office. And yet I was placed in a responsible position in a country in which there was neither government, nor law, nor security, —nor anything else, in fact, except club-law, cannibalism, and the total absence of the amenities of civilization. And thus, when in the face of all these difficulties, I had brought the place into some little order and security, and developed the resources of the country, I was at the mercy of the Foreign Office to be superseded, and the appointment was made a sinecure.

When Captain Sinclair had disposed of the Waea business,—in a manner much to the chagrin of those who had lost their hatchets and calicoes, because no indemnity was paid in *oil*,—he turned his attention to the matter which had brought him to Fiji. Cakobau (=Thakombau) was summoned, as King of Fiji, to satisfy certain claims preferred by the U.S. Government, to the amount of forty-five thousand dollars. Thakombau appeared on board the 'Vandalia,' and by fair promises induced Captain Sinclair to allow him twelve months more to meet the demand. Thakombau, however, well knowing his inability, *under the circumstances* (not from the lack of resources), to pay the amount, applied to me for advice. Though dis-

puting the justice of the amount, he could not evade the claim, since he had already, in 1855, made himself responsible to Captain Brutwell, of the U. S. ship 'John Adams,' for its due payment. The result of our interviews was the cession of Fiji to the Queen, on the 12th of October, 1858, on condition that the American claim was paid by the British Government, for which payment, as a direct equivalent, certain lands, "if required," were to be given up in fee-simple, besides the general sovereignty over the whole group. Subsequently, on the 14th of December, 1859, *the chiefs* "acknowledged, ratified, and renewed the cession of Fiji to Great Britain, made on the 12th of October, 1858, by Thakombau." It was distinctly understood by all the parties to both these documents that the 200,000 acres of land to be given in fee-simple as a direct equivalent for the payment of the American claim, were to be selected from the possessions of the various chiefs in *different* parts of the group, and not to be ceded by Thakombau alone in one locality. And the documents were "fully, wholly, and explicitly translated" by Wesleyan missionaries, the chiefs "affirming and admitting to us personally that they wholly, perfectly, and explicitly understand and comprehend the meaning, the extent, and the purpose" of the act,—and again, "that they thoroughly understand its meaning." I am thus explicit in this matter, because, when the question of the cession was first mooted, the Wesleyan missionaries as a body heartily rejoiced at the prospect, and cordially co-operated—most effectually facilitating the

movement by every measure in their power. But when I unwittingly stated that, in an interview with the late Duke of Newcastle, his Grace had asked me, "What will the Wesleyan missionaries do when they see a bishop accompanying a governor, for the Church always goes where the State goes?" there was a sudden change. The cession was looked upon with suspicion,—personal motives were imputed,—and ultimately from cordial co-operation they passed to sullen opposition. When I induced the chiefs to sign a convention granting to the "ministers of the Christian religion permission to reside and exercise their calling in Fiji, and guaranteeing a full liberty and protection," I was told by one reverend gentleman, "Why, Sir, you let in the Roman Catholics to teach as well as ourselves!" When I replied that a Roman Catholic had as much right to his opinions and to propagate them as freely as any other sects, he pathetically inquired, "And you say that after your father's treatment at Tahiti?" Another reverend gentleman said to me, "Colonizing, colonizing, I don't understand the meaning of all this colonizing with bishops and governors. I only understand that if the British flag is hoisted in Fiji, the natives will not be allowed to fight, —no more muskets will be sold by the traders, and no more rum." I persistently followed my own course, dealing as best I could equal justice to all parties. But by this independent procedure, I incurred the enmity of certain of the missionaries,—which ultimately, I am free to confess, proved too much for me, and I was ousted. While I worked, as they thought,

into their hands, all went well. But when I evidently treated all alike, and sought only to develop the resources of the country, without regard to creed or colour,—I was a bad man. In the end, the very men who had interpreted for me (before I had sufficiently acquired the language) declared that the cession was void, alleging that Thakombau alone had not the power to cede or to give 200,000 acres of land in one locality. Yet it was from them that I learned that Thakombau was the reputed King of Fiji, and they had themselves witnessed the ratification of the cession by the body of chiefs. And it was known that when chiefs were selling lands to white men and missionaries, I had repeatedly prevented the sale of certain tracts in different localities which it seemed to me would be available for the Government, if the cession were accepted. In these remarks, I speak only of the relations between the missionaries and myself personally. With reference to their legitimate work among the natives, I must, and most willingly, bear testimony to their great usefulness, notwithstanding their infirmities as men, and the land speculations of some of their number. But enough of them, and again to the narrative.

On the 3rd of November, 1858, I sailed from Fiji in the 'John Wesley' for Sydney, on my way to England, with the cession, and to seek instructions,—leaving Mr. R. S. Swanston as Acting Consul during my absence. The voyage was marked by no very interesting incidents. There were two missionaries on board, leaving the scenes of their labours in Tonga in conse-

quence of ill-health. Under these circumstances they imagined they would enjoy on board their own missionary vessel at least common civility and the common fare supplied to ordinary passenger ships. But their disappointment was great and grievous. The captain was a little man who strutted about the quarter-deck with his thumbs in his waistcoat, wore a tall black beaver hat, washed his face and changed his clothes punctiliously once a week,—on Sunday before appearing at prayers; bullied his mate in presence of his crew, which consisted of Lascars, negroes, Manilamen, Portuguese, Spaniards, Americans and English,—Mahometans, Christians, and Infidels,—all speaking and swearing in "unknown tongues." It was this little captain's delight to impress upon his unfortunate passengers, voyaging for the benefit of their health, the fact that the salt beef and pork, the flour and biscuit (weevils included), the tea and coffee, butter, cheese, sardines, and beer, were the remains of stores put on board two voyages before. Seventeen persons, young and old, gathered round the cabin-table at meal times. A tin of sardines, a morsel of cheese, one bottle of porter, set before the little captain at the end of the table, he declared to be ample for the company, and proceeded to divide amongst them. Sundry yams, pigs, and poultry, offerings of native converts to the "missionary ship," were reserved for the little captain's good lady in Sydney, "just to let her taste the island food." On Sunday, service was conducted in the cabin by the missionaries alternately. Two or three of the crew sometimes attended. Those

who remained in the forecastle, mending old clothes, scrubbing tarred trousers, or lounging in their bunks with pipes in their mouths, heard as much as those who attended the service in the cabin, for the energy and action with which the prayers were delivered made the whole vessel echo the words of their suppliants.

After three weeks of this existence, we reached Sydney in safety. In a few days I was on my way to England, in the mail steamer 'Australasian,' Captain Stewart. We called at Melbourne, King George's Sound, Point de Galle, and Aden, and disembarked at Suez, after a very agreeable passage. The adventures of this route are familiar to all. The donkey-rides at Aden, Suez, Cairo, and Alexandria, the mosques, the pyramids, the Nile, the Bedouins, the Copts, the pashas and their harems, the Buddhist priests and their temples at Ceylon, all in turn attracted, amused, and gratified the passengers. Leaving the steamer at Suez, the rail brought us in two days to Alexandria. Thence we went by steamer to Malta, and thence another steamer conveyed us to Marseilles, where the vessel went into the basin, close to the houses. The mails were landed, fumigated, and forwarded to London, but the passengers were sent out of the harbour to the quarantine-ground for twenty-four hours, which were beguiled by the stories of an old hero of the first empire, who had charge of the rock where we lay, and whose chief delight was to talk of *le petit caporal.* From Marseilles by rail to Dijon, Lyons, Paris, and Calais, by steamer to Dover, and thence again by rail

to London Bridge, and the journey was ended. It is an interesting route, full of adventure and frolic, for a young man without encumbrances; but the bustle, anxiety, and fatigue of the frequent transshipment and changes, make it wearisome and expensive for a family with much luggage. To me the most surprising thing of the whole journey was meeting a young American lady on the summit of Cheops, where she sat quietly writing to her friends in Boston and New York. How she managed the ascent, with two Arabs pulling from above, and two more pushing from behind, and with some of the steps four and five feet high, I was puzzled to imagine. American enterprise is really something wonderful.

Arrived in London, I hastened to report myself at the Foreign Office, where Lord Malmesbury was then the chief. His Lordship sanctioned the step I had taken in coming home with the Deed of Cession, and I was ordered to serve in the Foreign Office. While thus serving there was a change in the Ministry, and the little scenes behind the curtains were certainly somewhat amusing. The work of the office proceeded with exquisite regularity, with unimpeachable "routine." The heads of departments opened the dispatches, made notes on the back for the information and guidance of the Secretary of State, and submitted them for his Lordship's perusal. The heads of departments drew up the drafts of the replies, which also were submitted for his Lordship's perusal. The heads of departments distributed these drafts amongst the clerks, who copied them fairly. The heads of de-

partments inspected the fair copies, and sent them up for signature to the Secretary of State, or to one of the under secretaries, as the case might be. Suddenly there came rumours of Lord John Russell's attack upon the Ministry. Then followed the debates in the House of Commons. There was excitement, there was commotion at the Foreign Office. Private secretaries and *précis* writers *de facto* were silent and gloomy. Private secretaries and *précis* writers *in embryo* (and they were many) were jubilant and expectant. Then came the announcement that the Ministry were defeated, and the excitement and commotion rose higher and louder. Discussion waxed warm. Who was to be "the chief of the Foreign Office" in the new combination? was the all-absorbing question. Nephews who thought their noble uncles *ought* to have the Foreign Office, loudly advanced their claims, and already imagined themselves private secretaries and *précis* writers. Lists were hourly handed from room to room, showing who were to form the new Ministry, and especially who was to be the "new chief of the Foreign Office." Now this noble lord, now that, now Lord John Russell, now Lord Clarendon, was designated. At length the chances were narrowed to those of Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon, and the excitement and the commotion culminated. There was running to and fro, here and there, all in wild expectancy. The old "dull routine," with its quiescence and indifference, was gone. "What news? what news?" each asked the other as they met in their peregrinations from room to room, with anxi-

ous face and knowing gesture. "Johnny will not have the Foreign Office," said one; "the Queen does not like him, and Pam does not like him." "If Clarendon comes, he comes only to go again," quoth another; "Johnny can upset him and Pam too." "We don't want any of Johnny's crotchets here," vociferated a third. "Clarendon is Pam's man," was the declaration of a fourth. "Ah! but Johnny *will have* the Foreign Office in spite of them all; did he turn out the Ministry for nothing?" was the sapient rejoinder of another. At length his Lordship personally appeared at the Foreign Office, his features radiant with the smile of victory. Then was heard the roll of carriages, and stately ambassadors followed each other, to pay their respects. The private secretaries and *précis* writers were duly named, and the disappointed quidnuncs subsided into mechanical copyists once more. And again the old "dull routine," with its quiescence and indifference, reigned in the Foreign Office. Then came busy times. The war in Italy was at its height. Dispatches were sent here and sent there. Queen's messengers went and came in quick succession. From every port in France where there was a British Consul, there came dispatches and telegrams, telling of the movements of troops, of the progress of armaments, of rifled cannon, of ships launched, of reserves of seamen secretly organized, and a thousand other terrible things. Amidst all this activity and bustle, there were those in the Foreign Office whose daily amusements were unaffected. For, as well as those industrious dispatch-reading, draft-

writing heads of departments who came to the office punctually, and slept only when the day's work was done, there were gay and frolicsome spirits who came late, strutted from room to room, had brandy and cigars, flourished their crested sleeve-links, and left early to dress for my Lady Angelina's "at home," or to dance at the Honourable Mrs. Emily Evening's ball. One of these gay and frolicsome spirits was one day affectionately inquired for by a sheriff's officer, at the urgent request of some ill-natured creditors; but the young gentleman happened to be "out" at the time. Three or four amused themselves one afternoon, after their two o'clock luncheon, and brandy-and-water and cigars, by throwing the crumbs and other *et ceteras* from a window upon the sergeant and his guard when passing under the walls of the Foreign Office to relieve the sentries. The gallant sergeant looked up, the young gentlemen laughed in his face, and gave him the sign so much in favour with Marryatt's midshipman. This was too much for the soldier. He complained, and one of the chiefs of departments went from room to room, apparently towering with indignation, to discover the jokers. As he entered the room, every one was, of course, hard at work, and there the matter ended.

The American claim was held due in October, 1859. In July I was ordered to repair to my post, *vid* Sydney, in order to be on the spot at that time. The only instructions I had were verbal,—I was to tell the chiefs that the question of the cession was under the consideration of H. M. Government. Just as I was

leaving the Foreign Office, I found in a corner of the messengers' room a parcel addressed to me at Fiji. It contained certain forms from the Board of Trade, and had been lying there sixteen months! From Sydney I proceeded to Fiji in H. M. ship 'Cordelia,' Commander Vernon, and arrived there on the 1st of November, having been absent just twelve months.

In September, 1858, I found Ratu Mara, Na Ulivou, and several chiefs of Bau in rebellion against Thakombau; and Tui Levuka, the chief of the white men's settlement, had joined the rebels. When I left in the following November, the war was still going on. On my return from England in 1859, I found Thakombau had captured Ratu Mara, and hanged him. With the death of this chieftain the rebellion ceased. Another war had, however, occurred during my absence. Maafu, a Tongan chief, who had been some time in Fiji, nominally to control the Tongans who flock to Fiji to escape the rigour of King George's laws in their own country, had devastated the Mathuata coast, on the north-west of Vanua Levu. This chief had formed the design of making himself master of Fiji. This design was temporarily frustrated by the cession. Foiled for the moment, Maafu remained quietly at Lomaloma, cherishing his ambition. Events soon favoured his designs. Ritova and Bete, two rival chiefs of Mathuata, were at war, fighting out some old family feuds. Tui Bua, the chief of a district bordering the south-western limits of Mathuata, had long been waiting an opportunity to revenge former defeats inflicted by Ritova. Now was

his opportunity, and accordingly he joined Bete. At this juncture Maafu, looking on from his retirement at Lomaloma, conceived the hour had arrived for him to move. He secretly sent word to Tui Bua that he would assist him against Ritova, and to Ritova he sent word as secretly, that he would assist him against Tui Bua. Both parties entered into negotiations with the wily Tongan. Maafu led on Ritova by promises never intended to be performed, and the old chief was successfully deceived. When his plans were matured, and at the favourable moment, Maafu cast off the disguise, and openly espoused the side of Tui Bua and Bete. Maafu chose this side, because he knew that Tui Bua, being by blood connected with the Tongans, would at once submit to his supremacy, and that Bete had neither the energy nor the influence to assume the independent rule of the Mathuata district, if Ritova were put out of the way. But Maafu had still three other important points to secure. He had to attach to himself the interest of the Wesleyans, to purchase the goodwill of the whites, and to quiet the suspicions of Thakombau. The first he secured by proclaiming his object to be the removal of all obstacles to the teachings of the missionaries; the second he obtained by large purchases of arms and ammunition from the whites, paying high prices in oil, with promises of further payments when the war was over; the third he attempted by paying a friendly visit to Bau, and declaring to Thakombau that he had come to him, as the great chief of Fiji, to solicit his sanction to aid Tui Bua and Bete. Here two wily,

Vincent Brooks, Lith

THAKAMBAU, KING OF FIJI, AND HIS SON

P. 226

crafty chieftains were met face to face, each suspicious of the other, and both attempting to overreach one another. The result of their interview was that Thakombau sent a canoe, under the command of a trusty chieftain, to accompany Maafu's expedition. Thakombau's real object in sending this canoe was to have a watch over Maafu, knowing as he did that he really could not check Maafu's plans without an open rupture, for which he was not prepared. Maafu's object was to shelter himself under the countenance of Thakombau, until it suited his purpose to turn upon his associate. Both chieftains conceived that they had each attained their respective aims, and overreached the other. In due course Maafu and his followers arrived at Bua, the head-quarters of Tui Bua's district. Thence the united forces proceeded up the Mathuata coast, carrying all before them, and sending death and devastation into every Fijian hut. In missionary reports we read fearful stories of Fijian atrocities and treachery, while not a line is penned to record the butcheries of the favoured Tongans, whose boast it is that they are the champions of Wesleyanism in Fiji. At a town called Natakala, Ritova's party, worsted in a fight, took to the bush. After destroying all their yam plantations and cutting down all their cocoa-nut trees, Maafu left his Lieutenant Semisi to hunt up the fugitives. Though he could not capture them in the bush, Semisi managed to communicate with them. He promised them that if they would return to the town, submit to Maafu, and deliver up their arms, their lives should be spared. The Fijians

asked for a guarantee. Semisi replied, "Meet me in the church on Sunday morning; there, in the house of God and in His presence, our deliberations shall be sacred." The Fijians, to the number of about thirty, accepted the invitation, and on Sunday morning they emerged from their hiding-places, and appeared in the church. They gave up their arms, which were placed in the centre of the building. Surrounded by armed Tongans, Semisi addressed them: "You are all heathens; you are all wicked men. You have fought against us who are propagating the religion of Tonga. You must all die."* This speech concluded, Mafi, a Tongan, stepped from the side of Semisi, in obedience to a wave of his hand, and began tying one man's right hand to the next one's left, until he had completed the circle. Unarmed and entrapped, resistance was useless,—remonstrance worse than useless. And with that stoicism which not unfrequently marks the conduct of the savage when inevitable death, however horrible the manner, stares them in the face, the Fijians passively submitted to their fate. Their hands tied, Mafi, in their presence and under the direction of Semisi, sharpened an American axe on a grindstone that was kept in readiness for the occasion. He then took up a bayonet that was fixed to a spear, and outdoing Nahash the Ammonite, deliberately gouged an eye out of each man's head! This done, he resumed his axe, and as the victims sat, tied hand to hand, and powerless, in the house of God, he chopped off each

* The name Methodism is unknown in these regions. The religion taught is called "Le lotu Tonga,"—dispensed by the Wesleyan missionaries.

man's head! When first I heard this story I could not believe it; for even with my long acquaintance with savages in all stages and degrees, I had never yet heard anything to match, in atrocity and cold-blooded cruelty, this act of these boastful champions of Tongan Wesleyanism. I questioned Semisi personally on the subject, and he plainly acknowledged the facts. Knowing that the story was discredited by those missionaries to whom I had mentioned it, I awaited an opportunity to question Semisi in the presence of one of their number. The opportunity presented itself at Kandavu, where I met Semisi in the house of the Rev. J. S. H. Royce. This missionary detailed the facts to Semisi, as reported by me, and then asked him if they were true. Striking his breast with his right hand, by way of emphasis, he replied, "Koeanga,—it was I myself." Mr. Royce afterwards asked him again in his study, privately, when Semisi made the same reply. This is only one of many similar acts perpetrated by this man Semisi, a relative of King George's, and high in the estimation of some of the missionaries. The slaughter and mutilation of the Chief of Nāloa, an island near Natakala, is too horrible to relate.

Maafu, by inducing Bonaveidogo, one of Ritova's principal chiefs, to desert, drove Ritova from his mountain fortress opposite the island of Nukubati. Ritova fled across the mountains to the south-east side of Vanua Levu, and placed himself under the protection of Tui Wainunu. And thus Maafu became master of the Mathuata district, comprising some fifty

miles of coast-line, and the richest part of Fiji. Flushed with his success he followed Ritova, and laid siege to Solevu. At the end of some three months the fort was reduced by starvation. Through the influence of Mr. Swanston, Acting-Consul during my absence, Maafu promised to spare the life of Ritova, if captured. On the strength of this promise, Ritova surrendered to Maafu, who was also influenced by a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Bataillon, in reference to the natives of Solevu, who had mostly attached themselves to the priests. Maafu could now consider one-half of Fiji at his feet. He allowed Tui Bua to hold the chieftainship of the Bua district, as his vassal, and placed Solevu under his jurisdiction. Bete was installed as chief of the western division of the Mathuata district, and Bonaveidogo was placed over the eastern as a reward for his timely desertion from Ritova,—both acknowledging Maafu as their master, and all three paying him tribute. During the war, many women were captured and spared, the Tongans taking them for wives. But to relieve the pressure of their very peculiar and elastic consciences, and by way of evincing their respect for religion, an old fellow, who had once been a Tongan Wesleyan teacher, but who had been deposed from his holy functions for some indiscretion, was employed to marry these women to the young victors before taking them to wife.

These proceedings alarmed Thakombau, and induced the missionaries to repudiate their open countenance of Maafu. To review calmly his position, and

to allay the suspicions his acts had aroused, he retired again to Lomaloma. There he conceived his plans for gradually involving Bau in troubles, in order the more easily to realize his designs against Thakombau. He quietly dispatched a strong party to Benga, an island on the south coast of Viti Levu, and through Rewa, a dependency of Bau. The chiefs of Benga, overmatched and surprised, at once professed to place themselves under the sway of Maafu. Another party he dispatched under the orders of Tui Bua, to Rakiraki, on the north-east coast of Viti Levu, also a dependency of Bau, through Viwa. Thus Thakombau would be open to attack from two opposite quarters, whenever Maafu's plans were sufficiently matured. The design of the two parties dispatched by Maafu was to foment quarrels in their respective localities, in which case Bau would necessarily be involved in war with both places, through Viwa and Rewa. And then would be Maafu's time to step forward, and espouse the cause of the insurgents against Thakombau,—of course always as the champion of the "Tongan religion" and of the oppressed Christians. In every district of Fiji there are turbulent chiefs of greater or less rank, who are always ready for an *émeute*, and who would jump at the opportunity to become notorious in their own little world,—and which to them is *all* the world,—by resisting the authority of the ruling chiefs under any pretext whatever, when they have good backers. Thus Maafu always had the means to precipitate a conflict when it suited him to do so. He always had a plausible pretext for interference, not to aggrandize him-

self, but purely to bring heathens safely within the pale of the teachings of the Wesleyans.

This was briefly the state of affairs when I returned from England. Thakombau was just discovering the plans of Maafu, and no others had yet suspected them and many are even blind to them to the present moment. Thakombau appealed to me to check the intrigues of Maafu, on the ground that Fiji, being already ceded to the Queen, Maafu was upsetting the *status quo*. Maafu, on the other hand, quietly showed me how soon he would be master of Fiji. "Thakombau," he said, "is an old savage. He has grown old in the customs of Fiji. He does not love the white man. I have been brought up with white men. I have sailed the sea in their ships, and lived in their houses on shore. I am the white man's friend. If you will not support Thakombau, I shall soon be the only chief in Fiji, and then I shall give the whole group to you. The cession shall be valid. I shall make the Fijians pay the American claim. I shall rule Fiji for England, under any Chief the Queen may send. I know how the white man loves to trade, and I know how to make the Fijians work. Let me become the Chief of Fiji, and I shall give it all up to England. Thakombau cannot manage the Fijians as I can. He cannot make them work. He cannot make them trade with the white man. He has grown old in Fijian customs. Let us be friends, and work together."

My position was anomalous. Without instructions, for which I had earnestly sought,—in a country without government, without laws, where might only was

right, where British interests were daily and rapidly increasing,—with the two rival powers both seeking my influence,—what was I to do? After mature and careful deliberation, I came to the conclusion to fall back upon "the experience which I had already gained as Acting-Consul at Samoa,"* to act according to the best of my judgment in the exigencies of the situation, and to report fully all the facts as they occurred to the Foreign Office, in the hope to elicit instructions of some kind or another. I felt that "I could do no otherwise than, in the unaccountable absence of Foreign Office *instructions*, fall back upon a Foreign Office *suggestion*, and refer to my 'experience,' as intimated in the Foreign Office dispatch already quoted."† To look passively on the events of the day, was simply to give an impetus to anarchy and bloodshed. I decided to maintain Thakombau, to preserve the *status quo* of the country at the date of the cession to the Queen, which had been so far accepted as to be taken into serious consideration by H.M. Government, and to check the intrigues of the Tongans under Maafu.

As yet no one knew that the two rivals, Thakombau and Maafu, had both appealed to me. I had to act in such a manner that neither should know what course I intended to follow. With this view I managed, with the assistance of each of the chiefs, without either being aware that his rival was a party thereto, to convene a meeting of the chiefs of Fiji in the Consulate, at which Maafu was to attend. When

* Foreign Office Despatch, No. 1, of 31st October, 1857.

† Consul Pritchard to Lord Russell, No. 16, 6th December, 1862.

I issued the invitations, I was told by missionaries and settlers that the chiefs would never come together,—a great general meeting of this kind being quite an innovation upon Fijian customs. The chiefs, nevertheless, came, and meetings were duly held. The cession was fully discussed, and cordially ratified. Arrangements were made for securing order, peace, the development of the country, and, altogether, the intercourse of the chiefs proved beneficial to Fiji, as the immediate and rapid development of its resources fully evinced. *This* was the *first* general meeting of chiefs ever assembled in Fiji, held publicly at the British Consulate in Levuka, in December, 1859, at which various Wesleyan missionaries attended, and cordially co-operated. And yet one of their number has lately stated in the Sydney papers, that a meeting of certain chiefs—not nearly so numerous as that in December, 1859—was the first meeting of the chiefs of Fiji.

The more effectually to check Maafu and the Tongan intrigues, as well as the more successfully to develop the great resources of the country, and in concert with the views of the then U.S. Consul, I secured the controlling power of the group in my own hands. I could never expect, under the circumstances, to wield such power as the chiefs vested in me, except to check native intrigues, and to encourage peace and commerce. The particulars of these meetings and conventions, as signed by the chiefs, are faithfully given by Dr. Seemann, in his 'Government Mission to Viti,' and therefore require no further notice here.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THINGS BROUGHT OFFICIALLY BEFORE ME.

Before leaving Fiji, in November, 1858, for England, I arranged with Mr. Binner, the local representative of the Wesleyan Mission, to build a Consular Office for me on a very eligible little spot in the centre of Levuka, on his own land. Mr. Binner had secured, by legitimate purchase from the natives, some of the best sites in the place; and it was to me a great convenience to be allowed to have my office in this central locality, as well as to secure his superintendence in its erection during my absence. On my return in 1859, the office was sufficiently ready to be occupied at once. And I was only too glad to transfer my papers from Mr. Binner's residence, for not unfrequently the parties who came before me with their complaints were anything but agreeable fellows to see, much less to hear, under the same roof as that where English ladies lived,—Mrs. Binner and my sister. Making arrangements, then, with Mr. Binner for my sister and myself to lodge in his house, I com-

menced my official work in the new office which he had so obligingly built for me.

Almost the first case that came before me on my return from England (November, 1859), was one preferred by the late Mr. J. B. Williams, then U.S. Consul. The defendant was a white man, who had appropriated the name of Clarke, and claimed to be a British subject. He had taken offence at something Mr. Williams had said, or was reported to have said, and deliberately walked into the American Consulate, struck the table on which the Consul was writing, called him a "—— liar," and threatened all kinds of of vengeance whenever he might find Mr. Williams in his power. I was at a loss how to punish the fellow. To pass the case over would be simply to submit myself to similar treatment. I consulted Captain Vernon, of H.M. ship 'Cordelia,' and together we summoned Clarke to the Consulate, and stated the complaint, as preferred by the American Consul. So far from attempting to deny it, he simply sought to justify his conduct. In the absence of any semblance of local authority to take cognisance of the case, we sent him on board the 'Cordelia,' where he was kept five days on bread and water. This gave him a quiet time to ponder over his erratic ways, and when he came ashore, he went straight to the American Consulate and apologized to Mr. Williams. From that day he has been one of the quietest and best-behaved men in Fiji. In former years he had lived just as a Fijian. He had attached himself to a late chief, Tui Kilakila, in his day one of the most ruthless cannibals in Fiji.

Clarke became his right-hand man, and even went so far, it has been said, as to join his chief in cannibal feasts, even to partaking of human flesh. But this the man stoutly denies, and I credit his denial.

Just about the time of my return to Fiji, the 'Favourite,' an English schooner, was wrecked on the Levuka reef. She was in the sandalwood trade, and her master had come to Fiji to buy hogs to take to the westward. The pilot got drunk, and while taking the vessel out of the harbour, put her on the reef. At the request of the master, I sought to bring the pilot, one Tom Farrel, to account. But as he lived some hundred miles from Levuka, he quietly put me at defiance, to which, under the circumstances, I was obliged to submit, showing the very anomalous position in which I was placed. Subsequently, when he came to Levuka for some purpose of his own, I caught him. In reply to the charge of the master, whom I had in the meantime sent to Sydney, Farrel assumed an injured air, and declared that it was the master who was drunk, while he himself was perfectly sober, and that it was through the mismanagement of the master that the vessel got on the reef. In the absence of the accuser, I was glad to let the matter pass.

The next case that came before me was an affray between certain half-castes and whites. There had long been a rivalry between these parties as to their pugilistic powers; and there happening to be a good muster of both parties, all drank together, and then took to quarrelling, then came to blows, then to clubs and sticks. One was damaged in his head, another in

his legs, another in his arm, and every one was marked in the face. Both parties came to the Consulate for protection against the other, and yet both were equally culpable. The whites charged the half-castes with being "niggers," and the half-castes retorted that the whites were "outcasts, without home or country," and only with much difficulty I prevented a renewal of the battle in the office.

At least ten cases of drunkenness and riotous conduct on the part of Englishmen, were before me within the first month. I have known certain parties buy a hogshead of rum or brandy from a vessel, and deliberately set themselves to drink it out before even quitting the neighbourhood of the cask. Some of these men have been drunk for three months, without an interval of sobriety. As they drew off the spirit they put water into the cask, and by the time the contents became pure water, they had become sober. This is what is technically termed in the islands "tapering off," and it is alleged that it prevents *delirium tremens*, resulting from this prolonged state of intoxication. While in that state, the women of their households provided for the daily maintenance of their families, and otherwise looked after them. A woman who felt herself aggrieved, sometimes took the opportunity to run away; but when the white man became sober, a musket usually brought her back.

To remedy this insatiable propensity of the whites, I proposed to them that they should have a reading-room, promising to provide papers, periodicals, and books for their use. I suggested that on certain even-

ings in the week they should meet to discuss various matters of local interest and benefit to themselves, such as the most profitable trade with the natives, the various kinds of useful timbers, boat and house-building, etc. About four meetings were held, and then the thing collapsed: the grog-shop offered greater inducements than the reading or discussion-room.

The most fruitful source of serious troubles I found to be the land purchases of the whites, and the adjustment of some of these taxed my powers and patience to the utmost. Nearly in the centre of the group is an island called Makogai, containing about 800 acres, and having a very fine harbour. Many years since, the inhabitants rebelled against their chief, Tui Levuka, who resided on Ovalau. Failing in various attempts to reduce the rebels to subjection, Tui Levuka offered to give a portion of the island, including the harbour, to any whites who would assist him. Some ten or twelve foreigners, English and Americans, accepted the offer, and accompanied the chief to the fight. The assault upon the fort at the back of the harbour was successful. Two-thirds of the Makogai natives were killed; the survivors were removed to Ovalau, as slaves of Tui Levuka, while the captured women were distributed amongst the victors of both colours. Tui Levuka formally made over the promised land to the white men, but none of them occupied it. Subsequently the chief allowed the natives to return to the island, where they planted yams, and caught turtles for him. Tui Levuka afterwards sold the island to Mr. Binner, without reserving the por-

tion made over to the white men who had assisted him in the fight. When these white men heard of the sale, they advanced their claims. Mr. Binner demurred. The matter was referred to the Consulate. Some of the parties agreed to sell their claim, such as it was. Others refused all compromise, while Mr. Binner totally repudiated their interest. In my efforts to bring about a quiet settlement of the dispute, one old man, an American, who had grown grey in Fiji, and who had been "clubbed" by the natives at Kandavu to within an ace of his life, became somewhat excited, and declared, "I will never let Binner have any interest. The land is fairly ours. We fought, and bled, and died for it, Sir; by Heavens we did, Sir." Not all the reasoning in the world could convince the old man that he had not *died* for the land, though he might have "fought and bled for it." While labouring to convince him of this fact, two new claimants appeared, who had leased the island from Tui Levuka previous to the sale to Binner, the lease being for some indefinite term. After very much trouble, the claimants were all satisfied, and Mr. Binner was admitted the rightful owner of the island. With a view to inducing them to make cocoa-nut oil, Mr. Binner allowed Tui Levuka to leave the twelve or fifteen natives who were living on the island. As a still further encouragement, he placed over them a native Wesleyan teacher, in whose charge he gave a chest full of "trade" to pay them for their oil as they made it. As the country advanced, and capital was becoming somewhat extensively invested in sheep-

stations, it was proposed to occupy Makogai as a sheep-run. No sooner were the sheep landed than they destroyed the plantations of the few natives Mr. Binner had permitted to remain. They received notice to quit, and Tui Levuka agreed to remove them. Just at the last moment, it was proposed to detain two or three of the natives to work for the white men in charge of the sheep. Tui Levuka objected. Again the good offices of the Consulate were sought. I suggested that all the natives should be removed while their chief was willing to take them. The suggestion was unheeded. By-and-by Tui Levuka and Mr. Binner quarrelled about a small parcel of land at Levuka, near the Wesleyan Mission premises. To avenge himself on Mr. Binner, Tui Levuka sent orders to his men on Makogai to plant yams for *him*, their chief, and to kill the sheep, if they destroyed the plantations. In a few days he sent over a party of natives to Levuka to catch turtle, and altogether he mustered a pretty strong party on the island. The united persuasions of Messrs. Binner and Hennings, who now jointly owned the island, could not induce the chief to withdraw his men. Again application was made to the Consulate, and I sent for Tui Levuka. In reply to my remarks, he stated that he liked Mr. Hennings, and for his sake would remove the natives, but he disliked Mr. Binner (referring particularly to their late land-quarrel), and he had sent the men to Makogai on purpose to annoy him. I cooled down his anger, and ultimately induced him to withdraw his men. Two schooners were sent by Mr. Hennings for their con-

veyance, and when they had all embarked, their huts were burnt. Once more the owners were in undisturbed possession of their island. Had it not been for the influence of the Consulate, Tui Levuka would have defied Mr. Binner. The result would have been measured only by the obstinacy of the parties in pushing their respective aims, and the end would have been bloodshed. The trouble, the care, the temper required to manage a case of this kind, where there is neither law nor police, can only be appreciated by those who have been placed in similar situations.

All the land purchases effected prior to my arrival in Fiji, gave more or less trouble. In those days the natives had not learnt the full effect of the sale of land, its total and final alienation. Whenever, as was generally the case, the land was left unoccupied by the purchaser, the natives continued to use it. When, in the course of time, the purchaser attempted to occupy it, the natives resisted; and then there was work and trouble for the Consul.

Every inch of land in Fiji has an owner. Every parcel or tract of land has a name, and the boundaries are defined and well known. The proprietorship rests in families, the *heads of families* being the representatives of the title. Every member of a family can use the land attaching to the family. Thus the heads of families are the nominal owners, the whole family are the actual occupiers. The family land maintains the whole family, and the members maintain the head of the family. A chief holds his lands under precisely the same tenure, as head of his family, and his *per-*

sonal rights attain only to the land pertaining to his family, in which right every member of his family shares so far as to use any portion of the land. But the chief is also the head of his tribe, and as such, certain rights to the whole lands of the tribe appertain to him. The tribe is the family, and the chief is the head of the family. The families of a tribe maintain the chief. In war, they give him their services, and follow him to the fight. In peace, they supply him with food. In this way, the whole tribe attains a certain collective interest in all the lands held by each family; and every parcel of land alienated contracts the source for which the collective tribal support of the chief is drawn. From this complicated tenure, it is clear that the alienation of land, however large or small the tract, can be made valid only by the collective act of the whole tribe, in the persons of the ruling chief and the heads of families. Random and reckless land transactions under these circumstances would be simply another seizure of Naboth's vineyard, for which the price of blood would inevitably have to be paid.

I therefore determined to lay down certain rules to regulate the land purchases of British subjects, basing my action, in the absence of specific Foreign Office instructions, on the authority duly vested in me by the chiefs, in the convention of the 16th December, 1859; and reporting the full particulars to the Foreign Office. Ultimately it was my great satisfaction to see these rules gladly adopted by all land-purchasers, settlers, missionaries, and Australian merchants. When I left Fiji in 1863, any deed bearing the Consular seal was

held *per se* absolutely valid and unquestionable. The rules were in themselves few and simple, but entailed an immensity of work on the Consulate. They were briefly, seller and purchaser to make their own bargain, the former selling for as high a price as he could, the latter buying as cheap as he could; the transaction to be reported to the Consulate. Three months, or more in certain cases, to elapse, to allow other claimants to make known their claims; at the expiration of that period the Consul to investigate the title of the seller before a meeting of the tribe to which the seller belongs; to satisfy other rightful claimants, if any appear; to obtain the public sanction of the chief, and the heads of the families, to the sale of the land; if all inquiries prove satisfactory, the Consul to attach a certificate of the foregoing facts to the deed of transfer, and to affix the Consular seal to such certificate; if the inquiries prove unsatisfactory, the transaction to be cancelled.

The lands held by the Wesleyan missionaries for mission purposes were acquired chiefly as presents from the natives, but held without any deeds. I suggested that proper deeds should be prepared, and a compensation offered to the givers,—a *quid pro quo*. The suggestion was generally adopted, and one of the sources of sectarian jealousy among the missionaries of opposing creeds was quietly removed. These gifts to the Wesleyan mission were generally the result of quiet hints that a site should be given for the mission establishment. The Wesleyan party being supreme, it was easy to frustrate similar suggestions made by the Roman Catholic missionaries. Hence arose recrimi-

nations, and in Tonga, the natives had, on one occasion, to measure off a parcel of land of precisely the same dimensions as the Wesleyan premises, the priest himself measuring both lots to ensure precision, while a French corvette lay at anchor in the port. By purchasing, in the usual manner, such lands as they require, both parties were placed on a more equal footing. Still it is always possible for the dominant sect, be it Wesleyan or Roman Catholic, quietly to dissuade the natives from even selling land to the rival sect.

There were lands purchased in Fiji by missionaries which were not for mission purposes. With a laudable desire to provide for their children, they purchased lands from whites as well as from natives, in their own name or in the names of their children. To this no one could possibly object. But to purchase lands in one's own name avowedly for Church purposes, with the unmistakable intention of keeping those lands for one's own benefit, is a totally different affair. And this has been done, I regret to say. A reverend gentleman who purchased land from whites, on the banks of a fine river, in a locality where the Wesleyan mission could have no possible use for it, used to remark very innocently, "If the mission does not take it, I suppose I shall be obliged to keep it for myself." Some of the lands he purchased "for the mission" still stood in his own name when I left Fiji,—long after the transactions were completed. And as again showing how *interest* affects the man, this same person, while loudly condemning all my other acts in Fiji, writes to an Australian paper lauding my "land policy."

With all my exertions, troubles would still occasionally arise from the old land transactions, those anterior to my arrival in Fiji. Mr. Williams, the American Consul, had many years before purchased the island of Nagara, on the south coast of Viti Levu. After his title had been from time to time disputed, it was at last acknowledged, and a white man purchased from him some fifty acres, and commenced the cultivation of cotton. As he was proceeding with his plantation, a party of the Vutia tribe, from the Rewa district, located on his land for the purpose of building canoes. After being there some months, and disregarding the settler's repeated request to leave, the case was referred to the Consulate. In the course of my duties, I visited the south coast, called at Nagara, and met the parties to the complaint. After a lengthened discussion, the canoe-builders admitted the land was not theirs, but as there were some fifty or more of them and only one white man, they intended to retain possession. I told them that though there were but one white man, his rights must not be infringed, and as he objected to their occupying his land, they must leave. They replied that they were stronger than I was, and that they would remain until a man-of-war came down from Sydney, when they would quit. I was on board a little schooner of about ten tons, the 'Paul Jones,' manned by six half-castes, and unarmed. The Vutiamen laughed at the idea of that little force removing them. Addressing the leading men of the party, I said, "You acknowledge this is the white man's land. He objects to your occupying

it, and in three days you must leave. I have to go to Navua, and when I return you must be ready to go." —"Who will make us leave this land?" they asked; "we have men enough to haul your vessel on to the beach there, by the side of our canoes." "There is only one fish in the water there, and our spears can kill it," remarked a savage-looking fellow, as he pretended to look carelessly towards the sea. I took his meaning at once; I was the solitary fish, and the fellow meant mischief. "Yes, there is but one fish and you have many spears, but you have no spears that can kill that one fish. Let me see you hit this piece of wood," and so saying, I threw a stick into the sea beyond reach of his aim. The fellow looked at it, and then looked at me, and I looked steadfastly at him. "Sa yawa," he exclaimed, "it is too far." "Yes, it is too far,—and just so your spear can't hurt me. Then be quick and make ready your things to leave." Turning again to the meeting, I continued, "In three days you must leave this land. As canoe-builders, you know a large double canoe is very heavy and it takes many men to lift. But a very little wind will make it go over the sea very fast. The little wind will come in three days, and you will see the canoe sailing from Nagara to the mainland." With this I left them to make what they could of the "little wind." Proceeding to Navua, I saw Kuruduadua, the chief of the district. He agreed to accompany me to Nagara, and as the men professed to claim his protection, he promised to give them a site on the mainland for their settlement. The canoe-builders were really under the Rewa chief, but as they

voluntarily claimed his protection, Kuruduadua was only too glad of the opportunity to locate them on his own land, for, to a Fijian chief, a party of canoe-builders is invaluable. I was aware of their relative positions, and therefore could calculate upon the chief's cordial co-operation, and it flattered him to appear as their protector. On our passage from Navua to Nagara, it was arranged that I was to do all the public talking and insist upon immediate removal, while the chief was secretly to tell the natives that he had come to prevent any harsh measures, to give them a site for their settlement on his own lands, and that he would prevent any punishment hereafter for their intrusion upon the white man's. On the third day, we arrived at Nagara, and I sent Charley Wise, my Consular messenger, to say, "The little wind has come: is your sail ready to hoist, so that the canoe may reach the mainland before the little wind blows a gale?" At the same time, I showed Kuruduadua on deck. The three principal men came off to see him. Before they could exchange a word with the chief, I addressed them,—"You two remain here with your chief to drink yangona, and you return to the shore to tell the people to launch their canoes and move to the land which Kuruduadua will give you. You have no time to talk, lest the little wind blows hard before you are ready. When the sun is directly overhead, what is left of your village, on the white man's land, will be burnt." The chief looked grave, and exclaimed "Kusarawa,"—"Haste, haste." The suddenness of the address led the men to think these words were the orders of the

chief, and they obeyed promptly. I gave the chief no opportunity to communicate with more than the two men on board, until I saw that preparations had commenced on shore. Then I turned my head to give the opportunity to beckon a little canoe from the shore, and the chief's *secret* message was sent by her, just at the proper moment, when no counter-messages could be thought of. At noon, all the things were in the canoes. Two of my lads put torches to the huts as the inmates left them, and soon there was a grand conflagration. The chief and the two men from the shore stood up to watch the flames. "The little wind is increasing," I said. "Yes, and we are going," one of the two canoe-builders replied, "without any man-of-war to drive us off. It is true that the little wind can make a great canoe go fast over the sea." In ten minutes, the party were carrying their things on shore at the place pointed out to them by the chief, and by night they had several huts up and inhabited. A bowl of kava, and clapping of hands, and a whale's tooth to each of the three principal men of the party, settled the affair quietly and finally, and I succeeded in removing fifty men from the white man's land without incurring a quarrel or the costly interference of a man-of-war. The acceptance of the three whales' teeth was a pledge of no further molestation on either side. Had the teeth been declined, I should have been obliged to be on the look-out for further difficulties.

Some of the alleged early purchases were so manifestly irregular, and the imposition upon the natives so glaring, that I caused many of them to be cancelled,

and the lands given up again to the proper native owners But where this happened, the white men concerned never forgave me. Some of my countrymen seemed to think that my whole duty was invariably to decide in favour of the white man simply because *he was* the white man, without regard to the justice of the natives' case. Hence, while doing all in my power to further the interests of the country and to develop its resources, I made some bitter enemies—clerical as well as lay.

It is a custom among the Fijians when they sell land, to expect all the work for which natives may be employed on that land; indeed, they not unfrequently sell merely to bring a white man into their neighbourhood, and so get employment under him whenever they want a knife or a yard of cloth. The settlers generally have accepted the custom, and indeed it works pretty well. One of the missionaries who purchased land on the banks of the Rewa river got into a scrape with the natives through disregarding it. The title was perfectly good, and the purchase thoroughly legitimate, passing as it did through another respectable settler. When the missionary's arrangements for putting up his cottage were completed, he proceeded up the river with a party of his own natives, all in some way attached to the mission, many of them being teachers. The natives who had sold the land had been consulted by the missionary, and they had expressed their willingness to see him occupy it. But they fully expected that they would themselves be employed to clear the bush and to build the house,

at least so far as native labour would be required. So when they heard that the missionary intended to take up his own people from the coast, they were dissatisfied; and when he arrived at the town, they surrounded him and flourished their clubs and muskets about his head, being careful, however, not to do him any bodily harm,—still it was no very pleasant situation to be in, he thought. Had he simply turned to the assembled natives and said, "Well, you shall clear the land and put up the house, and you shall have the payment for it," there would at once have been an end to the demonstration. Frightened out of his life, he retired to his boat, and when, in his own words, "out of reach of musket range, a volley was poured forth." The natives in fact had never any intention to kill him; all they intended was to frighten him and prevent the other natives from getting the work which they themselves expected. But they would have to be paid, while the teachers would receive but a mere trifle, and hence perhaps the origin of the mistake in the arrangements. At the same time, however, the missionary, as an individual, was not popular with the natives in the district, from the fact of his having once lived at Bau, and possibly they were glad of the opportunity to show their dislike of him. When he reached his home, he wrote, "I am told that I betrayed no fear, and that I spoke wisely, kindly, and firmly. About a hundred cannibals with loaded muskets, declaring they would and must kill me, proclaimed there was but a step between me and death. I involuntarily thought of the martyred Williams and

the delivered Calvert, and wondered what would be *my* fate!" At the same time white men were continually going up and down the river, to one place and to another, without molestation; and had this good man merely complied with the custom of the country, as to the labour required to clear his land and to build his "summer retreat," as all other settlers did, he would never have been made to think there "was but a step between himself and death," or to invoke the unrivalled missionary, who with unparalleled abnegation of any personal interest, carried the Bible from savage to savage with his life really in hourly danger. However, the little affair made up a very readable letter—for those far from the scene.

The natives were always ready to sell those tracts of land which divide rival districts, and which have long been sources of contention, and frequent battle-fields. In these cases it was necessary to pay both parties, who were only too glad to place a neutral between them.

Before I left Fiji, many such tracts had been purchased for sheep-stations, and others for cotton plantations. Sheep were found to thrive remarkably well, and to preserve the quality of their wool. The cotton produced is at least equal in quality to that of any other country, and the yield per acre very considerably more.* I sent five or six bales *viâ* Sydney to the "Cotton Supply Association" of Manchester, as samples of the cotton grown by the natives, but I never heard anything more of them after the advice of the shipment from Sydney in the 'Damascus.'

* See Dr. Seemann's 'Mission to Viti' and 'Flora of Viti' for details as to the cotton of Fiji.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITE MEN OF FIJI.

In the course of events I found Fiji so rapidly progressing that every week parties of ten or twenty were arriving from the Australian colonies in search of sheep-lands, or from New Zealand in search of any place where they could escape the ravages of the Maori war. This rapid influx of white men increased my work very considerably. And not the least troublesome of the work forced upon me by the exigencies of the circumstances in which I found myself placed was occasioned by the frequent disputes arising between the whites themselves. When two Englishmen had any difference over some trading operation, they both ran to the Consulate, each expecting, and in some cases positively demanding, a decision in their favour. Some of these squabbles were as amusing as they were peculiar.

A Mr. Russell, who kept the Levuka Hotel, had a schooner in which he sometimes took a trading cruise after cocoa-nut oil. On one occasion he was bound to Lakemba, having heard that two white men there had

a tun or two of oil. Knowing their proclivity for brandy, several cases were put on board the 'Kate' with the other articles of trade. In due course Mr. Russell arrived at Lakemba, and proceeded at once to the house of the two white men. Very seriously, and with a very long face and many expressions of condolence, my host of the Levuka Hotel pulled out of his pocket a large official envelope with an immense seal on it, and said: "Now, here is a warrant from the Consulate to take you two to Levuka. What have you been up to? Believe me, you are in for it when the Consul has you at Levuka." But before he would give up the terrible document, the bearer proposed they should sell him their oil and have a grand spree together before they fell into official hands. Altogether upset by the reported contents of the monster envelope with the big seal, the two men were willing enough to seek consolation from any source. The price of the oil was agreed upon, and the bargain closed. Then the brandy bottle was opened, and one after another was emptied, until at last the men were on the mats. The oil was rolled down to the beach, and put on board the 'Kate.' A case or two of axes, a piece or two of calico, a few knives and a few bottles of gin were sent ashore, and the 'Kate' sailed for Levuka,—leaving the two worthies still at full length on the mats. When the brandy and gin bottles were all emptied, and the men in the course of a week rose from their mats, they found, according to their story, nothing like the proper payment for the oil. In the course of a month or two, the 'Kate' again appeared

off Lakemba, and the two men again had oil for sale. Mr. Russell proceeded on shore, and five hogsheads were sold to him as containing each fifty-two gallons of oil. According to the local custom, the bung of each cask was knocked out to see that it was full, and one end was "spiled," or bored with a gimlet, to show that there was no water with the oil. This time the payment was received *sans* gin and brandy, and Mr. Russell returned to Levuka in high glee at the success of his cruise. The hogsheads were duly rolled into his shed, to be emptied as usual into other casks, when it was found that out of each there came only about a gallon of oil, and yet the casks seemed full. Mr. Russell was puzzled, and sent for the cooper, who took out the heads. The casks were indeed full—of water. The men had put into each cask two pieces of bamboo filled with oil, so placed that, when the bung was knocked out oil only was seen, and when the head was "spiled" oil only ran out,—and filled the casks with water. This was their "liquidation" of the former transaction. Both parties came to the Consulate, and both maintained they had right on their side. In some of the cases that came before me I was obliged to act in a very summary way, to prevent the parties from taking the law into their own hands.

Duncan, the master of a New Zealand schooner, purchased cocoa-nut oil from Mr. Cudlip, Mr. Binner, and other storekeepers in Levuka. As usual, the oil was delivered to him from day to day, and stowed in the ship's hold. When the quantities agreed for had been delivered, Cudlip and Binner applied for a settle-

ment. Duncan shuffled. The storekeepers applied to the Consulate, whereupon Duncan got drunk. One evening it transpired that he proposed slipping to sea during the night without the ship's papers, and, in nautical parlance, paying his creditors "with the foretopsail." Again Cudlip and Binner pressed their claims before the Consulate. Hunting up Duncan, I found him apparently tipsy, lying on the mats in one of the houses in Levuka. I spoke to him; he swore at me. Again I spoke, and again he swore,—this time threatening terrible things to any one and every one who interfered with him and his ship. Seeing the fellow was not so tipsy as he pretended to be, I called for a chair, and placing it before him, sat on it, saying, "Now, Sir, swear away as much as you like, threaten as much as you like. I shall sit here until you have done, and then I shall tell you what I purpose doing." —"D— it, Sir, you mean to say you are going to sit there until I am sober?"—"Just so," I replied. He rolled from side to side on the mats for some time, and then seeing me still keeping my place, he jumped up, exclaiming, "You can't do it, Sir. You think you are going to detain my ship, and stop me from going to sea to-night."—"That is precisely what I am about to do. You will not proceed to sea to-night."—"How so?"—"I have men in charge of your ship, and here are men to take charge of you. You will not leave this house until I send for you in the morning." By this time he became convinced his chances of shipping to sea were *nil*. Next day, he appeared at the Consulate, declared he had purchased

more oil than he had money to pay for, and that he really had intended going to sea during the night. Enough oil was sold on the ship's deck to pay the balance due to Cudlip and Binner, and this worthy disseminator of civilization amongst savages sailed for Melbourne.

When the parties to a complaint were of different nationalities, an Englishman and an American for instance, the United States Consul and I together endeavoured to settle their disputes for them. But the more we did for our countrymen, the more they required from us; and as settlers flocked to Fiji, we found ourselves unable to entertain all the cases that were referred to the Consulates. A meeting of the whites was accordingly held, when it was unanimously decided to establish what was called a "Mercantile Court," for the adjustment of all white men's disputes. The Consuls sat *ex officio*, and certain of the residents, not interested in the cases on hand, sat as assessors; and to this Court the chiefs gave their formal sanction. During the proceedings of the Court, some amusing scenes were occasionally witnessed. A man by the name of Taylor brought a suit against another by the name of Wyer, to recover the amount of an account, some six or eight pounds. After a patient hearing, the case was decided against Wyer, who was ordered to pay the amount within a specified time. Begging the permission of the Court to make a proposition to the plaintiff, Wyer approached the table, and said, "Now, Taylor, what will you take if I pay you at once, here in the Court?" Taylor, only too glad to

get the money, offered to accept two-thirds. "Will you take it now, here, in the presence of the Consuls?"—"Yes," said Taylor, approaching the table with smiles all over his face.—"Well, come, let me pay you, then. You say you will take two-thirds now, in presence of the Court, paid down to you here, on this table?"—"Yes, I will, Mr. Wyer."—"Then don't you wish you may get it?" And with a bow, the rogue backed out of the Court, leaving Taylor chagrined and disappointed beyond measure. Within the specified time, however, the full amount was duly paid.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the amount of work and expense entailed upon the Consulate. The number of settlers increased so rapidly, that they were scattered all over the group, and I had to be constantly on the move from place to place, to keep men and things in order. Ultimately the pressure became so great, and the demands upon my time so constant, that I was obliged to obtain the services of a Vice-Consul. When my office was burnt, I was able to save the "Notes of Daily Proceedings," which Mr. Swanston, as Vice-Consul, kept of the various cases as they were brought before the Consulate. I select at random a day's work in January, 1862:—

"Ratu Beni *v.* Binner.—Claim for balance of wages as seaman on board the 'Namu,' £4. 50*c*. Hired at £5 per month, served three and a half, equal to £17. 50*c*.; has received £13. Binner refuses to pay balance. Wrote to Binner.

"M. Russell *v.* Mair.—Claim for £8. 5*s.* 4*d.*, which Mair refuses to pay. Wrote to Mair.

"G. M. Henry complains of Tonguese interference with his purchase of Nayanuyanu. Wrote to Maafu.

"W. C. Russell reports that his house was burglariously entered last night, and following articles stolen, etc.

"Price and Dawson's Estate.—Sold 1000 feet of lumber to Hennings for $43.

"Harvies' Estate.—Sold interest in land at Koro for $100 to Hennings.

"R. Jones's Estate.—Meeting of creditors at the Consulate *in re* conduct of trustees, Beddowes and Henry. Consular supervision requested. Hennings named to act as trade assignee, and to report to the Consulate.

"R. Showart *v.* Tui Levuka.—Disputed land transaction, rejected *in toto*. A purchase subsequently arranged. Deeds to be signed here to-morrow. Boundaries scored in trees.

"Miller *v.* Tui Levuka.—Disputed land transaction. Miller alleges having paid the chief for a certain piece of land at Vangadathi. Tui Levuka denies having received property for land. Miller failed to prove purchase. Case dismissed.

"Andi Vesa, Fiji woman, *v.* C. Carr.—Fled to Consulate for protection, stating that Carr had brutally beaten her. Sent for Carr. On his arrival matters were explained. The woman's story exaggerated. Her wrath having subsided, she returned to her work at Carr's.

"J. C. Harris, Kandavu *v.* Ratu Kana.—Interference with the whites; obstructing their cotton planting. See Ratu Kana when Consul next visits Kandavu.

"Mair *v.* Pietzker.—Claim for £18. 19*s.* 0*d.* Pietzker notified.

"Hennings *v.* Carmichael.—*In re* complaint entered 29th

October, for purchasing six casks of oil belonging to Hennings, from his agent, Smith, at Matuku. Carmichael answered. Case dismissed.

"Pietzker *v.* Farrel.—Breach of contract for lumber in 1858. Advance paid, £150. Case deferred until Farrel can appear on a court day.

"Pietzker *v.* Binner.—Claim for anchor and chain, and a boat delivered to Cardigan, master of Binner's schooner, 'Rose and Shamrock,' at Lakemba. Deferred till Court day.

"Wise *v.* Kali Visawagi, of Bau.—Claim for oil paid for, which the chief now refuses to deliver. Wrote to chief.

"Mercantile Court.—Issued notices of Court to be held on 2nd April. Special notices to sixteen parties who had cases pending.

"*Vutia*, claim against.—Consul left this morning *en route* for Rewa, to examine the land offered by the Vutia tribe in payment of the fine levied by H.M.S. Harrier, Captain Sir Malcolm Macgregor, Bart.

"Deuba and Serua.—Consul wrote to Deuba, saying that peace must at once be made. Sawyers and settlers on the south coast complain that the war interferes sadly with their avocations.

"Sayan, Kandavu woman *v.* Koroi.—Thonanto, of Bau, appealed against the chief. The woman wishes to return to her friends. As she was sent by the Kandavu chiefs to serve at the Bau Court, Consul declined to interfere. We shall have all the discontented women in Fiji running to us.

"Received a secret message, accompanied with a whale's tooth, from the chief of ——, soliciting the Consul's interference to prevent the chief of —— attacking his town. Message sent to the latter chief to await Consul's arrival."

I had to deal with men of every conceivable disposition. To pass their complaints unheeded was simply

to foster their angry feelings, which in a country like Fiji, without government or law, would surely result in violence. Sometimes I was really at a loss how to act, as in the following cases. Mair, an Englishman, living in Levuka, had induced the native wife of one Smith, also an Englishman, to take up her abode in his house, and abandon her husband. Smith complained at the Consulate that Mair had appropriated his wife, and threatened that if she did not return to him by a certain time, he would burn Mair's house. Mair denied the allegation, maintained that the woman had voluntarily engaged herself as a servant, and refused to let her return to Smith, even if ordered by the Consulate. Mair was an inveterate drunkard, and was constantly getting into trouble with the natives. It happened that the very next day, in a drunken fit, he set his dog on a native. The native threatened to club Mair, but his anger cooling, he preferred a complaint at the Consulate. I sent for Mair, and putting another aspect on the affair, asked him if the natives had been molesting him. He said they had, and begged the protection of the Consulate. Now that he himself wanted protection, he was willing to submit to any decision in the woman case. Balancing one against the other, I managed to settle both at once.

Mr. Binner purchased from the chief of Levuka a piece of land called Kalata, about a quarter of an acre, adjoining his premises. Conner, a half-caste, subsequently claimed it, as having been given to him for a consideration some years before. The case being

referred to the Consulate, I decided on the evidence that Tui Levuka had no right to sell. Mr. Binner, anxious to get possession of the land because it bordered his own, declared he would not accept the decision, and would not give up the land under any circumstances. Addressing Tui Levuka in the Court, he said, "I shall fence in the land, and you pull down my fence if you dare. You are a bad man. When an English man-of-war comes to Levuka, I shall make the captain tie you to the mainmast, and flog you till your blood runs on the deck." Tui Levuka jumped to his feet and raised his club.—"Consul, may I club him? He has said bad things to you, and bad things to me. I am a chief—the chief of this land and this people. Say, Consul, may I club him?"—"Put down your club, you will have to strike me before you can strike Mr. Binner. Remember, he is one of your Wesleyan teachers. The words of you both are like the shadows that fall on the ground when you stand in the sun,—they will not hurt any one. You say you are chief. Show us that you are by not heeding the angry words of Mr. Binner. His words do not make me angry, and surely when the Consul is not angry the chief of Levuka will not be angry. Mr. Binner cannot flog you, nor make the captain of a man-of-war flog you." After some further recriminations, the chief cooled down, and the missionary teacher and trader subsided. Ultimately the dispute was amicably arranged by Tui Levuka giving Mr. Binner another piece of land, and Conner being allowed to hold his own.

Spiers was a Scotchman who was supposed to be living happily with his wife, an Englishwoman. One evening when about to retire to rest, his fair spouse was nowhere to be found,—she had eloped and gone to Rewa with another Scot, of the name of Murray. Spiers came to the Consulate, vowing vengeance on the destroyer of his connubial happiness, and with a pair of revolvers hanging from his belt. "If I find the villain, I'll shoot him, Sir, as dead as a rat." From Rewa the woman sent him word, "I can never live with you again. I have given my heart to Murray. You have beaten me so cruelly that if we meet again, it will only be to die together, for I am determined to shoot you if you cross my path. Leave me with the man I have chosen, and I will leave you in peace. You may take another wife as soon as you like; but as for me, I shall never be yours again." Fortunately for the Consulate, the chicken-hearted husband, after a fortnight's intoxication, took the same romantic view of the case, and they agreed to separate without any shooting. After giving a grand entertainment at the Levuka Hotel, to those of his friends who sympathized with him, (on the day of the entertainment they were numerous,) and going through the sword-dance in full Highland costume, the unfortunate husband sailed for Sydney, and left his faithless spouse the companion of Murray.

In another case, when the plaintiff was a German and the defendant an Irishman, it was shown in evidence that the Irishman had quarrelled with one of his Fijian wives, and had thrown an iron pot at her

which struck her on the head. "Then, faith, do you mean to say I '*clubbed*' the woman? Why, Sir, *yer hhonor*, this here German would make me as bad as the natives. Why don't yer say I *cooked* her?" said the Irishman. "Please yer 'oner, Counsell, he *potted* the ooman, and that's the last thing before cooking her, I thinks," retorted the German.

I had to fine a drunken bullying fellow for creating a disturbance and fighting. He paid his fine, consoling himself thus,—"Never mind, I pays my fine, and I doesn't care. I's afeered of no man on this yere beach, from Counsel to darkie. I works and gets drunk when I likes, and gets sober when I likes. I's afeered o' no man on this yere beach."

In the settlement of trading disputes between whites and natives, I frequently traced their origin to the influence of native customs. During the absence of one Oliver Brown, a native by the name of Johnny entered his house and took away an iron pot, telling Brown's wife that it was in payment for a pig long since had by her husband. Brown alleged that he had given Peter, John's friend, a box in payment for the pig. Peter and John were "chumies," and lived together in the same house. By consent of John, Peter had applied to Brown for the payment, and had by a Fijian custom appropriated the chest to his own use, —"sa kovea vaka viti," in the vernacular. Now, since he had not himself personally benefited by the transaction, John held that Brown was still his debtor, and so helped himself to the iron pot. This same Brown was rather a character in his way. With a fair edu-

cation and good parts, he had become one of the loosest men in Fiji, and every dollar he earned went to the rum-shop. As soon as it was known he had a few dollars in hand on return to Levuka from a trading cruise through the group, his friends visited him, prolonging their visits until there was nothing more to drink: sometimes all were drunk together for a week, or a month. Strenuous efforts were made to reclaim Brown, and he promised reformation. His friends crowded his house; "Well, Brown, my boy, glad to see you back from a lucky cruise; what are you going to have to drink?" Brown wished them to go. No, they would not until they had drunk together,—and once beginning, there was no stopping, they all well knew. Brown went to his trade chest, and took out a keg. "Now, boys, you see this, a keg of powder. I guess I'm just going to put it on this fire," and straightway he threw it on the blazing fire. All his "friends" rushed out of the house,—the keg was empty. But poor Brown's reformation was brief. Within a month, he was again one of the heaviest drinkers of the place.

Amongst my own countrymen, I met with an incorrigible lad. His parents had been obliged to send him away from home, and got him a berth as a cabin-boy. At Fiji, he was left with me on the sick-list, and when he recovered I procured him a situation. Within a week his master brought him back to the Consulate, charging him with various petty thefts. The boy's defence was peculiar. "I can't help it, Sir! It was just the same in Sydney. I know stealing is

wrong, and some day it will get me into great trouble. Still, I can't help it, Sir. At times, I feel like stealing, and must steal. I don't mind much what it is, so long as I can steal it. 'Tain't my fault, Sir."

To add to the difficulties of the Consulate, it sometimes happened that differences arose between the English Wesleyan missionaries and the French Roman Catholic priests. To give satisfaction in clerical squabbles was simply impossible. I was sure to incur the hostility of the one party or the other, or perhaps of both; and I must confess it was often easier to adjust disputes between savage chiefs than between the teachers of rival creeds. One instance will illustrate my remarks. The Rev. Jesse Carey was the Wesleyan missionary, and the Rev. Père Lorenzo Favre was the Roman Catholic missionary, in a large district of Vanua Levu. The chiefs and people of Nukubalavu, in Nasavusavu Bay, had attached themselves to the Wesleyan interest, and had built a house after the native style to use as a chapel, and a native Wesleyan teacher was located amongst them. Local troubles arose, and the chiefs of the bay prepared for war. In accordance with a peculiar custom of the Wesleyan missionaries, as soon as these troubles threatened war, the native teacher was withdrawn from Nukubalavu. The priest stepped in. The natives, abandoned by the Wesleyans in the midst of their troubles, readily accepted the invitation to join the Catholics. The house, which the chief and his people had built and appropriated to the use of the Wesleyan teacher, was now appropriated to the use of the priest. This

was more than the Rev. Jesse Carey could bear, and he hastened to Nukubalavu. Arrived there, he found the priest had returned to his head-quarters at Solevu, some few miles along the coast. The field was open. The ardent Wesleyan proceeded to the house, once the Wesleyan chapel, now the Catholic chapel, pulled down the crucifix, the Virgin Mary, the Infant Jesus, and other fixtures which had been with all due solemnity placed in the chapel by the indefatigable priest. Taking them to the chief, Lui Nasavusavu, Mr. Carey threw them at his feet, with the exclamation, "There are the *idols* of the religion of the Pope." After this feat, Mr. Carey returned to his home at Faun Harbour. In a few days the chief's messengers reached Solevu, and detailed the state of affairs to the priest, who promptly repaired to Nukubalavu to restore the desecrated images. Hearing this, Mr. Carey prepared boldly to meet his foe and to claim the chapel in the name of the "Wesleyan religion," as the phrase goes in the Pacific; and he too repaired to Nukubalavu. The rivals met. Recriminations ensued. Both waxed hot and strong in their defiance of each other. The one argued that as the chapel had been built expressly for the use of the Wesleyan teacher, and had been actually used as a Wesleyan chapel, therefore, once a Wesleyan chapel always a Wesleyan chapel. The other argued that as the chief and his people had built the house themselves, receiving no payment from any one, the chief and his people were still the lawful owners; therefore the chief and his people, as the rightful proprietors, could appropriate it to any pur-

pose they thought proper; once, in their error, they had appropriated it to the use of the Wesleyan religion, now, in their enlightenment under the only true creed, they appropriated it to the use of the Catholic religion. Each maintained his argument was unanswerable. The Wesleyan taunted the priest. The priest became excited. In his horror of the heretic who had desecrated the church and the images of his holy religion, it required his utmost self-control to keep his hands off his opponent. At length, weary of disputation, the rivals retired,—the priest, master of the field, holding the chapel and restoring the images. Describing the *fracas*, Mr. Carey was wont to say, "The priest almost came in contact with the most prominent feature of my face," in allusion to the successful manner, as he conceived, in which he had worked the priest into a pitch of excitement. Mr. Carey is a man of very small stature, with the weakness proverbially common to men of his calibre; Père Favre, on the contrary, a tall, raw-boned, fiery Savoyard, burning with all the fervid ardour of his race. The dispute was referred to the Consulate, and I was puzzled how to decide in presence of the temper of the disputants. After questioning the chief, however, there was but one decision possible in the matter. The chief and his people stoutly maintained the building was their own property, and as such they would do as they liked with it, make it a dance-house or a chapel; and especially since the Wesleyan teacher had voluntarily abandoned them, they intended to devote the house to the observance of the Roman Catholic form of worship. The

priest therefore retained the house, and I incurred the high displeasure, the *odium theologicum*, of the Wesleyans. I was never forgiven, as subsequent events proved to my cost.

In the cases where natives were mixed up with the whites, there was often a touch of the heroic and the ludicrous. Women have always been a pregnant source of trouble, and, regardless of colour, I found them as much so in Fiji as anywhere else. Occasionally, too, certain of the sex were involved whom one would scarce expect to find in such associations. An Englishman by the name of Taylor claimed Rakilu, a Fijian woman, for whom he had some years before paid two muskets. Weary of her master, she gave her heart to John Audet, a Canadian, who proposed to marry her. Finding he could not dissuade the woman from her purpose, Taylor gave her to the chief Tui Levuka, who again gave her to the mountaineers, called Kai Livoni. To escape being carried to the mountains, she fled to Mrs. Binner, who, valuing her as a good servant and washerwoman, secreted the fugitive in her own house. The mountaineers traced the runaway, and demanded that she should be delivered to them. Mrs. Binner, with true womanly pluck, boldly refused. Tui Levuka appeared at the Consulate, and declared that if the mountaineers could not get their woman, they would certainly take Mrs. Binner to the mountains as her substitute, and that for this purpose a large party, armed and painted, were already secreted in the bushes round Mr. Binner's house, watching their opportunity to seize his wife. This seemed to me a dark prospect

for one's countrywoman, and I suggested to Mr. Calvert, the Wesleyan missionary, who had already been to me on the subject, that he had better request Mrs. Binner to give up Rakilu. While Mr. Calvert busied himself in this matter, I told Tui Levuka to send a secret message to the mountaineers not to touch Mrs. Binner, —at any rate just at present. He did so, and soon after Mr. Calvert wrote to me, "I have called upon Taylor, who is now quite sober. He says he has nothing more to say or do about the woman, he having given her to Tui Levuka. Tui Levuka says she is his woman, he has given her to his friends of Livoni. I told him that would not be regarded, as she wished to be married to a British subject, who would be protected by the Consulate, to which I had already referred the case. Tui Levuka was just now at Taylor's house. He appears disposed to please Taylor, to whom he may be beholden. But I judge one word from yourself will be quite sufficient to keep him from meddling with the man or his wife. I thought of marrying them in the English Church at three o'clock this afternoon, if you see no objection to it." On receipt of this note, I sent off at once for Tui Levuka, who still maintained the mountaineers must have either one or the other, Rakilu or Mrs. Binner. I saw directly, from his manner, that the matter had gone too far even for him now to prevent trouble, for of course Mr. Binner would defend his wife to the last, the lover would fight for his sable bride,—and there would necessarily be bloodshed. Between the parties, I hardly knew how to act. The Englishwoman, blind to her danger, would not give up

the Fijian woman. The missionary, with an eye to morality, was intent upon marrying the fugitive to his countryman. The mountaineers, regardless of consequences, were bound to have *some* woman. What was I to do to keep the peace? Falling back upon a Fijian usage, I offered to give the mountaineers, through the chief, a certain amount of property, and then myself to claim the woman. Tui Levuka agreed, and off went his secret messenger to the bushes around Mr. Binner's house. A party of the mountaineers soon appeared at the Consulate, and the bargain was struck. I was to give axes, knives, cloth, etc., and the moment this was received the woman was mine, and by true Fijian custom no one would ever again dare to molest her. I took the chief and his party to the Mission House, where Mr. Calvert promptly handed out the required property. As soon as the chief's speaker had touched one of the articles, pronounced the formal acceptance, and clapped his hands, Tui Levuka stepped out on to the verandah and gave a peculiar shrill whistle. Suddenly there appeared from the bushes, in all directions around Mr. Binner's house, a host of dusky fierce-looking mountaineers with their clubs on their shoulder. Mrs. Binner was safe, Rakilu was free to marry the unfortunate white man of her choice, and Mr. Calvert to perform the ceremony. At three o'clock the climax was reached,—the white man married the black woman. In less than three months, Rakilu again appeared on the records of the Consulate. This time *she* was abandoned. Her wedded husband had shipped on board a Sydney trading vessel, she was again adrift.

Alas for the morality the good missionary hoped to purchase by marrying them! Cases of this species of morality happen every day. A man leaves his vessel,—to-morrow he marries a native woman, to have a lawful claim upon her; when he is tired of her, he ships in another vessel, leaves the woman trained to the white man's habits, and taught the love of handling a few dollars. Inevitably she takes to the readiest means of obtaining money in a seaport, and another victim of the white man's civilization is added to the already long list.

Occasionally the French priests became involved in similar scrapes. Père Bréhéret had married a woman to a native of Totongo, a village adjoining Levuka, and in which the priest himself lived. Some time after the marriage, a mountaineer claimed her as his wife, under a Fijian custom. The woman fled to the priest, who declared the mountaineer could have no claim upon a woman duly married in the rites of the Catholic Church. The mountaineer's friends mustered to the rescue, and the Totongo natives rallied to the defence. The yam plantations of the latter were destroyed in the night, which was a declaration of war. A fight was imminent. The priest applied to the Consulate, and the chiefs of Totongo applied. The mountaineers sent word to me that unless they had their woman, they would attack Totongo, and burn the priest's house. I sent for Tui Levuka, who is the chief of the mountaineers. He declared that in *women cases* he really could not restrain his people. "Before the sun is over the branch of that breadfruit-

tree," he said, "the mountaineers will attack Totongo, for they are already mustered at the back of Levuka." I replied, looking him full in the face, "Then you will not stir from where you are until your messenger returns from telling them that you are pledged for the safety of Totongo and the priest. The women we shall settle by-and-by." As I said this, I locked the door. "But there are eight of us, and you are only one; we can get away from you," remarked the chief, in a surly humour. "*You* may think so, but *I* know better, or I would not have locked myself in with you. Send this man, Mata-ki-Livoni, to Komainavuniwi, and tell him I have you secure, and that Totongo must not be attacked," I replied. "Go, Mata-ki-Livoni," I added, "and tell Komainavuniwi the message." Surprised at the suddenness of the move, Tui Levuka nodded his head, and exclaimed, "Lako, lako, kusa, me cenu!" "Go, go, haste, and let me be clear of this!" Addressing the chief, I continued, "As I unlock the door to let Mata-ki-Livoni go out, keep your eyes fixed upon me; don't move." Out went the messenger, and I with him. The door was locked, and Tui Levuka and his six men were within. In about half an hour the messenger returned, accompanied by several of the mountaineers. I let them slip into the room. There we discussed and arranged the matter; war was averted, and the woman unmolested. A prompt move of this kind, managed with an easy assurance, while keeping always on the alert, will generally bring Fijians to reason. They are inveterate plotters themselves, and when caught in

this way, at once fancy there is some elaborate intrigue on foot. As soon as that idea is fully entertained, they succumb. But the same move will never answer twice.

Frequently, in the mixed cases that came before me, the white man was clearly in the wrong. Many of these cases, though apparently trivial in themselves, were yet of a nature surely to lead to violence and aggression if passed over without notice. An Englishman who had long been resident in Fiji, while drunk at Levuka, struck a young chief who was there on a visit from the Mathuata district. The chief appealed to the Consulate. The white man admitted the assault, but alleged provocation. Assuming the ground that the white man had no right to take the law into his own hands even under alleged provocation, I decided that he should give the native two pieces of print, worth at the local rates some 60*s*. The white man readily paid the compensation, because he knew from what it would save him, and the young chief as readily accepted it, because it gave him the immediate opportunity to act the great man by distributing in another chief's district so many yards of cloth to his friends and attendants. In the absence of the Consulate, the blow would have been resented by the club, or if ever the Englishman on his trading trips went to Mathuata, he would certainly have been reminded of the affray by the loss of his vessel, and probably of his life as well.

In this way I was enabled to obviate serious complications, and the consequent frequent references to

ships of war, in the midst of the squabbles which are of daily occurrence, where the white man, keen in forethought and subtle in scheming, comes into contact with the savage, shallow in cunning and untutored in intelligence. The one feels he is in a new country, is apt to look down upon his neighbour of the aboriginal race, and prone to hold the maxim that to get whatever he can in such circumstances is the true morality, simply because he is the civilized white man. The other feels he is "lord of the soil," is apt to look upon his neighbour of the new race as an intruder, and prone to believe every transaction is an attempt to overreach him. But the Fijians, like the Samoans and Tongans, are easily managed when one knows their ways and their traditions intimately. I found this knowledge of the utmost service in my official intercourse with these islanders. It enabled me to attain a paramount influence throughout Fiji, and without any physical force at my back, to sway the 250,000 natives in the interests of civilization, and for the mutual benefit of the white man and the black. The secret lies in knowing how to present any given data so as to result necessarily in the conclusions required. The mass of the people think alike, and inevitably arrive at the same conclusions from the same premises when presented in certain ways. Whether it is that the scope of their minds is limited, or the range of their ideas confined, the fact remains. Place certain premises before them in a certain manner, all will arrive at the same conclusion, the result being in precise accordance with the mode of putting the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIJIANS AND TONGANS.

ALONE as I was in my work in the midst of 250,000 natives, and white settlers daily arriving. while I managed successfully to keep the affairs of the group generally under control and to maintain generally the security of life and property, even in the absence of law and police, squabbles arose in one district which, in my absence in some remote part of the group, led to difficulties beyond my ability personally to settle.

The Rewa district, offering as it does fine lands for cotton cultivation, was where the settlers chiefly located, and where the troubles most frequently arose. I found it impossible promptly to punish any petty theft, and the natives seemed to be gradally entertaining the notion that they might destroy and steal the property of the settlers with impunity.

There was no combined movement on the part of the natives to disturb the settlers generally. Of this the Fijians were utterly incapable, both from their social organization and the rivalry of the chiefs. The acts of aggression were perpetrated only by a few minor chiefs and their people, who acted quite inde-

pendently of each other, the leniency with which their outrages had hitherto been, from necessity, passed over, having induced a feeling that they were beyond the reach of retributive justice.* It was from July to August, 1861, that these troubles arose. Besides several robberies and various attempts to burn the houses of some of the settlers, two families had been obliged to abandon their homesteads in consequence of the publicly expressed threats on their lives of neighbouring natives. The most serious case was that of an Englishman, Davis, at whose house some 80 or 100 natives assembled under the leadership of Tui Tuva, with the declared intention of taking his life. This Tui Tuva had quarrelled with Davis about some contract, and feeling himself aggrieved, instead of complaining to the Consulate, was for taking the law into his own hands. He went to Davis and demanded a certain amount of property, which being refused, he called his natives up, who crowded round the house, every man with a club or spear in his hand. Davis, who had been a sergeant in the Grenadier Guards, felt his old martial ardour stirring within him, and nothing daunted, closed all the doors and windows, and stood in a corner where his fence converged to a point, and declared he would shoot the first man who approached him. Whoever would have gone first would certainly have been killed, for the old man felt his own life in danger, and he had resolved to sell it

* Consul to Foreign Office, Fiji, 21st October, 1861, reporting Proceedings of H.M.S. Harrier. Consul to Commodore Seymour, commanding the Australian Station, Fiji, 24th August, 1861.

as dearly as he could. Seeing the old soldier's daring, Tui Tuva and his hundred followers cooled down, for not one of them liked to be the first man to die, even to get a few pieces of cloth for those who survived. After the mob had dispersed, Davis talked the matter over with Tui Tuva, and pacified him so far as to remove any immediate fear of another attack, and at once wrote to me. As quickly as I could I went to Rewa, and after a careful inquiry into all the circumstances of the case, as well as into the other complaints preferred by various settlers, I deemed them of sufficient importance to refer them to Commodore Seymour for settlement. In due course the 'Harrier' was sent down from Sydney, Sir Malcolm MacGregor having instructions to make very careful and full inquiries into all the complaints, and, if necessary, to punish any of the chiefs in the manner best calculated to prevent a recurrence of the troubles. No officer could possibly have conducted the inquiries with more patience and impartiality than Sir Malcolm MacGregor. From day to day, from morning till night, the inquiries were conducted, and the cases disposed of in the most satisfactory manner. The Vutia tribe was refractory, and would not give up the persons who were accused and proved to have threatened the lives of some of the settlers, and destroyed and stolen their property; they simply set us at defiance. We could do nothing else than threaten to burn down their town; the threat was disregarded. We gave them due notice to move out of the place within a specified time, and any parties found in the town when we landed to burn the

houses would be treated as enemies. We landed on the 16th of October; the town was burnt, and several canoes destroyed. It became necessary also to destroy another town called Kinoya, belonging to the same Vutia tribe. On the 18th the boats were manned and armed, and appeared off the town. At low water, there was an open flat some four hundred yards in extent, and a mangrove bush some 200 yards in depth, between the boats and the town. Sir Malcolm MacGregor and I landed, under cover of our guns, to reconnoitre the place, for the natives considered it impregnable. Having ascertained the precise bearings of the town, we returned, and Sir Malcolm MacGregor gave his orders to fire with the Armstrong gun in the direction indicated. The gunner did not manage to throw the shell precisely at the place required, from the fact of his not knowing exactly the situation of the houses. I obtained permission to serve the gun, and the order was to fire so many rounds of shell as rapidly as possible, accompanied with a few rockets, and then all the men detailed for landing, about seventy in number, to wade ashore and march to the town. The rockets all went off right enough, and so did the shells from the Armstrong, except the last one. The vent piece flew out,—the shell fortunately went out forwards through the muzzle, and the charge of powder unfortunately came out *behind*, through the breach. The poor fellow who fired the gun, his face being just level with the breech, was terribly mutilated,—no trace of his face remained; several of the marines were more or less

hurt, and I myself, standing on the thwart, to aim the gun, received a lot of the powder in my left leg, and was blown off to the stern sheets. When I came to, I found myself in the arms of the sergeant major, and my leg bleeding rather profusely. Sir Malcolm MacGregor, lest the natives should see an accident had occurred, and be emboldened to attack us in the boats under the impression that we had gone to grief, gave instant orders to land. Attempting to obey, my leg refused duty, and I was obliged to stop with the boat-keepers, for I could not lift it over the gunwale. When our party had disappeared in the bushes, the natives appeared along the shore, with the apparent intention of cutting off their return to the boats. A rocket was sent them at a thousand yards, and, with excellent precision, it fell right in their midst, and we saw no more of the natives. In a few moments we saw the conflagration in the town, and then the party returned without having seen any of the boasting Vutiamen, who, astonished at the effects of the first shell that fell amongst them, took to the bush. Being incapacitated by the accident with the Armstrong gun from further active duty, the one remaining case was deferred until the visit of another vessel of war. The powder used for this gun is as large as a green pea, and as hard as lead, and having received over sixty of these slugs, I may call them, into my leg, I found the result anything but comfortable. From Rewa, we proceeded in the 'Harrier' to Levuka, and having waited for me to prepare my official reports of the various cases and our proceedings therein, for the

Foreign Office and for Commodore Seymour, Sir Malcolm MacGregor, sailed for Sydney. The effects of his visit were most salutary, and checked all further tendency to aggression on the part of the natives. Those of the settlers who had trumped up some very specious claims for indemnity from the natives were the only ones who were dissatisfied,—and that because their specious claims, for want of evidence, had been dismissed. Where the natives were clearly in the wrong, and aggression with intent of malice aforethought was indisputably proved—proved in such manner that the natives themselves admitted the guilt of the accused and approved the justice of the punishments,—we did not hesitate, in the interests of the natives themselves as well as of the foreigners generally, to punish,—always however being careful to show that the punishments were not for revenge but administered as retributive justice, and by so doing, every thought of retaliation on the part of the punished was rendered utterly impossible. But where the natives were not the aggressors they were not punished; and where a claim for indemnity could not be supported by the white man by the most unquestionable evidence, the case was dismissed.*

A few days before the arrival of the 'Harrier' in the Rewa roads, the French corvette 'Cornélie,' Captain Lévêque, anchored in Levuka Harbour. In consequence of certain complaints preferred by the priests, and the complications which resulted from the multi-

* Consul to Commodore Seymour, commanding Australian Station, Fiji, 21st October, 1861, reporting proceedings of H.M.S. Harrier.

plicity of advice given to the chief, Thakombau was detained on board for several days. When he was liberated he came to us on board the 'Harrier' at Rewa. He was writhing under the effects of his detention on board the 'Cornélie;' and aware of the leniency of the British officers as compared with that of the French, he took the opportunity to display some little antagonism to our proceedings, simply to restore his *prestige* among the Fijians.

"He personally interfered to prevent one of the natives, called Tui Lomanisau, implicated in an attack upon an Englishman, from going on board the 'Harrier;' and when ultimately the man was produced, and we became aware of the duplicity of the chief, he was so ashamed that he quietly stepped over the ship's side at seven o'clock in the morning, and we saw no more of him during the remainder of the proceedings."* In consequence of this conduct of Thakombau, I thought it well to withhold any influence in his favour for some few weeks, in order that he might feel his true position when left to himself; and I was also glad to rest for awhile to recover from the effects of the Armstrong accident. Very soon Maafu was up and doing, for he was quick to see the little difference on the *tapis*. He made a claim on Thakombau for £60,000, on behalf of King George, of Tonga, and mustered a fleet at Rewa, under pretence of visiting a tribe called 'Vasanamu,' said to be descendants of shipwrecked Tongans. Then came ru-

* Consul to Commodore Seymour, commanding Australian station, Fiji, 21st October, 1861, reporting proceedings of H.M.S. Harrier.

mours of the Rewa chief placing himself under the protection of Maafu, a second occupation of Benga, renewed intrigues at Navatu, and the turbulence of the river chiefs between Rewa and Bau, beginning to show itself, as usual, hostile to Bau. Gradually, but surely, Maafu was drawing in his net, and Thakombau was daily becoming hemmed in. Maafu came to me. "Consul, let your leg be bad for one more moon. I shall be chief of Bau, and Thakombau shall cook for me. Then I shall come to you with the land, and you shall do as you like with it."—"Maafu, there is something that stops the sun from rising any higher when it has gone high enough."—"Consul, do you apply that to me or to Thakombau? Who is to be turned when he has gone far enough?"—"It only becomes known that the sun is stopped from rising any higher when it is seen going down. You had better return to Rewa." Maafu could make what he liked of this. He chose to think that Thakombau's sun had reached its zenith. Eagerly he pressed forward his plans, and in his anxiety to bring things to a climax, he made free use of my name; and all kinds of reports were flying from chief to chief, from district to district, and from missionary to missionary. On the 7th of November, 1861, Mr. Calvert "deeply regretted, for the sake of the Tongans and the Fijians, and the causes of religion, commerce, and politics in these islands, that you should have said and done what you have with reference to the Tongans and Fijians. But believing that it is still in your power to prevent serious evils, I strongly advise and earnestly entreat

you not to give any further permission or encouragement to the Tongans to involve these lands in war." It was in this way that reports of what one had "said and done" were hatched. Thakombau had given some very extraordinary account of the tiff on board the 'Harrier,' which was implicitly accepted as against me, and I was further accused of being "harsh." I replied to Mr. Calvert, knowing that from him it would go the round, "The chief of Bau has strange notions; whence those strange notions I will not say. He has thought proper to treat one's advice with contempt. He has spurned the hand that guided him safely through the winding and perilous intricacies that have surrounded him. He has endeavoured to make the power that upheld him, and gave *éclat* to his dignity, bend to his whims and to his folly. Pocketing the affront, and quietly retiring for awhile, I leave him to his own devices, as the most effectual means of teaching him the folly of his conduct. If I advise, if I remonstrate, I am said to be 'harsh;' if I am silent, I am said to be 'involving the land in war.' What, then, can one do? But one course only remains: let the chief see and feel the issue of his own conduct of affairs. As it happens that at the moment the chief turns from me, my health requires nursing, I accept the recess to recruit, and leave the little game to play itself out. . . . Rather than have any official quarrel, I quietly retire for awhile." On the following day the Rev. J. S. Fordham wrote to me, in the name of Thakombau, "The chief is concerned to know that the Tongans have urged the Rewa people to wage

war against Bau, and promised to help them, and their chief now requests . . . you to exert your influence and authority to prevent the Tongans from exciting war in Fiji. . . . The chief regrets that on various occasions he has been betrayed into angry and disrespectful expressions towards yourself. He now apologizes, and trusts that you will pass by these improprieties." And with reference to the Tongan claim for £60,000, put forward only as a plea for making war to carry out the projects of aggrandizement entertained by Maafu, the chief "requests you will consider the claim, and reply to the letter. As you will remember, on the arrival of the levy, the chief stated the case to you, and requested your interposition." The Rev. J. Calvert wrote to me that "On my arrival at Bau yesterday, I told the chief that I considered the state of affairs between him and the Tongans was critical and dangerous, . . . and pointed out to him the desirableness of your working amicably together, that affairs here may be as comfortable as possible, . . . and be consummated in the best way. . . . I told him of your labours and expenses, etc., and yet he had dared to offer insult to you, which could not be allowed, . . . yet the Consul is disposed to counsel and help you. The chief readily admitted that he had, partly through his bringing up and ignorance, given way to irritation, and expressed himself and acted unbecomingly towards you. But he now saw his error, and felt sorry for what he had said, and for the manner in which he had acted. He hoped you would forgive the improprieties of his conduct, and that you

would kindly continue the management of the Tongan difficulties." And for himself, Mr. Calvert wrote, "Please make these Tongans quiet, by getting them to work at planting food for themselves at Lakemba, and attending to the *lotu* (religion), and let us all have peace and quietness."

With these urgent appeals before me, and finding the chief had been brought to feel his true position with regard to the Tongans, I felt bound to act. Having throughout kept my hand on Maafu and Rewa chiefs, without letting Thakombau or the missionaries know that I was doing so, I was able to check the progress of affairs promptly. Well knowing that Thakombau must come to me in his extremity, I had managed so that Maafu should appear at the Consulate on the very day, that Thakombau's appeal should be brought by Mr. Calvert. I was therefore able to reply to the chief on the same day. "I have to-day seen Maafu. There will be no war from Rewa. A feast will be given to Maafu, then he will retire, and take away his people and canoes. . . . From to-day, therefore, Bau has nothing to fear from Rewa. . . . And I have promised that there shall be no war from Bau against Rewa." And with regard to the Tongan claim, I wrote, "To defeat the plans of Maafu and Joeli, I have made it impossible for them to move in the matter. . . . Put an end then to your fears of war. Maafu is bound to keep the peace, Joeli has sailed for Tonga. . . . While this arrangement continues, nothing can be done to you by the Tonguese." In two days the excitement subsided, Maafu had a great feast at

Rewa, the possibility of war was averted, and old Thakombau was once more secure, and when next we met he heartily thanked me, and wanted to know how I managed to dispose of the affair so promptly. Maafu acknowledged quietly, just as he was about to step into his canoe, that "when the sun has risen high enough, there is something that stops it rising any higher,"—and he added "Maafu is the sun on this occasion."

Early in 1862, Maafu's intrigues to regain his lost power in Fiji were renewed, and with greater boldness than ever. The Tonguese not only interfered greatly to the prejudice, and in some instances to the positive damage of the trading operations of Her Majesty's subjects, but they now talked loudly of making war upon Bau,—whose chief, Thakombau, officially and formally notified the Consulate of the fact, and declared that in the event of war, while he would resist the Tonguese to the last, he would not hold himself responsible for any losses that might accrue to British subjects or their property, as he was not the aggressor. A similar notice was also given to the United States Consulate. I was at a loss how to act. British interests predominated in the group; British subjects, in the absence of any other source, looked to the Consulate for protection. There was no local Government to which to turn for support, nor was there any organized local force to repel aggression upon the lives and property of British subjects. An attack upon Bau would be nothing less than a general war throughout the group, involving every interest, religious and commercial, in ruin; and in the midst of the confusion and slaughter,

there would unquestionably be an indiscriminate sack of white men's property, with risk of the loss of white men's lives.* From one and from another, from missionaries, Wesleyan and Roman Catholic, from the foreign residents, and from the chiefs, requests were preferred for the prompt interference of the Consulate. The Rev. J. Calvert, Wesleyan missionary, wrote, "It afforded me great satisfaction to find that Thakombau had appealed to you and requested your interference to prevent the threatened danger from the Friendly Islands, and that you purpose using your best endeavours to avert the greatest calamity that could ever befall these islands. . . . I question whether King George, who is a remarkable man for obstinacy when he is wrong, as well as for firmness when he is right, would yield to the arguments and intercessions of ministers of the Gospel, as his heart appears to covet these valuable islands and their productions. My opinion is most decided and strong that you ought immediately to proceed to the Friendly Islands to see King George; and though you may find him bent upon gaining his point, I am fully persuaded that your thorough knowledge of the native character and of this whole affair, backed by your official position and the documents which you can produce, will enable you to overcome and turn aside his present purposes. This being accomplished, you will keep the islands intact in their improved condition since ceded through you." All parties were as earnest as Mr. Calvert in urging the course he advocated, and the American Consul added the weight of

* Consul to Foreign Office, Fiji, 8th April, 1865.

his opinion to the same effect. In the absence of the Foreign Office instructions for which I had so often applied, I at first hesitated to act upon these recommendations, in consequence of the expense that would necessarily be entailed. However, in view of the urgency of the case, the interests imperilled, and as averting dangers that would certainly prove infinitely more costly in their subsequent adjustment, I decided to visit King George, and obtain from him personally a guarantee that Tonga would not make war on Fiji, pending the decision of her Majesty's Government upon question of the cession, and to report fully my proceedings to the Foreign Office, trusting to the facts to justify my action. When about to start, Thakombau came to see me, and his last words were, "Tell King George I want to live in peace with him. Let him visit me as a friend, and I will receive him as a friend. But if he will not have peace, and is very anxious to fight, tell him I make two proposals. Let us both select an equal number of men, place them all on one island,—drink kava together,—then fight until one or the other party is killed to a man. Or, let Tubou (King George) and myself meet in the presence of our men, and fight with clubs until one or other of us is killed." This was no mere swagger of Thakombau's; he was in earnest, and entrusted the message to me with great secrecy; happily, however, I succeeded in successfully arranging the matters, and there was no occasion to deliver the message.*

I arrived in Tonga on the 23rd of April, and at

* Consul to Foreign Office, Fiji, 15 May, 1862.

once had an interview with the king. His Majesty, surprised and annoyed to find his schemes thus early detected, and measures thus promptly taken to check them, sought to make light of the whole matter. Every day until the 5th of May, the matter was discussed, one of the Wesleyan missionaries being always present, and cordially assisting to secure a favourable issue. First I wormed out an admission of the designs upon Fiji, and then that at the parliament of the Tongan chiefs convened for the 23rd May, the plans were to be matured; to attend this meeting, Maafu had already proceeded to Tonga. His Majesty at length saw the danger of his position with respect to the losses that might accrue to foreigners' property or their lives, and, fairly driven into corner, conceded that he would not make war upon Fiji pending the cession, and signed a document to that effect. All danger thus averted, I returned to Fiji, where the arrangement was most gladly received by all parties.

Maafu's tactics in Fiji were original. He made it his general apparent purpose only to assist the Christian natives in *defence* against the heathen party. In no one instance did he undertake a war with Tongans only against the Fijians. His Fijian allies were always more numerous than his Tongan followers. The latter were the most reckless of his countrymen,—young men who had fled from Tonga to escape the rigour of King George's laws and administration, and if defeated in Fiji would therefore have no retreat. The conquered Fijians were almost invariably numerically the weaker party. It was always the

Tongan leader's policy, as explained to me by Maafu himself, to place Fijians in advance when attacking. The inhabitants of the last captured town were always placed in the front, when proceeding to attack the next town. They were pushed onward to the attack, as a shelter to the Tongans in the rear. If they hesitated, the Tongans fired on them; between the fires, and infuriated by their position, they rushed forward, and were really the men who did the severest fighting. There was real skill in Maafu's military dispositions, and the Tonguese never had a leader in Fiji at all comparable to him in prowess and prestige,—won entirely by his own tactics. Before his day, the Tonguese were thought nothing of in war by the Fijians. Maafu, as a successful leader, is as much dreaded by his own king and countrymen in Tonga itself, as ever he was in Fiji by the Fijians. A Fijian will at any time meet a Tongan in single combat; but if Maafu is at the head of a party, the aspect of affairs is at once changed. Knowing no rival in his leadership, the great secret of his successes in Fiji is in the fact that his followers, Tongans and Fijians, were always *united*, and obedient to his commands; and they knew, moreover, that defeat was for them annihilation. The Fijians were always disunited,—the result of inter-tribal rivalries and feuds,—and were under many leaders. The Tongan does not possess any more physical courage than the Fijian, but the one is as fierce and implacable as the other when excited by war or when in pursuit of revenge. In their traditions, the Tongans attribute physical courage and deeds of daring

to the Fijians, who, in the olden times, went over to Tonga, and their services were eagerly sought by contending Tongan chiefs.

The great detriment to their trading operations suffered by the white men from the Tongans was caused by the frequent levies of tribute, under one pretext or another, which the Tongans levied upon the Fijians. Wherever a party of Tongans alighted, there was no more oil, or indeed produce of any kind, to be obtained from that district for many months. The place was cleaned out to the very last gallon of oil, the last pig, the last yam, the last mat, the last cocoa-nut; nothing remained but the naked Fijians.

It has been alleged by a late missionary writer on Tonga, that Dr. Seemann, in his 'Mission to Viti,' has misstated certain facts in the history of Maafu. He is rather too sharp upon the Doctor, and has himself fallen into an error. In most Polynesian groups the official name never dies,—though the holder for the time being may. Dr. Seemann says that Maafu fought against King George in the last Tongan war at Mua. The missionary says he did not, for he was not then Maafu. True, but nevertheless he fought under the name he then had, another man being at the time Maafu.

Apart from the latent sources of trouble, unquestionably the worst disturbers of the peace of Fiji are the Tongans. They are, for the most part, a reckless, lawless set of men, who have had to flee from their own islands to elude the penalties of their misdeeds under the rigour of King George's administration.

Under any pretext whatever, whether it be the plausible pretext of protecting Wesleyan native missionary teachers, or the chivalrous pretext of aiding a weaker against a stronger chief, they care not,—they carry war to every part of the group, they plunder and spoil and appropriate, wherever they can. Their leaders are not devoid of policy; they make it a standing rule in all their raids to cover violence and outrage by compelling their victims to abandon heathenism, and to accept the Tongan Methodism. By this measure, the Tongans have secured in Fiji many approvers, who, were they able to penetrate the trick, would be the first fiercely to denounce the men they now applaud.

The Tonguese of the present day assume to be more warlike than either of their neighbours, the Samoans or the Fijians, and they boast, in proof of the allegation, that they repulsed the attack of a British man-of-war,—referring to the unfortunate affair when Captain Croker, of the 'Favourite,' lost his life. Having been taught by Mariner, the Tongans possess a better knowledge of fortification than the Samoans, though not better than the Fijians, who are self-taught in the science. In Fiji and Tonga the strength of a fort consists in the depth and breadth of the moat; while in Samoa (except where they have borrowed from the Tongans) a rude palisade or log fence is the sole protection. The natives of the three groups respectively display more personal daring when fighting in any of the islands other than their own. A Samoan, fighting in Tonga or Fiji, is sure to become

one of the heroes of the war; while in the wars of his own island the same man wins no distinction. And so with the Fijians and Tongans when fighting in either of the other groups, taking each in his own group one displays just about as much bravery as the other. That the Tongans are far more arrogant and haughty than either the Samoans or Fijians no one will dispute,—especially when they visit the neighbouring groups. While in Samoa and Fiji the missionaries and settlers readily obtain servants, in Tonga there is ever the complaint, "the natives will not live with us as servants;" they seem to think it beneath their dignity to serve as domestics, though they readily take employment in the boats of the traders.

The Tongan carries with him his conceit wherever he goes, whether to Samoa or to Fiji, and displays it in his intercourse with the white man as well as with the native. Indeed the events of late years have led him to consider himself as something superior to either of his neighbours. This has resulted in no small degree from the employment of Tongans as teachers in Samoa and Fiji by the Wesleyan missionaries; and from a religious view, they are, upon the whole, efficient teachers. But many of them are at the same time active agents of their king, or, in Fiji particularly, of his representative, Maafu. It is simply impossible wholly to eradicate from the minds of these islanders that veneration for their chiefs which is inculcated in their infancy, cherished in their youth, and matured in their manhood, by all the associations of their lives, and by all the venerable tradi-

tions of their race. As a rule,—and there are exceptions, I readily grant,—the Tonguese teachers in Fiji advocate the cause of King George and of Tonga, as well as the cause of God and of religion. It *may* be unintentional,—the unavoidable result of their early training,—but yet my experience taught me the fact. There are exceptions, as I have said; but they run the risk of falling under the reproof of the Tongan leaders. To the integrity of one of these few exceptions I gladly bear testimony by mentioning the circumstances, as I now hold the proof in my hands. Paula Vea, a chief of Tonga in his own right, was a Wesleyan assistant missionary, a veteran in the service, located at Kandavu. Maafu sent him a letter, through Semisi, instructing him to prepare the way for his intrigues in Kandavu. The letter was written and sent from Benga, and proposed measures for setting aside the cession to Queen Victoria, and for obtaining a cession to King George, through Maafu. The struggle between his duty as a Wesleyan missionary teacher and as a chief of Tonga was trying, but his religion triumphed over his reverence for his king; he resolved to brave the displeasure of Maafu and Semisi, and sent the letter to me. In Samoa I met with an instance of unmitigated impudence on the part of a Tongan. On a tract of land I had obtained from the natives, a village had sprung up under my auspices. When there were some forty inhabitants, they wished me to find them a teacher. Before I could make arrangements for one, a Tongan presented himself, offered his services, and my villagers accepted

them. When next I visited the place, I attended the service. To my surprise the Tongan did not read any portion of Scripture. He had his Testament before him, but he delivered a rigmarole which I thought anything but orthodox,—dilating chiefly upon the greatness of Tonga and her king, George Tubou. "England, France, and America are great countries," said he, "but Tonga is greater. The religion taught by the English missionaries who came from Tahiti is not the true religion. The religion taught by the missionaries of the Pope is not the true religion. The religion of Johnny Wesley is the true religion, and it is the work of Tonga to teach that religion to you Samoans." I thought this was enough, and dismissed the fellow. When talking with him on the subject, I asked him to show me his Testament. He produced it,—upside down. "Now read to me," I asked. "Oh no," he replied, "I can't read this book; the Tongan is the proper book." The fellow could not read one word, though he knew his letters, and spoke Samoan as well as a Samoan. In the school, he abjured books and slates altogether, contenting himself to teach the youngsters to sing, "thousands make billions, billions make trillions," etc., as the first stage in scholarship under the true Tongan system. His impudence and audacity alone had induced him to set up as a teacher,—and being a Tongan, the villagers accepted him,—to have something different from their neighbours, who had Samoan teachers. The next I heard of him was that he had run off with another man's wife at Manono, the head-quarters of the Wesleyans in Samoa.

The Tongan teachers were once withdrawn altogether from Samoa, under some arrangement amongst the missionaries of the London Missionary Society and the Wesleyans,—Samoa being left entirely to the operations of the former, while the latter were to occupy Tonga and Fiji. From my own observation, I know that the Samoans had all settled down to the teachings of the London Society's missionaries, and that every man, woman, and child had means of grace within their reach every day. But messages were continually going from Tonga to Manono (Samoa), where some of the chiefs are related to Tongans, telling them to hold on to their "lotu," that is, to their Wesleyanism, and that they would again have missionaries and teachers amongst them from Tonga. Samoans have told me this themselves, and I have heard Mr. Pratt, of the London Missionary Society, say that the Samoans have told him the same. Sure enough, Wesleyan teachers and missionaries did return, and now the Samoans are distracted between three sets of teachers, for the French priests have a good substantial church at Apia, the chief port, and chapels at various parts of the group, as well as the two sects of English missionaries. It is difficult to show a people just emerging from barbarism, as the Samoans are, how an arrangement of this kind was so easily set aside by one of the parties thereto,—and I have heard the natives say, "The missionaries *pepelo* (tell stories)—they all said no more missionaries would come from Tonga,—and yet they have come." The Samoans now jump from one fold into the other.

When a missionary has to administer reproof to any of his church members, off they go in a huff to the other sect, or, as they call it, to the "other religion." All this time, while the Wesleyans in Samoa are labouring to win followers from the brethren of the London Missionary Society, in Fiji there are thousands and thousands of unfortunate savages, cannibals, who are dying without even hearing that there is a God. Had the Wesleyan missionaries recently sent to Samoa, to lead the Christianized natives from one chapel into another, been sent to join their brethren in Fiji, to reclaim the savage from his cannibalism, to lead him from the temples and the ceremonies of his heathenism to the chapels and the teachings of Christianity, they would have had a nobler work, and a fairer prospect of martyrdom.

Some of the Fijian teachers have their eccentricities. Practically to test the cotton capabilities of Fiji, I started Mr. J. Storck on a cotton plantation on an island in the Rewa River. In the course of time, he gathered around him some twenty natives as labourers, and obtained from the missionary the services of a teacher to preach to them on Sundays. The service was held in a large house, about seventy feet by thirty, in one end of which the planter stored his cotton. During his sermon, a teacher, much to the indignation of Mr. Storck, expressed himself thus: "Look about you; this house has no floor, no mats, no table. It is the bare ground I stand upon to preach to you. It is a *vale-ni-manumanu*.* Jesus does not

* Literally, "a house for the lower animals;" *Anglicè*, "a pigsty."

like to see this; to have service in such a place as this is not agreeable to him." Many of the teachers, in all three groups, however, occasionally deliver very sensible sermons, and are a credit to their instructors. The best in every way whom I have heard are certainly the Samoans, students from the Mission Institution at Malua.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRENCH RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

THE monotony of "life in Fiji" was somewhat relieved by the unexpected arrival in Levuka harbour of the French corvette 'Cornélie,' Captain Lévêque, in September, 1861. While the proceedings of the gallant captain caused some considerable excitement both among missionaries and natives, it was my honour to receive the utmost courtesy from Captain Lévêque and his officers, and their visit was made most agreeable by the interchange of the little amenities of civilized life, which one misses so painfully during a continuous residence amongst savages.

Père Bréhéret, the head of the French Roman Catholic mission in Fiji, preferred before Captain Lévêque a complaint against the Tongan chief Semisi Fifita, to the effect that he (Semisi) had flogged and otherwise maltreated certain Roman Catholic natives at Yasawa, a district comprising several small but populous islands on the western limits of the group. Captain Lévêque at once sent for Thakombau, "as the acknowledged supreme chief of Fiji in treaty with

France," and for Maafu, as the representative in Fiji of the king of Tonga. The former was requested, under the engagements of the treaty, to send for the accused Semisi, who was at the time at Kandavu; but failing to comply as promptly as Captain Lévêque conceived he ought, Thakombau was detained on board the 'Cornélie' until Semisi should appear to answer to the charges. In the meantime, Captain Lévêque applied to me to know if I could supply any information as to the proceedings of Semisi in the matter in question. I stated that I was cognizant of the fact that Semisi had most cruelly flogged certain natives at Yasawa who were professedly Roman Catholics, and that I had myself seen the men, and the wounds still gory upon their backs, but that I believed the object in view was as much to complicate the cession to the Queen, and to obtain a cession to Maafu on behalf of King George, as to root out the Roman Catholicism of the natives. The detention of Thakombau produced prompt action. He at once sent off a canoe for Semisi, who in a few days appeared on board the 'Cornélie.' Thakombau was at once informed that he was at liberty to depart, but was at the same time invited, as the "supreme chief of Fiji in treaty with France," to witness the proceedings. The case was conducted on board the 'Cornélie,' Thakombau and Maafu both being present. So far as I ascertained from Captain Lévêque, Maafu admitted that Semisi flogged the natives, and that they were Roman Catholics; but he endeavoured to maintain that their religion was not the cause of their having

been maltreated. Père Bréhéret, however, seems to have satisfied Captain Lévêque that their religion *was* the cause of their maltreatment, and upon this conviction action was taken. On the 10th of October, 1861, the 'Cornélie' sailed for New Caledonia with Semisi on board as a prisoner, Captain Lévêque's plea for his deportation being that Thakombau and the chiefs of Fiji would not, or could not, punish a Tongan of Semisi's rank and influence, if awarded a local punishment.*

When it was rumoured that Captain Lévêque had detained Thakombau on board the 'Cornélie,' my non-interference on his behalf gave serious umbrage to parties on shore, and an attempt was made to get up an excitement, by invoking the nationalities of the residents, but the attempt failed. The Rev. J. Calvert, verbally and by letter, implored my interference. "I deeply regret the detention of Thakombau on board the 'Cornélie,' humiliating as it is to him, as well as to England, in the present position of Fiji; and I respectfully and most earnestly entreat you to obtain his liberation as soon as possible. Any bonds that may be demanded for his appearance on board when demanded will be readily entered into by British subjects." I firmly declined "officially to intermeddle in French affairs," and the excitement precipitately cooled. I had good reasons for declining. Captain Lévêque conceived—and he had sufficient grounds—that Thakombau had been ill-advised by parties on shore; indeed, that representations had been made to the chief antagonistic

* Consul to Foreign Office, Fiji, 6th November, 1861.

to the French; that it had been suggested the captain had no right to request him to send for Semisi, and that these representations had influenced (*gâté*) the chief, and led to his unconcealed disregard of Captain Lévêque's request. Captain Lévêque wrote to me to this effect, when I privately tendered my unofficial services to facilitate an amicable issue. With this feeling towards the missionaries on the part of Captain Lévêque, any official action on my part, in the spirit suggested, would only have been received as officious intermeddling. Mr. Calvert then addressed Captain Lévêque himself, and offered to become responsible for the return of the chief if he was allowed to attend the services on shore on Sunday. "Without doubting the sincerity of Mr. Calvert," his responsibility was declined, "for it might easily happen that the chief of Bau will not regard it as a point of honour, and profit by it to make his escape." Thus Captain Lévêque wrote, when asking if I would give my "word for the chief's return on board." This I declined, for "there were too many of the chief's people loitering about Levuka who might attempt to rescue him, even against his own will. I would perhaps trust the chief himself, but I would not trust his followers, who would be guided more by their feelings than their judgment." And because I thus declined by officious intermeddling to complicate matters, I have been blamed as the source of Thakombau's detention, and of Semisi's deportation. Had Thakombau, from any cause, failed to return on board, it was easy enough to show plausible grounds for the inference that he had been *allowed* to

escape, solely to lead to ulterior measures on the part of the French, and so prejudice them before the natives; and there would also have been a very fair appearance of that national antagonism which has been too much encouraged in the Pacific as to anything French and anything English. Moreover, when at the very first request of Captain Lévêque to send for Semisi, I urged the chief to act promptly, and so maintain his position, and win the friendly relations of the French, after having promised to act accordingly, he chose to heed the contrary advice,—that he would rather show his independence by non-compliance. Just before he was detained on board, Thakombau told me himself what other advice he had received, and from whom, and that he intended to return to Bau that afternoon! After all this, I very naturally held aloof. Notwithstanding the *ex parte* reports of this matter, I confess my opinion that Semisi richly deserved what he received, and perhaps very much more.

A narrative of what Semisi did at Yasawa cannot be better told than in the words of the unfortunate man Togitogi, the chief of the people who suffered. I give his statement just in his own Fijian style and simplicity, as delivered before me on board the 'Paul Jones,' when I visited him early in September 1861:—

"I, Togitogi, chief of Nathula, in Yasau, solemnly declare, that, about eighteen days ago Semisi arrived at Tamusua. The next day a messenger came from Semisi, ordering me to appear at Tamusua. I went, accompanied by Tambualevu, Ringa, and other minor chiefs of my town. When we got to Tamusua, Semisi, the chief Tui Bua, and the Tongan

Wesleyan teacher, Maika, were sitting together waiting for us; and there were very many Tongans around them, and all armed. As soon as we were near Semisi, the teacher Maika pointed me out, and Semisi called me to him, and said, 'You are a bad man, Tongitongi; how is it you do not follow that which is good? How is it you do not follow Maika the teacher, and Tui Bua and Rokodinono? You are a bad man, you must be flogged.' I was afraid to say one word, for the Tongans were all armed; and then some Tongans put down their muskets and tied my hands behind me; they tied my wrists and my elbows. Two Tongans held me, one on each side of me. Semisi said to me 'You must throw away the Lotu Katolika (the Roman Catholic religion), and you must follow the religion of Makai the teacher,—the Tongan religion' (Wesleyanism). As Semisi said this, and the teacher Maika was sitting by his side, a Tongan called Lawaki began flogging me with five pieces of *walai*,* each piece was nearly as thick as my wrist. Between each stroke that Lawaki gave me, the two Tongans holding me each kicked me in my ribs, one on each side. I soon fainted, and fell down. I do not know when they stopped flogging me; but before I fainted, my blood was running down very much, and spirted all about, and on them that were holding me. My family tell me that when I fainted and fell down, I was lifted up, and held up by the same men who had been holding me before, and that I was flogged while I was in a fainting state, and kicked about until my head hung down, and they could not hold me up any longer. When I came round again I was bleeding all over my back, and I felt the skin was off; the skin was off my wrists too, and the flesh was cut all over my back and my arms. I was very much frightened, and I wished to die soon. The marks are on my

* A creeper, the *Entada scandens*.

back and my hands now; you can see them yourself. While Lawaki was flogging me, one Tongan struck me in my eye; you see my eye is bad to-day. When I came round again, Tambualevu and Ringa had been flogged. When Semisi saw I was come round again, he said to me, 'Tongitongi, you must give me the Yasawa islands for Tonga. You must obey Maika the teacher, and Rokodinono. You must throw away the Lotu Katolika (Roman Catholic religion), and follow the lotu dina (the true religion = Wesleyanism). Maika was all the time by the side of Semisi, and I heard him say, 'Tongitongi must be flogged,' when we first came together before them. Soon after I became sensible again, Hicks the Englishman* came to Tamusua. He said this, 'Semisi, you are doing wrong to flog these men in this way; you will get into trouble for this. You flog them because they are Catholics, and won't follow Maika, the Tonga teacher, and give their land to the Tongans. It is *tabu* (sacred = not allowable) for you to do this. You want to get these islands; you know they are given to the Great Queen. I will tell the Consul what you are doing. Every man can be what lotu (religion) he likes.' Semisi said to Hicks, 'Are you not afraid to talk to me in this way before all my own people here?' Hicks said, 'No, I am not afraid. I am an Englishman. I will not see you flog these men in this way; they have done nothing to be flogged for.' Semisi said, 'These men make the land very bad; they do not obey us; they are bad men. I want to make Yasawa good, and to make them all follow the true lotu' (Wesleyanism). Tui Bua spoke, and said, 'This is the day of the Tongans. The Consul and the white men have no power. The Tongans have power. We

* An oil-trader, who happened to be trading at Yasawa at the time, and hearing of what was going on, left his vessel, and boldly interfered, as stated in the narrative.

want to make Yasawa good and religious (lotu). Are you not afraid to interfere here? This is the day when the Tongans only are strong, the white men are weak. These men here make the land bad and divided. They are Lotu Katolika (Roman Catholics), they will not follow Maika, the true teacher.' Hicks said, 'I am not afraid. I will untie the next man you tie. I will stand between the Fijian and the Tongan, and the blows shall fall upon me.' This made Semisi stop, and Hicks looked angry. Maika said to Semisi, 'You had better not do anything more while Hicks is here. By-and-by send Wainingolo down when Hicks is not here.' Afterwards Semisi said to us all, 'I am going to Maafu. He will send Wainingolo down, and the land will be made bad for you,—and flog you all again if you do not give your land to Tonga, and all follow the true lotu' (Wesleyanism). Semisi sent all his men after this to take everything away from our town (Nathula). They went into our houses and took away everything. They took our house-mats, tapas, sulu, pigs, yams, taro, fowls, boxes, nets, axes, knives, sail-mats, canoes,—they took all away from the part of the town where I and my followers live. Where Sovatambua lives, a few things were left; many things were taken away from him and his people. He is afraid of the Tongans; he is afraid of me, and cries to the Tongans to help him, and to make him chief over me. Just before Semisi left Yasawa, he said to us all, 'Rokodinono must be chief over all Yasawa.' Semisi crowned him and made him chief over all; he is only a common man (kasi). Semisi said, 'Raitona is to help Rokodinono. You must all follow Maika, and do what he says. Yasawa now belongs to Tonga; Rokodinono and Raitona and Sovatambua and Maika the teacher have all signed a paper, and given the land to Tonga.' All these men do just as Semisi tells them, and the Tongans keep them up as chiefs. Before Semisi came to Yasawa, Sovatambua went to Maika, the teacher, at Yasawa-i-rara, and

told him that Tambualevu and I were making the land bad, and that we were Roman Catholics. Maika said, 'I will have them put down when Semisi comes.' This word of Maika's about the Tongans made us afraid, so we removed to the little island called Nanuia, opposite Nathula. We were afraid of the Tongans, for we are not many to fight them. Before this, Maika said I was a bad man, because I did not give him enough food when he came to preach at Nathula. He said that I did not send him yams and fish enough to Yasawa-i-rara. Before the *lotu* came to Yasawa, there was always jealousy between Sovatambua and myself. We were two parties in our town. He became Lotu Tonga (Wesleyan) to get the help of the Tongans against me; I became Roman Catholic because I did not like the Lotu Tonga that Sovatambua followed. If Maika, the Tongan teacher, had not stirred up Sovatambua against me, we should have become friends in our town. We were talking about it, when Maika came and made Sovatambua turn away against me again; he made us, by his talk, greater enemies than we ever were before. Maika preaches about us on the Sundays. He said he would bring the Tongans to make us throw away our Lotu Katolika, and get sail-mats for Maafu and Semisi. If it had not been for Hicks, all the people who are Roman Catholics were to be flogged; Semisi said so; Hicks saved them. Semisi sent a messenger to Waea. Two men came up. Semisi told them, 'You must throw away the things of the devil; you must follow the Lotu Tonga (Wesleyanism), and the true teacher, Maika. If you do not follow Maika, I will send down Wainingolo to make your land bad for you. The Americans did nothing at Waea, but the Tongans are strong. It is not difficult for us to take the island, and to flog the chiefs if they will not turn to the true lotu (religion) from Tonga, and obey Maika, the true teacher.' The two men from Waea said they would do everything Semisi told

them, then Semisi sent them home. The Tongans will not fight Waea, because it is a hard island to take. They will only go there if they can make the chiefs jealous and quarrel; then the Tongans will help one chief and his people, and they will take Waea that way. Then they will make all the people follow the Tongan religion. It was through Maika only that we were flogged; he told Semisi to flog us, and he was angry with us because we were of another lotu. Semisi did it to make us give up our lands to Tonga, and to follow the Tonga religion. I am the chief of my own place, and of my own people. I do not want the Tongans to come; I want my land to go to the Queen of Great Britain, with Bau and all Fiji. Ringa was flogged when I was flogged. He was made to kneel as the Roman Catholics do when we say our prayers. Then they flogged him till he fainted. Then they held him up and flogged again. He is a Roman Catholic. The marks of the flogging are on his back now."

Besides this man Togitogi, five others were flogged during the visit, in the same heartless manner, and with precisely the same objects. Semisi and Maika, the Wesleyan teacher, consulted together, and the latter pointed out who were the men to be flogged; and unquestionably, but for the unexpected and bold interference of Hicks, whose English blood was roused by the insane cruelty of the man Semisi, very many more would have suffered. I myself saw the cuts on the poor fellows' back,—and horrible they looked. Though eighteen days had elapsed, they were still unable to walk upright, and the pieces of vine with which they were so mercilessly lacerated still had great clots of blood hardened upon them. And all

this Semisi and Maika, the teacher, did in the name and under the cloak of religion, and found defenders in Fiji and elsewhere! I have the statements of the other unfortunate sufferers, but one such narrative is enough.

On my way from Yasawa to Levuka, I overtook Semisi at Na Vatu, stirring up Mulasi in his revolt against Na Wangalevu. I told him the particulars I had collected at Yasawa. He quietly replied, "How else can we make these heathen Fijians become Christians? I did it all for the sake of religion. Do not believe them when they tell you I did it to get the land given to Tonga. It was all to make them Christians." And when I pointed out to Maafu and Semisi that their proceedings were in direct contravention of the 26th section of the Tongan Code, they both put a new construction upon the law, and again maintained that all was done to promote Christianity. The trade of that part of Yasawa was totally ruined for a time; fully six months elapsed before the traders obtained either oil or pigs from the natives.

The chief of Naviti, another of the Yasawa islands, escaped the cruelty of the Tongans by the fact that his mother was a Tongan. Speaking to me of the treatment of Tongitongi and his fellow-sufferers, he said, "They should have done as I did. I told Semisi I would do anything he wanted me to do, I would give him all he asked me for,—and then when Semisi was gone, I thought no more of him. I am Lotu Tonga, and have teachers from Rewa; they are Fijians, they are good men, and do not talk in our

political affairs.* They are not under Maika. He comes to Yasawa from Bua, and is all for the Tongans." This chief could talk in this way because he was Vasu-ki-Tonga,—that is, his mother being a Tongan, he had naturally certain claims on the Tongans which the latter could not possibly overlook; otherwise, he would not have stood one moment before Semisi. As with the other men, he would have been deposed, and another man made chief in his place, who would have been the ready tool of the Tongans, for on them his power and position would depend. This was the common system under which Maafu and Semisi managed to retain any place where they once obtained a footing. Just before I left Fiji, it was reported that the Wesleyan natives in the Tongan interest were fighting the Roman Catholics, a little religious war; but not having lately visited them, I am unable to vouch for the particulars.

Just before I started from Levuka on this trip to Yasawa, one of the half-castes, a lad called Thomas Robson, who sailed one of Mr. Henning's trading-boats, arrived with a girl whom he had stolen (with her consent, however) from Nabiti. He had brought away three girls, but two of them took it into their heads to run away at a place called Tavua, on the Ba or north-west coast of Viti Levu, where they had friends. When Thomas arrived in Levuka, the half-castes held a meeting, and petitioned me to take the girl back to Yasawa, lest the next trading-boat that went there should be taken by the natives in payment

* "Ka-vaka-vanua,"—literally, "affairs of the land."

for the girl. Knowing the danger incurred, I agreed to take her back. When I gave her up to her chief, Vasa-ki-Tonga, at Naviti, he told me Thomas and his crew, who had sailed from Levuka just before me, had been killed at Nandi, on the mainland opposite, and his boat, the 'Jessie,' taken by the natives. He offered to send a messenger with me to inquire into the particulars, averring at the same time, it was not for running away with the girls that Thomas had been killed. The natives saw there was a large quantity of "trade" in the boat, and only a small crew, Thomas and two others, and they were tempted to take her. Placing no faith in his statement as to the cause of the murder, I declined his offer, for if he had anything to do with it in the way of revenge for the loss of the girls, his messenger would simply scheme with the Nandi people to consign us to the same fate. On the way back from Yasawa, I called at a place called Basewa, the nearest seashore town to Nandi, which is situated some distance up a large river. We ascertained from the chief, Na-ulu-ni-Toa, that Thomas was not killed. He tried hard to coax us ashore, but we would not trust the fellow. At night we heard the low murmurings of many voices on the beach,—and the land breeze bringing off every sound clearly, we distinctly heard them discussing the possibility of capturing the 'Paul Jones.' There were but nine of us on board, and several hundreds on shore ready to attack, if they could only muster the courage. We at once made a large fire in the galley, and kept moving about the deck, so that they should see we were on

the watch. It was a beautiful night, and except the low murmur of the savages planning our death, all was silence. One could not help a thought of home now and again coming into the mind. These thoughts of home on such occasions always cast a gloom over one's spirits, and make one feel an outcast from the world. The night passed off without an attack. From hour to hour we heard the exclamation, "They are awake, they are awake, they are watching." Finding that nothing was to be done as to obtaining any particulars, we pushed on next day on our way homeward, anchoring again for the night off Raviravi, the town of the friendly old chief Tawaki; we heard from him the full story of Thomas's escape. The 'Jessie' was boarded by a large party of natives, who threw Thomas and Cummings (an American) overboard, and told them to swim away for their lives. Cummings attempted to get into the boat again, when a cocoa-nut was thrown at his head, and he then made for the shore with Thomas. A monkey that was on board was also thrown overboard, and swam directly for the bush. The other man, who made up the crew, was a Fijian from Levuka. The savages held a consultation over him. "We must not kill the white men,—we shall be punished if we do; but this is a Fijian; let us kill him:" and immediately a dozen clubs felled him to the deck, a dead man! Reaching the shore, Thomas and Cummings, who had been stripped of all their clothes, made their way through the mangrove-bushes along the coast towards the district of Tawaki. Blacking themselves with mud to look

like natives, they hurried on by day and by night until they reached the town of Naeilau, where Vaka-Bua, one of Tawaki's brothers, is chief,—and they were safe. They went to the house of Ra Vatu, one of the local chiefs, and told their story. Ra Vatu clothed and fed them. Five days before we arrived, he had started with them in his canoe, at the request of Tawaki, for Levuka, where they arrived safely. As a reward for his attention and services in rescuing these unfortunate castaways, I gave him a musket, an axe, and some cloth, and away he went homewards in high glee. The Nandi chiefs were subsequently, during the visit of H.M.S. Miranda, fined in a certain amount, to be paid in produce within a given time. When I left Fiji the case was still pending, as to whether the fine would be paid or not. Confidence, however, had been restored, and the traders visited the district as formerly.

While at Raviravi, I heard from the old chief, Tawaki, the story of the murder of his two brothers, Na-Driva and Ralulu, by Sorowale, the chief of Nandi, the same man now concerned in the 'Jessie' case. To show their friendship to Sorowale, the two brothers sent him word of their intention to visit him, and to make a great feast, or "solevu," for him. He met them at a town called Dreketi, and professed the utmost friendship. At night, he rose from his mats, and ordered his men to club the brothers and their attendants, about fifty in number. His father,* Na-

* Or uncle, for in Fiji both are called by the same name, and I had not the opportunity to work their family descent, as I did that of many of the chiefs.

ulu-ni-toa, interposed: "What good will it do you to kill these brothers? They come as your friends, receive them as such." Sorowale replied; "I ask no one's counsel,—I tell no reasons for the act; it is enough that I want them to be clubbed." And turning to his men, he ordered them again to dispatch the brothers at once, before the noise aroused their suspicions. As the brothers and their attendants were sleeping in the fancied security of the friendship of their host, the men crept upon them, with clubs ready to strike. Na-Driva was the first to die,—a dozen clubs smashed his head to atoms! Ralulu, the younger brother, jumped to his feet,—"Why do you rush upon us thus? I know you can kill me, for I am in your power, and my brother lies dead before me. I am not afraid to die by the club of Sorowale, for I am Ralulu, the brother of Tawaki. Let me dress myself, let me oil my body, let me put on a clean masi,*—and then let me die like a chief, after the custom of our country." Sorowale agreed. Calmly he took down the gourd, and poured the scented oil over his body. Calmly he took off the wrapper he wore, and put on a new one. Ralulu was ready to die, to die like a chief. "Let us go to the rara,"† were the only words the proud young chief uttered. In silence they followed him to the rara. There he sat, with his legs crossed and arms folded, on a large stone. "I am dressed,—I am ready to die. I am

* Or wrapper,—a cloth to wear round the waist, of native manufacture.

† The open space in the centre of the town.

Ralulu, of Sagunu, the brother of Tawaki. Where is the club of Sorowale?" As the last word escaped from his lips, the club of Tio, the brother of Sorowale, fell heavily on his head, and this brave young chief, Ralulu of Sagunu, breathed his last. He died "like a chief, after the fashion of his country." The fifty men, the attendants of the luckless brothers, were set upon. Many were clubbed in the house, where they huddled together, as their chief was preparing himself for his fate. Those that survived their chiefs were hemmed in the house by a party of men who encircled it, while the torch was put to the thatch. Rapidly the flames curled round the wretched captives,—they ran to escape the fire, and fell beneath the clubs that awaited them outside. The whole party were eaten! It is now some years since this happened, but old Tawaki sits in his house, and counts the moons as they come and go,—patiently awaiting the hour to avenge the blood of his brothers, Na-Driva and the brave young Ralulu. "Consul," said the old man to me, as we sat on the deck of the 'Paul Jones,' in the dusk of the evening,—"Consul, let us punish this Sorowale together; you have to avenge the white man's case, and I have to avenge the death of my brothers. Go to Levuka, bring the white men; here I will join you with all my men from the mountains and the coast—and together we'll have the blood of Sorowale!"

About three weeks before the 'Jessie' was taken, a party of six men who had run away in a whaleboat from a whaler at Kandavu, called at Nandi. They

anchored their boat in the mouth of the river, and slept on the sandy beach. The natives in the night took the boat up the river. In the morning the deserters, finding their boat gone, and fearing pursuit, commenced to build a raft. The chief, Tobutobu, of Nandi, came down to the beach, and saw the men at work. By signs and motions, he made them understand his question, "What are you doing?"—and by the same means they made him understand they were building a raft to "float away." He led them to the town and gave them food. Thence he led them to the chief of the village whose people had taken the boat. "You have stolen the white man's boat," he said to the chief; "you must give it back." The boat was given up, and the deserters went away, pulling along the south coast until they reached Nandroga. When they landed, the chief, Nonovo, met them on the beach, took them to his house, and fed them. After remaining there several days, they continued their course up the coast to Nangara, and put up at the house of a white man whose name was Moses Work; there they dispersed. The American Consul recovered the boat, but the deserters all escaped. Here were six men—perfect strangers in the country, not knowing a word of the language,—passing from town to town in safety, and when they did lose their boat, it was restored to them. And within three weeks of the time that the chief Tobutobu restored their boat at Nandi,—an island boat, with men on board who were at home in the country, was seized, one of the crew killed, and the others escaped with their bare lives! This is life

in Fiji. While the 'Harrier' was at Rewa, a man came on board, and asked Sir Malcolm Macgregor to ship him as an able seaman. He was a fine stalwart fellow, and gave a very straightforward story of himself. Sir Malcolm Macgregor shipped him. Three days after the 'Harrier' sailed, I heard he was one of these deserters! He gave the name of a ship, and the captain, some vessel that had lately visited Fiji, and then said to Sir Malcolm Macgregor, "I saw the Consul on board our vessel, at such a time, and he can tell you that what I say of that vessel is true." Sure enough what he stated about the vessel was true, —but I found afterwards that he had gathered the facts from some of the whites on shore, and had himself never seen the vessel named!

On this cruise from Yasawa, I called at Waidranudranu, Vaka Bua, another of Tawaki's brothers, has his plantations. This old man had been in several scrapes with the bêche-de-mer traders who frequented Fiji many years ago, from Salem, in the United States. In consequence of these scrapes, he would never trust himself on board a vessel, large or small, unless a hostage were first sent on shore. Having won the confidence of Tawaki, I communicated through him with Vakabua, determined to win his confidence also. When the 'Paul Jones' appeared off his place, I sent Charley Wise, as my messenger, with a whale's tooth, and asked the old man to come off, adding that as a chief Vakabua would take my word for his safety. He came off instantly. It is hard to say how many white men's lives he has taken in his time.

Now he is quite friendly, and indeed anxious to get settlers in his district. He is about the ugliest old man in Fiji, and with his bald, ill-shaped head, sunken, restless eyes, and withered skin, looks a veritable man-eater. He is so small in stature that he has to jump on to the stump of a tree when addressing his people; but withal, he is energetic and skilful in treachery, and possesses great influence with the mountaineers. His great rival and old foe is his neighbour, the chief Warambota, a huge man, so corpulent as hardly to be able to waddle about, but a good-natured, shrewd fellow, with a pleasing countenance and a stylish "goatee" beard. I brought the two together, and succeeded in inducing them to enter into a lasting peace,—which, up to the time I left Fiji, was honourably kept by both parties.

CHAPTER XV.

PLOT WITHIN PLOT.

The Fijians are great adepts at intrigue. Plot within plot is their great delight, and whales' teeth are the means employed to carry out their schemes. Koroiravula, a great chief of Bau, some years ago was in rebellion against Thakombau. The head-quarters of the rebels was Kamba, some two miles from Bau. Thakombau collected his forces to lay siege to the place. Koroiravula, in the meantime, took up his residence at a town called Sawakasa, some distance further from Bau. The rebel chief knew well enough that if Kamba were taken, an immediate attack would be made on Sawakasa. And yet he dared not concentrate his followers at Kamba, for then Thakombau would have but one place to attack. By remaining at Sawakasa he divided the forces of Thakombau. Still the king prepared to attack Kamba. Koroiravula sent whales' teeth to a chief who owed submission to Bau, but who felt somewhat aggrieved with the king, begging him to remain quietly at home with his followers. From a Fijian view, this was a pretty piece

of strategy. Because these 500 men and their chief remained at home, without the immediate cause at once becoming known, every chief in the king's army who had some little grudge or quarrel pending with this absenting chief, naturally suspected that he was remaining away to attack some town of theirs on his own account. And the defection only becoming known just as the attack on Kamba was about to commence, the natural effect on the Fijians was to discourage the royal troops, and proportionately to encourage the rebels. On the part of Thakombau, the attack could not be delayed, for delay would show doubt in his own power, and fear of his own followers. The least hesitation at that moment would have brought the rebels to Bau as conquerors. Thakombau had therefore to attack Kamba under these adverse circumstances, and was repulsed. By means of whales' teeth he discovered the intrigues of the rebel Koroiravula which had proved so successful, and leaving Kamba for the moment, he turned his attention to Koroiravula himself at Sawakasa. Near that town is Namena, where Na-Galu was the chief, a staunch supporter of Bau. Instructed by the king, Na-Galu, with a present of whales' teeth, secretly professed friendship for Koroiravula, and enmity to Thakombau for some alleged injury. He sent proposals to the rebel chief for a conference, to concert future measures against Bau. But Koroiravula knew his own little intrigue—"bere," as the Fijians call it—had succeeded so well, that it was now, by custom, Thakombau's turn to scheme. He was suspicious,

and pleaded some excuse for not meeting him. Still, not to offend Na-Galu, in case his alleged defection should prove sincere, he sent the chief of Sawakasa to the interview. This answered Na-Galu's purpose precisely, for his father had been killed by the brother of this very chief of Sawakasa. This Thakombau knew, and hence selected Na-Galu to carry out the intrigue; for if they entrapped Koroiravula, the chief of Sawakasa would necessarily be caught also at the same time, and this prospect of revenge would make Na-Galu doubly earnest; while acting for his king, he was plotting for his own ends. On the other hand, the chief of Sawakasa must go to the interview or offend Koroiravula, and so make a powerful enemy in the very heart of his own tribe; or if Na-Galu were sincere in his alleged enmity to Bau, it would appear the favourable time to make his peace with the son of the murdered father. If he were killed by Na-Galu, Koroiravula would have his followers more closely bound to him, in the hope that through the rebel chief they would in turn obtain their revenge for the death of their chief. Koroiravula's suspicions were verified. When the preliminaries of the interview were gone through, Na-Galu addressed the Sawakasa chief,—"The property you have brought from Koroiravula is good; this whale's tooth,—is it to be the earnest of our union against Bau? Did you think I wanted this property, and this whale's tooth? I wanted only to avenge the death of my father killed by your brother." And turning to his warriors he added,—"Club the murderers of our chief." The Sawakasa chief and his

attendants were dead men as soon as the words were out of Na-Galu's mouth. But Koroiravula had again outwitted Thakombau, who at once proceeded to attack Sawakasa, in the hope that the loss of their chief would discourage the tribe. In three days the Bau war-canoes appeared off the town. To invoke the courage of the tribe, the rebel chief made use of the very event which the king had hoped would give them an easy prey to his followers. "Revenge the death of your chief," he cried to the young men who surrounded him, and placing himself at their head, the attack was repulsed.

In his greatest straits, Thakombau has shown more promptitude of decision and action than any other warrior in Fiji. Koroiravula, in the course of the rebellion, had made Kamba his head-quarters. Yangodamu, Thakombau's cousin, was still in Bau, following the fortunes of his king, but not forgetting that his father had been killed by Thakombau. To him Koroiravula sent a whale's tooth, and arranged that when the latter attacked Bau, the former should rise with his followers in the town, and thus have Thakombau between two fires. But this time the king was too keen for the rebels. He mistrusted the son of the rival and relative whom he had killed, and always kept a watch upon him. The whale's tooth from Koroiravula was seen. The plan of the rebels was to shoot Thakombau in the church on Sunday morning, and the report of the gun was to be the signal for the attack from without and within. The Sunday morning dawned. All went to church, each man armed

with musket and tomahawk, or spear and club. The rebels rejoiced that the hour was so near. Yagodamu went to the church. Immediately before Thakombau stood a sentry with musket in hand; and the moment the rebel entered the sacred edifice, the eyes of the sentry were fixed on him, and never taken off. The king's orders were, if Yagodamu showed the slightest signs of action, to shoot him at once, without challenge or warning. It was necessary to watch only Yagodamu, for by Fijian custom, no other man in Bau held rank to kill Thakombau. Yagodamu saw he was watched, and the Sunday morning passed off without any attempt upon the king's life. At the same time, except in absolute self-defence, Thakombau dared not to kill Yagodamu, for the alienation and defection of that chief's clan would greatly reduce his own followers, and he could ill spare the men. Early on the Sunday morning Koroiravula began to transport his army to Thautata, ready for the attack on the capital at the concerted signal. The king saw the crisis, and acted upon one of his own prompt instincts; he ordered his canoes to be manned, detailed a party to watch Yagodamu in Bau, while he himself sailed off to Thautata. Koroiravula was surprised; he could not tell whether his accomplice, Yagodamu, had proved false, or had been outwitted and slain. Thakombau well knew this would be the dilemma in which the rebel chief would find himself, and was the main object he had in view in attacking so promptly. The rebel army and fleet were beaten. Returning to Bau the victor of the fight, Thakombau told Yago-

damu all his plans were known, and that he was allowed to live only because he was impotent to realize them. Thakombau is a quick and correct observer of human nature. He knew that little speech to "our well-beloved cousin," delivered with a certain manner, and in a certain tone well understood by Fijians, would as effectually quiet him as the application of the club, without the risk of the defection of the cousin's personal followers which the club process would most probably cause. After this signal defeat, Koroiravula was soon reduced to subjection.

Another instance of plot within plot occurred when Thakombau's father, Tanoa, was driven from Bau. The leaders of the rebellion on this occasion were Tui Vakoso, his brother Thauthau, and Mara, the latter celebrated as the most daring sailor in Fiji. When the old king fled, these chiefs sought to attach to themselves the chief of Viwa, Namosimalua, before old Tanoa could enlist him on his side; for Viwa being only about a mile distant from Bau, and Namosimalua a great warrior, as well as a daring and cunning plotter, it was thought dangerous to leave him open to the exiled king. To buy over this chief, the niece of Tui Vakoso, who had been installed as Vunivalu, or King of Bau, was offered. The bribe was professedly accepted, and, in proof of his allegiance, Namosimalau sailed away to capture Tanoa, or take his head to Bau. But when he overtook the old king, he secretly sent him word to escape, telling him the compact that had been made, and pledging himself still his friend. Tanoa fled to Somosomo, and Namosimalua returned

to Bau with the intelligence that the exiled king had escaped. The wily Namosimalua still had faith in the old dynasty, and would not trust the new one, well assured that the old king once irrecoverably out of the way, his former friends would be successively disposed of,—himself among the number. But to cover his intrigue with Tanoa, he proposed to the three rebel leaders in Bau, to kill Tanoa's young son, Ratu Seru, as he was then called, afterwards and now the great Thakombau. While making this proposal, he took secret measures to defeat it, and young Seru was allowed to live in Bau. Namosimalua openly took sides with the rebels, but secretly plotted with the fallen family, thus at once making himself useful to the powers of the time being, and ingratiating himself with Tanoa, if ever he should regain his kingdom. When ultimately young Seru retook Bau from the rebels, and reinstated his father, old Tanoa did not forget Namosimalua. After their fall, the defeated rebels caused it to be reported that Namosimalua was the originator of the rebellion. Young Thakombau, flushed with his successes, would have killed him; but, cannibal as he was, old Tanoa could not forget that he owed his life to Namosimalua when that chief overtook him in his flight from Bau, and he now secured his safety. Through the king's intercession with his own son, Thakombau, the chief Namosimalua, who had saved both father and son, was allowed to live.* When Namosimalua nominally

* It has become habitual to missionary writers on Fiji, and is considered orthodox, to pronounce Thakombau the very worst of men

embraced Christianity, the incensed priests proposed to Tanoa, who was still avowedly an inveterate old heathen, to kill him. The king dilly-dallied with the messengers who came to obtain his royal permission to slay the apostate, while he secretly sent a message to Namosimalua informing him of the plot, and telling him to dispatch the parties who had conceived it. But, to the credit of the beneficent teachings of Christianity, Namosimalua spared the priests, instead of killing them, as suggested by the king.

Many of the plots and intrigues are so cunningly devised and so skilfully executed, that it is literally impossible to trace them link by link. This is especially the case where poison is the agent to remove a rival or destroy an enemy. The following is one of these mysterious cases. Andi Thevo, a Bau princess,

while in his heathen state,—in fact, the very incarnation of every hellish passion,—a species of human devil, without one mitigating quality. Nothing could be more unjust. Undoubtedly he was fierce, he was sanguinary, he was a cannibal, and scrupulously held the very common maxim that "the end sanctifies the means." But he had his favourable traits. There have been occasions when Thakombau has spared women and children,—yea, even whole tribes, after successful midnight raids, or after the slaughter of the fighting men who, if spared, would have given to their conquerors the fate dealt to themselves. Thakombau spared whole tribes in the Somosomo-Natewa war; and when urged by his ally of Somosomo not to spare the conquered people, he nobly replied, "I have said they shall live,—*they shall live*;" and, as witnesses of his clemency, they now live on the shores of Natewa Bay. This is only one instance among many which might be produced and are well known. Of course Thakombau had an object to gain in sparing these people from time to time—just as he had one in going to war,—and just as in all the rest of the world every man has an object in view.

and near relative of Thakombau, was one of the wives of the Rewa chief who so long warred with Bau, and so effectually aided the Kamba rebels. He was a stout foe, and hated Thakombau as inveterately as Thakombau hated him. He had declared that neither the white man's God, nor the Fijian's god, nor living man, should check him until he had feasted on the body of his great enemy, Thakombau. Just at the time when Thakombau was losing ground rapidly, and the rebels under Koroiravula daily gaining strength and power, this Rewa chief died,—but not until after his death had been most mysteriously predicted. One day, as Andi Thevo, his Bau wife, and relative of Thakombau, was about to commence her meal, she noticed that a ndalo (*Arum esculentum*)—a vegetable carefully baked for her especial eating—was weeping sadly as it lay before her! Two attendants also observed this wonderful phenomenon. The Bauan princess addressed the weeping vegetable: "Tell me, O ndalo! tell me why you weep? Oh, tell me why you weep, for I cannot eat you. Let the gods speak through your tears." The ndalo still wept. "Is the end of Rewa near?" the lady inquired. The ndalo wept a negative. "Is the end of Bau near?" Again a negative. "Is my father in Bau to die?" Another negative. "Is Na-Vunivalu of Bau to die?" Again the ndalo wept a negative. "Is Koroiravula to fall by the club of Thakombau?" Still a negative. "Is Yagodamu to go to his father?" Once again a negative. "Is our chief of Rewa near his end?" The mysterious vegetable wept—an affirmative! And

thus disburdened of the awful secret, it ceased to weep. Soon the chief of Rewa sickened. The utmost skill of native doctors failed to check the remorseless diarrhœa, and the missionary's medicines failed likewise. Soon the unconquered enemy of Thakombau, the untiring aider and abettor of the rebels of Kámba, the lord and husband of the Bauan princess, Thakombau's relative, was a corpse. The missionary's house was burnt, and the missionary himself had to fly for his life, for he was accused of poisoning the chief. The true history of this mysterious revelation will never be told. Old men, cunning in the dark mysteries of Fijian plots, have told me their belief that the chief *was* murdered, but for their lives, they dared not whisper whom they suspected. The one who administered the poison dare not divulge the secret. The club of the chief who planned the plot would be the penalty, if death at the hands of the deceased chief's relatives were perchance escaped. He who planned the plot and the one who executed it only know the fact. It was part of the plotter's design to instigate the burning of Mr. Moore's house, to divert suspicion on to the head of the devoted missionary, who did everything he could to save the man's life.

One of the schemes by which Bau sought to maintain her supremacy in Fiji, amidst rebellions and intrigues, was to obtain wives for the Bau chiefs from as many different districts as possible. Indeed, there is not a district of any consequence in Fiji which has not at one time or another sent one or more of

its great ladies to Bau, to be the wife of one of the great chiefs. The object of Bau was to possess as many *vasu* to different districts as possible. A *vasu* has the right to appropriate *anything* belonging to the brothers of his mother; and can also claim the services of his uncles' tribes in war or peace; or failing to secure their services in war, his influence secures their *neutrality*. On one occasion, when the chief of Lakeba (Lakemba) declared to me in the presence of Thakombau that he was not subject to Bau, the latter chief promptly asked him, "Then how come so many of your Lakemba ladies to Bau? Were they not brought as tribute to our chiefs, and hence our vasu ki Lakemba?" The recusant chief at once admitted the supremacy of Bau. The chiefs of Mathuata seem to have seen through the design of the Bau chiefs; and whenever they sent a great lady to the capital as the wife of one of its chiefs, she was always instructed to destroy her children before birth. These instructions were literally carried out, for there never has been a great vasu to Mathuata in Bau. These ladies were always carefully guarded when the promise of a vasu was evident; but with all the watchfulness of their lords, they invariably succeeded in obeying the instructions of their own chiefs at Mathuata. There are several herbs, by chewing which abortion is produced, in some cases with but little risk, comparatively, to the cruel mother; and in their strolls in the bush, it was easy enough casually to pluck the leaves—as duly instructed before leaving home—and chew them. Perhaps the secret most

carefully guarded by the Fijians is that which teaches the plants used for this purpose. In the botanical researches of Dr. Seemann, we together tried to find out the particulars, but the information we gathered was scanty indeed as compared to what the *professors of poisoning* in Fiji could have told us respecting the medicinal properties of a variety of plants. If, immediately after our conversation with the party from whom we sought to obtain the information, any person of rank had died somewhat suddenly, the death would have been attributed to us,—thus it becomes a risky subject of investigation. The knowledge of these plants, and their medicinal properties, is not general; it is confined only to a few, who are the hereditary depositories, and impart only such information as will accomplish the purposes they have in view,—generally to serve the ambition or the revenge of their own immediate chiefs.*

A singular custom in Fiji, when any plotting or treachery is being carried on, if a Verata man† is known to be amongst the party designed to be clubbed, he is sure to be advised of it. At Nagigi, in Natewa Bay, there were fifteen Ovalau men, one Verata man, and one half-caste (Matthew Riley), whose mother was a Verata woman. The Nagigi people planned their murder, but in the evening of the night when

* See Dr. Seemann's 'Mission to Viti.'

† Verata is a town on the mainland, about five miles west of Bau, and nearly opposite Ovalau. In former days it was the head of a very powerful district, which commanded all central Fiji. Its power is now gone, being completely subjected by Bau.

the plan was to be executed, Riley and the Verata man were sent for, and told that their companions were to be murdered that night, and they were detained, with a guard over them, in the house of the chief of Nagigi, apart from the others. The Ovalau men were all clubbed, and these two spared. When the report reached Levuka, several half-castes went in the schooner 'Friends' to Nagigi for Riley and his companion, who were at once given up. There was a peculiarity also in the cannibalism of Verata. The people of that town professed to abhor and repudiate the practice altogether. Sometimes the Bau chiefs *ordered* them to eat human flesh, and sent them a man's leg or an arm to devour. It was always cooked out of the town, not less than two or three miles away; and it was eaten purely from fear of Bau. After eating it, these Verata men were always at great pains to cleanse their mouths and hands, and any cup they first drank out of afterwards was always destroyed. Whether this has any connection with the origin of the preceding custom, I could never ascertain.

The whale's tooth is a potent agent in the secret diplomacy of Fiji, and I had myself to use it on several occasions. Alive to the beneficial results of my action in the matter of land sales as protecting them from imposition, the chiefs came in time to refer all their purely native quarrels to the Consulate. I soon found myself with endless solicitations from this chief and from that to check the intrigues of their rivals, or for protection from the aggressions of their more

powerful neighbours. Had I preserved all the whales' teeth that in this way came to the Consulate, I might have had a shipload; but, excepting a few I gave to Dr. Seemann as curiosities, I found them serviceable, and used them again. Some of these teeth crossed and recrossed each other in an extraordinary manner. Mulasi, a chief of rank in the Rakiraki district, on the north coast of Viti Levu, raised the standard of rebellion against the ruling chief, Wangalevu, and fortified Na-Vatu, a place accessible only by sea. First came a whale's tooth from Na-Wangaleve, reporting the defection of Mulasi, and entreating the good offices of the Consulate to restore order and peace. Close upon this came another from Na-Vatu. Mulasi begged the Consul to allow him to fight Wangalevu, promising when the latter had been duly dispatched, to hand the district over to the Consulate. Then came a message from Ratu Isikeli, chief of Viwa, to whom Rakiraki was directly subject, intimating that Tui Bua, the chief of Bua, on Vanua Levu, had instigated and was still abetting the revolt of Mulasi in the interests of Maafu. To ascertain whether this were the fact, I sent a whale's tooth from the Consulate to Mulasi at Na-Vatu, with a request to forward it on to Tui Bua, but without any message for that chief. The tooth reached Tui Bua, and another came back to the Consulate by the same route in an incredibly short time. This at once proved the complicity of Tui Bua, for otherwise Mulasi would have kept the whale's tooth, instead of sending it on. By sending the tooth without a message, I gave Mulasi the option to supply

one himself. From this Tui Bua imagined, after the true Fijian system, that I was inclined to his side, and hence a tooth was promptly sent in return. Again, a tooth came from Wangalevu with the message that he was hard pressed by Mulasi, with whom several Tonguese had now openly taken up their quarters. Then Thakombau and I met to discuss the matter. Through Viwa, Rakiraki is a dependency of Bau, and this great chief had his suspicions that Maafu was again at work to get a footing there, with an ultimate view on Bau, whenever the opportune moment might offer. Thakombau himself had been sending and receiving whales' teeth to and from Bau, without the knowledge of Tui Bua. Then Maafu sent Semisi (one of the most plausible ruffians that ever worked under the cloak of religion, and a chief of some rank as a relative of the Tongan King George), to convince me, in reply to a message, that he was wholly unconcerned in the intrigues, and that all rested solely with Tui Bua. From the Consul, Semisi sailed direct to Tui Bua, at once convincing me of the falsity of his declarations. Here was altogether a "pretty kettle of fish," and I had to manage each chief so that he should not know what passed between the others and myself; and to this day, nothing would induce them to confess their secret appeals to the Consul with these whales' teeth, each one being ashamed of the other. When Thakombau came to me on the subject, in the middle of his narrative of the different stages of the intrigues, I took up the story, and anticipated him. The old chief stared at me,—"Konisela, you

have had whales' teeth going?" he hinted at once,—a hint to which I was of course oblivious.

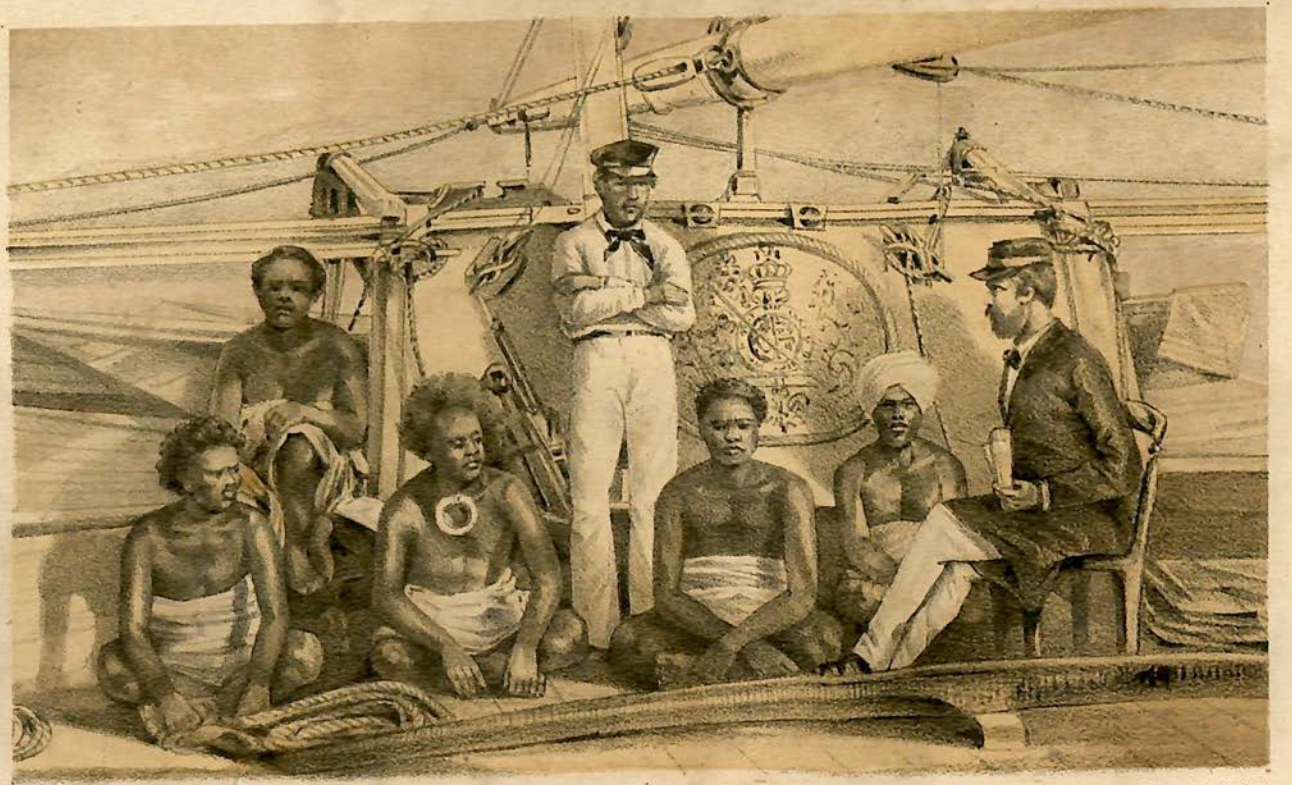
In another case there were crossings and recrossings of whales' teeth. In the progress of the troubles produced by the Tonguese on the Mathuata coast, Ritova and Bete fell to fighting. A whale's tooth came from Bete, (who was merely the instrument of Maafu,) with a request to protect him from Ritova; and three days after another came from Ritova, with the message that he had Bete completely in his power, and asking my permission to destroy him and his party. The scheme he proposed being a sanguinary one, I restrained its execution. In a few weeks I had to visit the district, and as soon as I appeared off Nanduri, Bete's head-quarters, a messenger came off with a whale's tooth and a message that the chief was willing to make peace, if Ritova would meet him at a feast in Nanduri. This was rather suspicious; still Ritova agreed to meet him, and I made no objections. While preparations were in progress for the feast, and the fighting was temporarily suspended, Ritova went some distance up the coast, thinking he was quite safe. The Tongans had heard of the proposed peace, and to dissuade Bete from it, four large canoes were sent, under Wainingolo, to render him support in the war. I was sure an attempt would be made to capture Ritova, as the canoes passed down the coast, especially as he was attended only by a few followers. A whale's tooth came to me from Nukubati, Ritova's head-quarters, with an entreaty to rescue their chief. From Bete came a tooth with further proposals of

peace,—to throw me off my guard. I received each tooth and the messages without letting any of the rivals know of the other's doings. Appointing a meeting with Bete for the next day, I at once started from Nanduri in the 'Paul Jones,' to intercept the Tongans and get Ritova on board. It was a close race. I had the chief on board, and was in the passage just as the Tongans appeared in sight. To run from them was madness; they would have suspected I had Ritova, and nothing would have been easier than, by an opportune accident, to run foul of the 'Paul Jones' with a large canoe,—and I should have been at the mercy of Wainingolo, who had personally but little love for me. There was but one course open. I made straight for the canoes, and asked if they knew where Ritova was. I had just been ashore, and he was not there *now*,—could Wainingolo tell me where he was?—running the 'Paul Jones' close alongside the Tongan chief's canoe as I spoke. To keep them from landing, I proposed that we should run down to Nanduri in company, which we accordingly did,—the Tongans being altogether thrown off the scent by my keeping so near to them; in fact, I sailed the 'Paul Jones' most of the way in the centre of the canoes, and chatted as freely as if under ordinary circumstances. When nearing Nanduri, Bete's fort, the 'Paul Jones' gradually edged from the centre to the side of the convoy, and as the canoes lowered their sails, we slipped across to Nukubati, and landed our passenger. When I went back to Nanduri, the Tongans were much cha-

grined,—but I had now nothing to fear, for they would hush up the little affair, ashamed to let the Fijians around them know their four canoes had been foiled by the little 'Paul Jones.' Through their interference the proposed peace was not effected, and the war went on for some months, when Wainingolo retired for a time. Then the war languished, and Bete again proposed a feast at Nanduri. Ritova, anxious for peace, attended with his followers. The whole thing was a *ruse* on the part of Bete, and he had wellnigh entrapped Ritova. Wainingolo was shortly expected to return, and Bete wanted something to show the Tongan when he arrived. With his natural proclivity to act the traitor, Bete had arranged with a party of mountaineers to rush into the town and to club Ritova and his whole party, while they little suspected the treachery. It happened that there was a near relative of Ritova's son in Bete's party, who was in the secret, and he told the young chief of their impending fate, who at once reported it to his father. Ritova went off to one of his canoes, professedly to drink yangona, in reality to hold a council with his old men, whilst the son remained on shore to lull any suspicion of the discovery. Bete, feeling his victim was in his power, grew impatient of the delay, and to bring Ritova on shore invited him to a bowl of yangona, while a messenger went off to the mountaineers to hurry down upon their victim. Ritova's son, being further warned by his relative, told his father their imminent peril. They were completely in Bete's power,—and what were

they to do? The son urged the necessity of assuming the offensive, and killing Bete without delay. Ritova hesitated. The son went ashore, met Bete just in front of the house, charged him with the diabolical plot, and said that had his father not followed the Consul's advice to act honestly and to accept every offer of peace, he would never have been in his power. "I have three balls in my musket for you, Bete," he said, "for you who want to kill my father, his son, and all his people, in cold blood." With these words he fired, surrounded as he was by Bete's partisans, and two balls lodged in Bete's body. He died instantly. A great uproar followed. Some of Ritova's friends proposed killing all Bete's followers and destroying the town. Ritova rushed ashore, quelled the excitement by his presence, and harangued the people. "People of Nanduri, you who deserted me, your proper chief, when the Tonguese drove me from the land of my forefathers, you may all live. Were it not for my promises to the Consul, who has always told me to live in peace, and spare my enemies, you would all die this day with the chief you followed. Keep quiet; I shall send for Christian teachers, not Tonguese, but white men or Fijians, and we shall all live in peace." After this, all went on quiet until Maafu dispatched his lieutenant, Wainingolo, to Mathuata, and troubles at once recommenced.

When Commodore Seymour visited Fiji, in July, 1861, in H.M.S. Pelorus, I believed that our united mediation would effect a permanent peace, would check the Tonguese from further interference pending



Vincent Brooks, Lith.

CONFERENCE WITH NATIVES ON BOARD H.M.S. PELORUS.

the settlement of the question of the cession, and would also restore this district—perhaps the richest in Fiji in oil and other produce—to the enterprise of the traders, as it had been in the days prior to the advent of the Tonguese, and when American traders, from Salem, did a large business there. Commodore Seymour agreed with me, and we went to Mathuata, in the 'Pelorus,' taking Thakombau and Maafu with us. While there, meetings were held on the quarter-deck of the 'Pelorus,' at which the rival chiefs fully discussed their grievances in security, on this neutral ground, Commodore Seymour carefully abstaining from influencing their movements, and absenting himself during the discussions. I was present, to check the chiefs occasionally when they grew too warm in their speeches. After a full and patient discussion, Maafu distinctly admitted the complicity of the Tonguese, and signed an agreement not again to interfere, and Wainingolo, the active mover under Maafu, was restricted from ever again appearing in the district.

During my absence in England, in 1859, Maafu had driven Ritova from Mathuata, and placed Bete in power, managing his scheme so that Thakombau was represented at the installation,—by which means he could throw the onus of the act upon Bau, when it suited him to do so. On my return to Fiji, Ritova laid his case before me, and asked my sanction to accept the offer of certain chiefs, Thakombau, Tui Thakau, and Tui Wainiuno, amongst others, to aid him to regain his position by force of arms. I saw that such a combination as this would involve the

whole group in war, in which Maafu with the Tonguese would be on one side, and Thakombau with the Fijians on the other; and that everything would be thrown into utter confusion, to the prejudice of Christianity as well as of commerce. I discouraged the appeal to arms, and promised in due course to discuss the subject with the parties concerned. The American Consul had previously officially drawn the attention of his Government to the fact that since Ritova's removal from power, American whalers had found it impossible to obtain supplies, as formerly, on the northern shores of Vanua Levu, and the bêche-de-mer (*Holothuria* sp. plur.) trade, carried on by the citizens of the United States, had become totally extinct. To prevent, then, the whole group becoming involved in war, after careful deliberation with the chiefs concerned, I promised that I would myself take Ritova back to Mathuata, but in such a manner as not to interfere with the existing arrangements. At this moment Maafu was secretly intriguing to get Ritova beyond my reach, while he was all the time professing to acquiesce in the proposed plans. I found out, by means of whales' teeth, that Ritova, who since his loss of power had been living quietly at Matei, on Taviuni, where his personal followers had flocked around him, was to be sent as a prisoner to Tonga, and the people living on his patrimonial estates—Kia and Thikombia—were to be carried over to Undu, and placed under Bonaveindonga, the chief whom Maafu had rewarded with the government of Eastern Mathuata. This necessitated immediate action. I went

Vincent Brooks, Lith.

TUI MATHUATA AND THE SAILOR.

P. 341

to Taviuni, and took Ritova on board, as I was bound to the Mathuata coast with Dr. Seemann, in his scientific researches for the Colonial Office. On the 27th October, 1860, in presence of Dr. Seemann and myself, an arrangement was made which left Bete in possession of the regal title and power of the district, as "Tui Mathuata," which gave back to Ritova his patrimonial estates, and which recognized him only as a resident chief under the ruling chief, Bete. Both parties pledged themselves to live in peace, to refer any future disputes to the Consul, devote their energies to trade, and disavow all dependence on Maafu. All this took place publicly at Nanduri, the then capital of Mathuata. Ritova eagerly set about rebuilding his town on the little island of Nukubati, and white traders again flocked to the coast as in days of yore. This turn of affairs was far from pleasing to the Tonguese, and hence their interference, which led to the results already narrated. The return of Ritova was never looked upon favourably by the missionaries, and was always held as a score against me. Ritova professed to be a Roman Catholic, or was believed to be favourable to that party, because, as he openly alleged, the Tongans were of the other creed,—and this was the secret of much of the opposition he encountered from various quarters. Had he been left alone in the position in which he was placed by the arrangement entered into on the 27th October, 1860, he would never have come into contact with Bete, and there would have been no war. But in Fiji, somehow, every person, every party, has a finger in

the pie. The maxim "Rest and be thankful" is there unknown. In this Mathuata case, after I had quietly averted the pending war by placing Ritova there, as a private person in fact, and making him acknowledge Bete for the sake of peace, first one interfered and then another. There were Tonguese, writhing under their loss of prestige, intriguing to regain power. There were missionaries, horrified at the idea of a chief reputed to be a Roman Catholic returning to the district. Colonel Smythe dabbled in the matter, and subsequently, in the heat of his enmity, alleged that I was the cause of the death of Bete!—showing how little he knew of Fijians and their affairs. What with Tonguese, Wesleyans, colonels, and certain traders, anxious to lose property in the scrimmage, so that they might trump up claims upon somebody (no matter whom), for indemnity,—Mathuata came to a nice mess.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIJI WITHOUT A CONTROLLING POWER.

In a country like Fiji, words carelessly uttered not unfrequently lead to serious consequences, and the sudden relaxation of a controlling power is the signal for immediate confusion, amongst both natives and settlers, of all grades. In 1862, troubles and rumours of war arose in Thakandrove, a district on the north-east of Vanua Levu. The ruling chief, Tui Thakau, was a wretched old man, who could never be brought to renounce his old savage customs, but in antagonism to the Tongans, whom he heartily hated because they had appropriated certain of his islands, he took the notion to favour the Roman Catholics. He was himself, politically, in ill-favour with the Wesleyan missionaries. His brother, Ratu Kuila, had, on the contrary, always been energetic for the "lotu," *i.e.* for the Wesleyans, and therefore he stood high in the estimation of the missionaries. He was an ambitious man, and had long been intriguing to displace his brother, and to make himself Tui (or king) Thakau.

During the progress of the intrigues of the brothers, Ritova's son, as vasu to Thakandrove, asked Tui Thakau to help him in a war that had commenced in Mathuata, brought on, it was said, by the intrigues of the Tonguese teacher. Tui Thakau sent his young brother, Ratu Golea, with a force to aid Ritova. During the absence of this brother, who supported Tui Thakau, Ratu Kuila matured his schemes. When the party was returning home, after being victorious on Mathuata, Kuila reported that Ratu Golea was intending to punish those of the people who had declined to follow him on his late expedition. As the missionaries had been instrumental, very properly as Christian teachers, perhaps, in preventing many from joining Ratu Golea, they fancied themselves in jeopardy. All eyes were turned to the champions of Wesleyanism—the Tongans—and Wainingolo was at once invited by Ratu Kuila to assist him in a war against Tui Thakau and Ratu Golea, his own brothers; or as Kuila put it, to assist him in defending the Christian party. Wainingolo promptly accepted the invitation, and was soon at Fawn Harbour, the mission station, where his presence and personal prestige in Fijian warfare speedily restored confidence, and once more the missionaries slept in peace.*

* It is but just to the missionaries to state that Ratu Kuila made, I believe, an unjustifiable use of their names when sending to Lakemba for the aid of the Tonguese in the war he meditated against his brother; and this is another instance of how reckless these chiefs are in their intrigues. When I was at Lifuka (Friendly Islands) in March, 1863, the Rev. S. W. Baker, a Wesleyan missionary at that place, called

At this juncture (July, 1862), we arrived at Fawn Harbour, in H.M.S. Miranda, Captain Jenkins. The missionaries gave their version to the gallant captain, which was at once accepted as the true story. Nothing was too bad to be imputed to Ratu Golea, who had now openly pronounced himself a Roman Catholic, nothing too good to be said of Wainingolo. Indeed, one of the missionaries declared to Captain Jenkins, "Wainingolo is another Duke of Wellington, Sir! For a whole fortnight I never went to bed; I had to keep watch all night, lest Ratu Golea should attack us. As soon as Wainingolo and his Tongans appeared, we had rest." In presence of the Tongans and Fijians, Captain Jenkins made fun, after his own very peculiar manner, of the engagements entered into at Mathuata before Commodore Seymour and myself,

with me one evening to chat with the chiefs Joeli and Niukapu, at the house of the latter. During the conversation, which had turned upon the prospects of the Tonguese in Fiji, now that I had left the group, we talked of this Thakandrove war, and the death of Wainingolo. Niukapu said, in presence of the missionary and myself, and of the chief Joeli, "I saw the letter from Joeli Bulu (an 'assistant Wesleyan missionary,' and in his own right a Tongan chief, stationed near Fawn Harbour) to Maafu, asking for aid in the war against Ratu Golea. The letter said the missionary (Mr. Carey) *requested* the writer to send for Maafu and the Tongans to help in the war. The messenger brought the letter to me, and said, 'Here is a letter for you and the Tongan chiefs from Ratu Kuila.' When I had read the letter, I saw it was not for me, for I knew nothing of this war. Then I looked at the direction, and saw it was addressed to Maafu. I said, 'I am now in trouble, for I have opened Maafu's letter, and he will think I know his secrets. I have nothing to do with this war. Let Maafu and the missionaries do as they like in the matter.' I gave the letter back to the messenger. I believe Joeli Bulu wrote the letter himself."

and told Wainingolo to fight away as much as he liked! The man seemed to imbibe the idea that he *was* another Wellington, and a few days after the 'Miranda' left, he prepared (August, 1862) to attack Wainiki, Ratu Golea's encampment, in force; and sent a challenge to the young chief to meet him in single combat before their two parties. The challenge was accepted. "Prepare to die; in three days I attack your fort, and you fall by my bullet if you dare to meet Wainingolo," was the arrogant Tongan's message. "Does hair grow on the soles of your feet? Come quickly, lest the hair grow too long for you to run," was the young Fijian's reply.* When Wainingolo and his warriors appeared before Wainiki, the young chief called for his musket, and taking a farewell of his followers, sallied out to meet the Tongan, saying he must either kill his foe or be killed himself. They met. The Fijian's ball lodged in the forehead of the Tongan, and Wainingolo, who, inflated by his vanity, had declared himself invulnerable to ball or club, died on the spot. When peace was subsequently established, Ratu Golea, now called the "Lion of Somosomo" (his native town), led his followers in a body to the Roman Catholic priests,—not that he in reality cared for one creed more than for another, but simply because the Tonguese were Wesleyans, and he hated the Tonguese. During the fight, a large number of natives, belonging to Wainingolo's party—Fijians and Tongans—were captured by Ratu Golea, and

* Meaning, "Are you something supernatural, that you seem to think yourself invulnerable?

many of them were *lotu*-men. A few days after, they were all liberated.

In the course of a week after their liberation, Nabukacadra (Nambukathandra), a chief of Na-Savusavu Bay (attached to Ratu Golea's party) was sailing down the coast, when his canoe capsized at Qaloqalo (Nqalonqalo). The crew made for the shore; as they were swimming through the surf, the natives of Kuila and Wainingolo's party, belonging to a lotu town called Nagigi, fired at them, and killed three of their number. About the same time, as I was informed by Maika Vula, a leading man under Ratu Golea, the grave of the late great chief of the district, Tui Ilaila, was desecrated at Weilagi by the Tongans of Wainingolo's party. The bones were dug up, and all the white shells placed on the grave, were taken away. These are the men who boast of their championship of Christianity,—who pretend to fight in Fiji only for the spread of religion, and receive the applause of parties who ought to be more chary of their commendations.

While the 'Miranda' was at Fawn Harbour, a young Englishman, by the name of Coxson, brought before me a complaint against Wainingolo, to the effect that the Tongan party had burned down one of his houses, and had otherwise destroyed and stolen his property, at Somosomo town. Wainingolo declared that the property was destroyed during a fight, when Tui Thakau was captured, tied hands and feet, and sent to one of the little islands to the northward of Taviuni, there to be kept a prisoner until he should

become a Christian! I referred the case to Captain Jenkins. The English lad made his statement, and the Tongan chief made his. The captain coolly told Coxson he did not believe his statement, but he believed Wainingolo's. To this summary process I objected, as there was as yet no evidence on either side. The lad said he could produce evidence of the thefts if allowed to go on shore for witnesses. Captain Jenkins declared he did not require any evidence,—Wainingolo's statement was enough; and a decision was given in favour of the Tongan on his bare contradiction of the Englishman's statement. While this was going on, Père Lorenzo, who had the *fracas* with Mr. Carey about the native house at Na-Savusavu Bay, came on board with a complaint to the effect that the Wesleyan missionaries had induced the war, and had instigated the natives of their party to burn a village where the people were all, or nearly all, Catholics. The missionaries were on board at the time,—and the unfortunate priest, who afterwards told me that he heard Captain Jenkins's elegant expression, "—— it, here comes the devil himself," was treated in a manner that made one, even in presence of the rough ways of savages, ashamed to meet him on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war. Before the priest left the ship, Wainingolo promised that his canoe and crew should not be molested by the Tongan party. The promise was soon forgotten,—the sail of the canoe was cut up, and the sculls, paddles, and poles taken away.

The visits of British ships of war have generally

been productive of much good both to the natives and to the whites of all classes. Judging from my own observations, as well as from the testimony of all the settlers, the beneficial effects of the visits of Commodore Seymour in H.M.S. Pelorus, and of Sir Malcolm Macgregor in H.M.S. Harrier, were felt throughout the group. But the visit of the 'Miranda' had a somewhat different effect. While she lay at anchor in Levuka Harbour, indeed, the natives broke into an Englishman's house, within range of her guns, and stole everything the poor fellow had. The whites came to me at two o'clock in the night, begging my active interference on their behalf. But the rejection of the cession having been formally announced to Thakombau on board the 'Miranda' (July 11, 1862), all the powers which the chiefs had vested in me in December, 1859, ceased at the same time, and I could not move actively in the matter, especially after the action of the captain of the 'Miranda.' Still I could not well see outrages perpetrated on British subjects, even in presence of a British man-of-war, without quietly using my personal influence to prevent a repetition of them, and I succeeded in keeping matters quiet.

I was the more urged still quietly to use my personal influence on behalf of the whites, from the fact that immediately after the departure of the 'Miranda' from the group, the leading settlers formed themselves into what they called "The Foreign Residents' Self-Protecting Society," by which they bound themselves, "individually and collectively, in their lives, proper-

ties, and honours," unitedly to repel any aggressions on the part of the natives by force of arms. I knew full well that if once they came in contact under arms, there would be a terrible retribution upon the unfortunate natives who ventured to commit acts of aggression.

My Consulate had been burnt down in May, and all my efforts to discover the incendiary had proved fruitless. Soon after the departure of the 'Miranda,' on board which vessel we had endeavoured to make further inquiries into the matter, Tui Levuka came to me, and very solemnly stated that he could discover who had burnt the office. "I will bury a cocoa-nut in a certain place," he said, "and the man who dies first after walking over it, is the man!" A very poor consolation this, I thought, for the very great prejudice which I had suffered through losing so many papers and documents of the most material consequence to me in my affairs with the Foreign Office. I promised him a large reward if he would find out the man. "Let me have muskets," he replied. "Give me some *now*, and the rest when I find out the man. I want to prepare to fight Bau. You say you are going to England, and now we shall fight." This seemed but a very poor result from all my labours. I, however, succeeded in showing him that his interest was to keep at peace, as he was the chief of the town where the white men had their settlement. While I was talking with him, a messenger arrived from Rewa with the intelligence that on the night of the day after the 'Miranda' left Rewa Roads, the natives

burnt a house belonging to O'Hara, an Englishman living in that district. During the same night, a pig was stolen from Dyer, an American, in the same district. Dyer took his gun and walked up to the chief, declaring he would have his pig or shoot the chief. The pig was soon returned to the bold American. Just as this messenger went out, another came in from the half-castes of Levuka, asking my permission to "club" a white man who had incurred their anger in an *affaire de femme!* Then came Mr. Calvert, begging me to interfere to protect the life of the white man; then Mr. Binner, on the same side; then followed Mr. Hennings, also on the same errand; and before he had gone, Dick Smith and Charley Conner, two of the half-castes,—the former himself the aggrieved party,—rushed into the office, each with a club, awaiting the word from me,—"Only say, Sir, you have now nothing more to do with us, and then we shall soon settle the matter!"

All Levuka was excitement, and for the moment I thought it well to quiet them by promising to look into the matter during the day. But before I had left my room, the chief Koroi Ramundra arrived from Bau. He had lately had some personal difficulty with Thakombau, who had deposed him from his chieftainship over Moturiki, one of the Bau islands. He wished to know whether I had given up all control of their native affairs. I saw his drift. He was for proposing something against Thakombau. I checked him, and put the idea quite out of his head; but not until he had stated to me that both Tui

Levuka and Thakombau were each, from independent motives, protecting the mountaineers who had robbed Scott's house while the 'Miranda' was in the group. Both these chiefs, he alleged as a great secret, were ntriguing against each other, and both were working to win over the mountaineers to their own side. Then in quick succession followed Tui Levuka, saying Mr. Harman, one of the store-keepers in Levuka, had detained some of his yams, and declaring his strong desire to club Mr. Harman; then Mr. Harman himself, saying Tui Levuka had no claim upon the yams, and if the chief attempted to take them away, he would shoot him on the spot! With some difficulty I prevented a collision in my presence. As they were leaving, quieted for the time being, Charley Wise, one of the leading half-castes, and my late Consular messenger, came to report that W. E. Taylor had just had a scuffle with certain natives from Kiuva over a trading transaction, and asking my permission to muster the whites and half-castes to drive the Kiuva natives into the sea. Then came a native, saying that Père Bréhéret had interfered to prevent him taking his daughter from Totongo to Bau; and following him closely came the priest, saying that the man had tied the girl hands and feet, like a pig, intending to take her to Bau, to compel her to live with a man as her husband whom she detested; and since she was duly baptized in the Catholic religion, he had interfered to rescue her from so hard a fate. Then appeared Blakelock and Murray, complaining that Fanny Rae had insulted them by saying they had stolen three

dollars from Rae's bar, and threatened their lives by presenting two pistols at Blakelock's head! As these men disappeared, Fanny Rae presented herelf, to complain that, in the absence of her husband, she was tending the bar, when Blakelock and Murray took advantage of her weakness, went behind the counter, helped themselves to spirits, and took three dollars from the till. Altogether Levuka was in the greatest excitement.

What with the effects of the 'Miranda's' visit, and certain unguarded utterances that had been made on board, and my quiet withdrawal from interference in any matters save those most strictly Consular, the state of affairs was rapidly approaching a climax. Whites, half-castes, and natives, Protestants, Catholics, and heathens, seemed to be all coming into collision. I really did not like to see all my efforts to forward the country thus nullified, and therefore I directed, as quietly as I could, all my energies to allay the growing excitement, and set myself to work as quietly to instil into the minds of the chiefs the necessity, for their own sakes, to treat white men well, and as soon as possible to form some sort of government for their islands. I took the cases enumerated in hand. First, I referred them to the "local authorities." Who or what these "local authorities" were, or where to find them, I knew no more than the man in the moon. But as, in the plenitude of its wisdom, the Foreign Office had entertained the allegation that I had usurped the functions of the local authorities, I deemed it well to act upon the sugges-

tion, and to refer the complainants to these said "local authorities." The whites thought I was attempting to perpetrate a very bad joke, and the natives fancied I was ridiculing them, and throwing dust in their eyes. The fact was simply there were no native chiefs competent to adjudicate any case whatever between the two races. The first case referred to the "local authorities" resulted in a pugilistic encounter. Thompson complained that he had shipped certain oil on board the schooner 'Friends,' on condition of being allowed to have a certain state-room cabin for his wife and family on the passage to Melbourne, and that now, the oil being on board, the cabin was refused to him, and appropriated to another. When the parties were referred to the "local authorities," they retired in disgust, went to Rae's public-house, and there decided the matter in the ring, much to the edification, no doubt, of the bystanders, and to the benefit of the litigants themselves. Whether this was the "local authority" referred to by the Foreign Office, I will not undertake to pronounce. This, then, being the result of the reference to the "local authorities," I proceeded seriously to settle the various matters on the *tapis*, and eventually disposed of them satisfactorily.

Once more the mountaineers threatened to burn Totogo, the village adjoining Levuka, and the chiefs again appealed to the Consulate for protection from their own countrymen. From what I knew of the state of affairs, I was convinced the threatened attack was only a development of the intrigues against Bau.

I sent for Tui Levuka, and when he came, walked him into my room and locked ourselves in. "Now, Tui Levuka," I said, "I know precisely your scheme in this affair with Bau, and I know Thakombau's plans." "Who told you?" he asked quickly. "That is the secret, Tui Levuka," I replied. "Look now at this little shell as it lies on the table; I put my hat over it. I shall take the shell away without touching the hat." "No, you will not," he laughed somewhat triumphantly. I continued to talk to him for some few minutes, and then said, "Now let us see about the shell. Lift up the hat quickly." As he lifted the hat, of course I took the shell away, remarking, "You see I have removed the shell from where it was under the hat, and I made *you* help me without your knowing that you were helping me. Now, do you doubt that I know all your intrigues, and those of Bau too, and how I come to know them? Send at once and say there must be no attack upon Totogo by the Sovoni mountaineers." The chief sent off his messenger directly, and there was no more heard of the affair.

Some months before this, Naulu, a Levuka native, had in a drunken brawl, killed Paula, a Tongan lad who lived with the half-castes on Wakaia, an island belonging to Dr. Brower, the American Consul. After an inquiry before Thakombau, Tui Levuka, the American Consul, and myself, Naulu was sentenced by the two chiefs to three years' hard labour at cocoanut oil making on a little uninhabited island off Bau, and to be kept in irons until he was put upon the

island. The chiefs did not understand how to put on the irons, and handed them to me. As I approached Naulu, he jumped up, drew a knife from under the folds of his *tapa*, and as he was about to strike at me, Tui Levuka jumped up with his club to strike Naulu, when off the fellow went into the bush, Tui Levuka after him. The next we heard of the man was that he was at Bau under the protection of Thakombau! Naulu had always been ill-disposed to his own chief, Tui Levuka, and he would serve the Bau chief admirably as a tool in any intrigues on Ovalau. And now Naulu's services came into play. Thakombau persuaded Tui Levuka to let him return to Levuka. The chief asked my opinion; I declined to give any, remembering the knife. Tui Levuka replied, "I shall let him remain in my town, he belongs to me. I know he is only placed here to carry out Bau's intrigues; I shall watch, and when I see his tricks, he shall fall under my club!"

On the night of the 30th November (1862), a messenger came to the Consulate to report from Tui Levuka that Naulu was dead,—just clubbed in the native town by his chief! In the morning, Tui Levuka came himself, and declared Naulu was waylaying him to kill him, under orders from Bau. Whether the statement was true or false, the man's family all fled to Bau, and there will remain to await their revenge. If they fail to get it from Tui Levuka himself, their children will remain to get it from Tui Levuka's children!

Before the excitement had subsided, a boat came

over from Makogai, now the property of Mr. Hennings and Captain Browning, stating that the native labourers had risen against the two whites in charge of the island, and in a fight had wounded Grayburn, the manager, with a hatchet, and entreating me immediately to go over. I sent a messenger at once to keep the natives quiet. Mr. Grayburn had been scolding the natives for not doing more work, and fancying there was now no check upon them, they attacked him, though fortunately he successfully beat them off, receiving only one hatchet-wound in his head. The natives were removed, and others engaged in their place, and the island once more restored to quietness.

In this way I had to employ my time, even after I had renounced the powers which the chiefs vested in me, now, however, acting unofficially. By the end of the year, all was quiet again; and on the 26th of January, 1863, I resigned the Consulate into the hands of my temporary successor, Mr. Wm. Owen, a gentleman largely interested in the trade of the group.

It is gratifying to feel and to know that one's efforts have not been altogether without benefit to the country. When I landed in Fiji in 1859, on my return from England, the oil exported that year was fifty tuns. When, in December, 1862, I made my annual "trade report" to the Board of Trade, nearly five hundred tuns had been exported that year. Several cotton plantations were being successfully worked, and notably one by Mr. Storck, a scientific as well as a practical planter. Several sheep stations had been

stocked, and were giving every promise of success and an oil manufactory, worked by water power, had been started by a company from Sydney; and Dr. Brower and Mr. Whippy had commenced the manufacture of sugar on their island.

The short statement presented to me by the white men of all nationalities from all parts of the group, on the eve of my departure, was most gratifying; and I may perhaps be excused the pride which induces me to append it.

"So far as we have been able to judge, Mr. Pritchard's acts, as her Majesty's Consul in Fiji, have tended to the welfare and progress of the country, and the protection of the interests of her Majesty's subjects, as well as of other foreigners generally. And we feel that he has done the utmost in his power to render life and property secure, and that his conduct has been such as to ensure the respect of the natives on behalf of the whites, as well as of himself and his office. And we truly regret his removal from amongst us as her Majesty's Consul for Fiji."

This was followed by more than one hundred signatures.

I purposed to visit Samoa on my way to England, and with this view, my sister and my two little girls sailed for that group on the 1st January, 1863, in the schooner 'Anita,' belonging to Messrs. J. C. Godeffroy and Sons, of Hamburg, who have a large establishment at Apia, which has perhaps done more than anything else to develop the resources of the islands, and to stimulate the industry of the natives of that group.

They sailed from Levuka with a fine fair wind, and Captain Sachtleben expected to be in Apia within a week. On the 13th of February my wife and I followed in the 'Cheetah,' Captain Sustenance, hoping to join them at the house of my esteemed friend Mr. Unshelm. On our way, we called at Lifuka, in the Tonga group. As I stood on the deck, just after the anchor was down, a trader from the shore asked Captain Sustenance if he had "heard anything of the unfortunate 'Anita.'"—"Why do you say unfortunate?" inquired Captain Sustenance, and then whispered to the person from the shore. My anxiety was excited. He came up to me, and I asked him, "What is the news of the 'Anita'?"—"She is overdue at Samoa," he replied; "had you any particular interest in her?"—"I had a sister and two children on board," I told him. "Vessels often fail to reach their port," he added, "and the 'Anita' is overdue considerably, and we have just had a very heavy gale indeed." For the life of me, I could not take the man's hint; for though I felt something was wrong, I could not bring myself to think my children and my sister were lost at sea! My wife heard from the cabin what the man said, and at once penetrated what he wanted to disclose. "Can't you understand he wants to tell you they are lost? the 'Anita' is wrecked, and they are lost in the gale!" The terrible reality flashed across my mind,—it is too painful to describe! The missionaries very kindly invited us to stay at their house while the 'Cheetah' was in port. The day after we went ashore, my wife and I were walking along the

sandy beach, where often I had wandered before with a light heart. Thinking of the lost ones, yet not daring to say they were lost, we peered far out over the ocean,—perhaps we *might* see a raft drifting past. As we stood there watching, I saw a speck on the sea, —it was not a raft. It looked like a part of a broken canoe. It came over the reef as the surf curled and broke,—drifting right for where we stood! As it floated to the beach, I told the Tongan lad who followed us to bring it on shore. It was my sister's box! In a few minutes the lid came floating over the reef,—drifting right to where we stood. On it was still legible "Miss Pritchard"! Was this a silent messenger from the deep, to tell us we should see *them* no more?

When we arrived at Apia, Mr. Unshelm sent round the schooner 'Kehrwieder,' Captain Rachow, to look for the 'Anita,' and to visit all the neighbouring islands, for possibly some *one* might have escaped, if all had not, who could tell us the story. I accompanied Captain Rachow. Going from island to island, we found here something and there something which told too truly that the 'Anita' had suffered some terrible disaster. Still I hoped, until at Mangaone (near Lifuka, where the box came drifting to our feet) we found that the hull of the 'Anita' had just drifted on to the rocks,—dismasted, full of water, with her cargo still in her, but without a vestige of any one of those who had sailed from Fiji with buoyant spirits and hearts full of hope. From that day to this, the story of the unfortunate 'Anita' remains a mystery,

—to parents, children, and sister a terrible reality. For three months I searched from island to island, from reef to reef, but found no trace of their being alive.

With this painful episode terminated my career in the Pacific. In August, 1863, accompanied by my wife, I sailed from Samoa in the good ship 'César Godeffroy,' and in November landed at Falmouth.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIJIAN MYTHOLOGY, CANNIBALISM, AND POLYGAMY.

THE Fijians have a greater number of gods than any of the other islanders I have visited in the Pacific. They have Degei, or Dengei, the great creator, who more or less influences everything pertaining to this life. Next in importance are his two sons, Tui Lakemba Randinandina and Tokai Rambe, who hear and receive the petitions of men, and present them to their great Father. Then there are an endless number of inferior gods, whose attributes and functions are limited, and others whose influence is purely local. Then there are those who have ever belonged to the family of gods, and those who are deified mortals only. The former are called *kalou-vu*, the latter *kalou-yalo*. The first are purely spiritual in their attributes, and superior to the influences of this material world, the second are affected by all the passions and influences which affect mortals. There are national gods, gods of districts, and gods of families. There are gods who preside specially over the fishermen tribes, others over the

carpenters,—and there are various gods of war. Every chief has his special god, whom he consults on all occasions of importance. All these gods have temples, —the great god Dengei, however, having fewer than the others. All have shrines: the most remarkable perhaps are the stones which are said to be impersonations of certain gods. At Thokova, on Viti Livu, is a stone dressed with a woman's *liku*, and is called Lovekaveka, supposed to be the shrine of a goddess. The god Dadavanua (=Ndandavanua) is the offspring of a stone. *Two* large stones are said to be *the* mother of Dengei. Three stones are said to be the shrine of Rewau and his two wives; one wife came from Yasawa, the other from Yedua (=Yendua), islands forty miles apart. On a reef on the Macuata (=Mathuata) coast, is a stone which is the shrine of an unknown god. On the island of Taviuni there are several stones which are sacred to certain gods. Most of these stones are of a *peculiar* shape, oblong, and slightly rounded at the upper end. In Bau are large flat stones, on which pebbles are placed, like children gathering round a mother. On Vanua Levu there are two stones, one over the other,—said to be two gods wrestling.

In every village there are priests, who preside at the great feasts to the gods, receive the petitions of suppliants, and communicate the will of the gods. At the great feasts, the food set apart for the gods is eaten by the wily old priests. Whales' teeth and turtle are the most acceptable offerings.

When distant towns have the same gods, the people

have the privilege to do as they like in each other's town. Namuka, on the Macuata (=Mathuata) coast, has the same *kalou*, or gods, as Bau. Hence when the Namuka people go to Bau, they take whatever they like, especially in the way of *food;* and so the Bau people when they visit Namuka. The gods of Vuna, on Taviuni, once caught a certain god from Bau at a disadvantage, and demanded his submission. He replied, "Caught as I am, and far from my own town, I must submit, and do homage to the Vuna gods, but *not to the Vuna chiefs.*" To mark this nice distinction, he was allowed still to carry his club on his shoulder. And now when the Bau people visit Vuna, they always go to the *bure*, or temple of these gods, and perform the ceremony of receiving a high chief, exclaiming "Ho! ho!" and clapping hands. But it is the rule always to carry their clubs on their shoulders on every part of the island, to remind the people that they and their gods are subject only to the Vuna gods, and not to the chiefs. A Bau man will cook food for the priest's family there, but he always keeps his club on his shoulder, while performing the menial act, to show it is done for homage only to the gods.

I asked an intelligent-looking old Fijian,—a heathen, but one who had heard much of the teachings of the missionaries,—"Where do you expect to go when you die?" He thought awhile, and then replied, "Your missionaries tell us it is easy to go by their road to the white man's Burotu, and to be for ever happy, but by our Fijian way it is hard to get

there. I cannot say exactly where I shall go when I die, *unless I can tell a lie to the god* Ravuyalo, and then again to Dengei, and not be found out!" The Fijian had indeed a "hard road to travel." His soul first went to the final starting-point from this material world, at Naicobocobo (= Naithombothombo), the western extremity of Vanua Levu. Then he had to throw the spirit of the whale's tooth, which was placed in his hand in the grave, at a spiritual screwpine, said to grow on Takiveleyawa, a hill near Naithombothombo. If the tree was missed, further progress was impossible. There his miserable soul sat, lamenting its hard fate, until at length killed by the god Ravuyalo. But if the tree was hit, his soul ascended to the summit of Takiveleyawa, and there awaited the arrival of the souls of the women who were strangled at his death. When they arrived, they escorted his soul to Nabagatai (= Nambangatai), a village near Naithombothombo. As the soul approached the village, a paroquet's shrill cry gave notice to the inhabitants to throw open their houses,—the doors of which are all placed directly opposite each other, so as not to impede the progress of the spirit. The soul passed through these doors, but only to meet the fierce god Ravuyalo, whose watchfulness the bird's shrill cry also aroused. It is the especial duty of Ravuyalo to guard the road between the village and Naithombothombo, and to challenge the right of the spirit to proceed. At the first cry of the bird, he hides himself in a mangrove-bush, by the roadside. As the spirit proceeds, it finds a reed across the path-

way,—a bar to further progress. With the club that was buried with his body, the spirit bids defiance to the god. Ravuyalo challenges, "Who are you, and whence come you?" The spirit replies, "I am *So-and-so*, the great chief, on my way to Burotu." The god replies with his club,—he attacks the spirit,—they fight. If the spirit is killed, Ravuyalo and his family eat it,—and it is for ever annihilated! If only wounded, it escapes to the mountains of Vanua Levu, where for ever it wanders in miserable solitude, lamenting its loss of Burotu. If the attack of Ravuyalo is successfully repelled, the spirit proceeds leisurely on its journey to Naithombothombo, where it gets into a canoe, in which it is conveyed to the shores of Viti Levu, nearest to the Kauvandra mountains Thence it ascends Naidelide (= Naindelinde), the loftiest peak of the range, and the eternal abode of the Great Dengei. As the summit is approached, a voice is heard,—"Who are you, and whence come you?" Reaching the summit, progress is barred by a precipice, over which projects the blade of the long steer-oar of Dengei's great canoe. At the foot of the precipice is a deep lake. An old man and his youthful son guard the oar. And here again the spirit hears the challenge, "Who are you, and whence come you here?" "I am *So-and-so*, the great chief, on my way to Burotu." Prompted by Dengei, the old man inquires, "What were your deeds in the world below?"—"Mine were the deeds of a great chief." Again the old man,—"How lived you in the world below?"—"Born a chief, I lived a chief, I died a

chief. Many and warlike were my followers. Many wives, many slaves, much wealth, great power, had I. Great wars were mine. Many enemies have I slain. Many towns have I destroyed; many lands have I devastated."* If Dengei happens to believe all this, he prompts the old man, who replies, "It is good, it is good! Come, sit on the steer-oar of Dengei's great canoe; sit near me and my son." Soon a sweet sleep overcomes the spirit, wearied by its long journey. When the great creator has decided its destiny, the old man gently awakes it from its repose,—either to be sent back whence it came, there to be deified, or to be conveyed onwards to Burotu, there to dwell for ever. But if Dengei be not appeased, and doubts the spirit's statement, the old man, in his blandest tones, exclaims, "It is good, it is good! Come, sit on the steer-oar of Dengei's great canoe. Sit well out on the blade of the oar, and breathe the refreshing airs of Na-Kauvandra, where dwells the great creator." Lured by the wily old man, the spirit walks to the extremity of the oar, far out beyond the edge of the yawning precipice, and sits down. Quietly the old man and his son place their hands on the inner end of the oar. Suddenly they lift it,—down, down headlong falls the unsuspecting spirit into the deep waters below? Down, down it sinks, until it reaches Murimuria,—an outcast for ever from Burotu!

* This is the "lie" the intelligent old heathen referred to when he replied to my question as to his future,—the lie he hoped to tell his god!

In the course of our conversation, the old heathen remarked, with very apparent bitterness, "And if I lived a miserable man, without even *one* wife, I should not have the chance to meet Dengei, or to tell him a lie, for first the Great Woman would waylay my soul, and if I escaped her, there is the savage Naganaga (= Nangananga), whom no spirit of a wifeless man ever escapes." It is said that the soul of a bachelor never gets to heaven, or Burotu rather. Lurking round Naithombothombo is Na Alewa Levu, the great woman, who watches every spirit that approaches, and as soon as she sees the soul of a man who never had a wife in all his life, she makes a spring at it, with the intention of annihilating it. In her flurry to crush the unfortunate being whom no souls of strangled wives accompany, she sometimes misses the object of her vengeance. But before the soul has time to rejoice at the escape, the fierce Nangananga confronts it. It is his special business to demolish those who escape the fury of the Great Woman,—and his vigilance is never at fault. More wily than his companion, he hides amongst the rocks around Naithombothombo, and as the poor soul passes forward, he springs from his lair, and hurls it against a large stone, smashing it to atoms,—and the soul of the bachelor is totally annihilated!

All the antecedents of a Fijian combined to direct his attention to war, and to induce unsettled habits. In a community such as the Fijian has hitherto been, every man easily and necessarily became a fighting man. Active, energetic, impulsive in his nature, his

ordinary occupations were compatible with the services for war required by his chief. The work bestowed upon the cultivation of his lands, though laborious while it lasts, was performed at irregular intervals. The service for war required by his chief, though due at any moment, called him away at irregular intervals. However remote the expedition, he found it easy to jump into the war-canoe with his club and his spear, and with a fair wind and a smooth sea, follow his chief, while his plantation suffered no material injury from the neglect. Undismayed by the bushranging and kidnapping of which Fijian war mainly consisted, the various tribes found opportunities, in their energy and activity, to barter the particular produce of their own districts for the produce of other districts, as the gratification of their common wants required.

The jealousy of the chiefs, susceptible of excitement by every conceivable incident, rather than the ambition of dominion, have been the most common sources of war. But while in civilized communities, courage is the point of honour, with the chiefs of Fiji, cunning has been held the climax of excellence. No attempt can be more futile than that to define or reduce to a system the complicated practice of Fijian succession to chieftainship. The rule seems to be that the chief's brother shall succeed. Next to the brother's rights, the claims of the reigning chief's son seem to be recognized. But the adherence to this rule seems further to have been subject to the maxim, as well known in Fiji as in other countries, that might makes right.

For there are as many instances of succession passing to him, whoever he might be, who had the power and the cunning to invest himself, as passing to him who, with less power and cunning, could claim as a brother or a son. The lands and the people always pass to the possessor of the chieftainship. But through all the vicissitudes which this state of existence has necessarily entailed, certain customs and rights pertaining to chieftainship, in all its grades, have been maintained intact. Two customs, more than all others, are, in their very nature, antagonistic to the progress of civilization and the development of industry. It pertains to a chief not only to call for the immediate services of his people in war, but to claim the produce of their labour in peace. Community of property has been an institution of the country from the earliest days. But since these customs are as antagonistic to the influences of Christianity as they are to the progress of civilization and the development of industry, they have the vigorous and energetic opposition of the teachings of the missionaries. Indeed, every circumstance of the new and improving condition of the people is working to the extinction of these customs. The chiefs themselves are learning that the increased and untrammelled industry of their people is a source of greater revenue than the uncontrolled extortions which the rude customs of their forefathers taught them to practise.

Cannibalism is the great reproach of the Fijians. It is true that the practice was one of the institutions of the country, and that the stories told of the delibe-

rate eating of a fellow-man while that fellow-man was still living are facts. But, as the result of my inquiries and observations, I do not think the Fijians practised cannibalism, as a rule, for the mere indulgence of the appetite. I think the object was to strike terror into their enemies,—to be considered fearless; and unquestionably cannibalism was held to be the very climax of revenge, just as at the present day, when a Fijian catches an *enemy* crawling about his *head*, he invariably exclaims, "You bit me, and now I eat you," and does so accordingly; or when a thorn pricks him, he picks it out of his flesh and eats it. A story is told of a chief who had slices cut out of a living man as the poor wretch sat before him, and deliberately ate the pieces in his presence. This same chief, when I had him on board the 'Paul Jones,' down in the cabin, admitted to me, very reluctantly, and in a low whisper, that he had done so to be spoken of throughout Fiji as a most terrible monster, whose anger was to be carefully avoided. It is said that Loti, who, I believe, became afterwards a good Christian, deliberately sent his wife to collect firewood to make an oven, and to get a piece of bamboo to be used as a knife, and then killed her with his own hands, and baked her with the materials she had herself innocently prepared. The man did this to become *notorious*, a ruling passion with the Fijians. Indeed, so subject are they to this passion for notoriety, that the only wonder is that there are no stories told of chiefs having eaten choice cuts from themselves. The object of the many ceremonies connected with various

common occurrences, in which men were eaten, was to throw a halo of sacredness over the event, such as when a canoe was launched, or a chief's house built. The natives do not like to discuss the subject; but those from whom I have been able to elicit any remarks, avow that they were always frightened at night, lest the spirit of the man they had eaten should haunt them. And they allege that eating freely of human flesh creates a nausea which does not quickly pass off.

Polygamy was another of the institutions of the country. The greater the number of wives a man had, the better his social position. Generally there was a chief or favourite wife, who was partially exempt from the heavy manual labour expected from the others. Besides the acknowledged wives, there were attached to the household of the chiefs slave-women, who, though performing the most menial services, were at the same time nothing else than what the odalisques are in the Turkish harem. In Fiji, in fact throughout the Pacific generally, a man is considered miserable indeed who has no wife. I found the natives looked upon the celibacy of the priests as a repulsive feature of Roman Catholicism, not unfrequently contrasting their condition with that of the Protestant missionaries, who had their wives, and generally numerous families around them.

With their old ideas, that a man's soul cannot reach their heavenly Burotu without the companionship of the souls of his strangled wives, the heathen natives have often asked me how the souls of those white men

who had no wives could ever possibly reach the white man's Burotu. The Fijians are quick to notice any defections on the part of foreigners from the every-day teachings and practices they observe amongst the residents, or learn from the missionaries. When Colonel Smythe, as her Majesty's Commissioner to Fiji, gave his two fingers to the extended hand of one of the chiefs, who meant to shake hands as he had seen all white men shake hands, the chief afterwards whispered to me inquiringly, "Why did he only give me two fingers instead of his whole hand? It seemed to me that I had the hand of a little boy instead of a great chief come all the way from England." Some six or eight chiefs, at different times, asked me the same question after our various meetings. When Thakombau and Maafu, dining on board one of her Majesty's ships, observed that the officers began their soup before "grace was said," remarked the fact to me at once, and Thakombau wished me to ask the gallant captain if the chiefs in England did not "say grace before meals." Very cleverly he replied that he meant to say grace *after* the meal. Thakombau did not see the force of the reply, for he had always been taught to say grace first, and then to eat. Before the old chief would begin his soup, the captain had to say a few words. Dr. Seemann was a paradox to the Fijians. They thought it most extraordinary to see a "chief all the way from Britain" engaging all the men and boys of the town to scour the bush in search of leaves, and flowers, and berries, and himself climbing mountains and rocks in search of more still.

When they saw him carefully drying, pressing, packing, and re-packing those withered old leaves and faded flowers, they thought there must be something very mysterious about him. No white men had ever troubled themselves about the leaves that grew in Fiji, and what on earth could make this one work day and night to get specimens of all there were in the country? While Colonel Smythe's platitudes about "Britain being a great country, and Victoria a great Queen, whose navies cover the sea, and armies," etc. etc., fell heavily upon the ears of the chiefs who had to listen to them, Dr. Seemann's mania for leaves became the theme of the day, and every one, from chief to slave, must see the "leaf-gatherer."

The Fijians are held to be the most skilful doctors of the three groups—Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga. Besides their great knowledge of the poisoning properties of various plants, they are acquainted with the medicinal qualities of others, which they prescribe for the ordinary ills of every day. They have a great partiality for cutting and bleeding. I have sometimes, however, thought that their patients often recovered more from faith in the virtues of the medicines than from any actual good received. I have sometimes given bread pills and sugar-and-water to individuals who fancied themselves ill, and they have speedily recovered. I had one case of positive *faith*. A lad in my service was constantly ailing; from time to time I procured advice and medicines from a medical practitioner in Levuka,—still his complaint, whatever it

was, returned every now and again. At last, I told him very seriously that he must be treated in another way,—another boy must take the medicines for him. In a fortnight, the sick boy was quite well, and he who took the bread pills covered with fine brown sugar was none the worse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POLYNESIAN ANTHROPOLOGY.

THE islands of the Western Pacific, viewed in connection with our great settlements in Australia and New Zealand, become objects of considerable commercial and political importance. Their natural resources and productions are such that they offer to the merchant and the capitalist an extended field for profitable trade. The geographical positions of the larger groups, and their fine harbours, capable of affording secure shelter to the largest fleets, give them a political importance which cannot fail to affect the future of the neighbouring colonies, especially in maritime warfare. To the philanthropist and the missionary, they present attractions peculiarly their own; and to the student of anthropology they are an interesting study, as the detached homes of allied and distinct races, where community of customs, philological affinities, psychological peculiarities, and physical developments offer prolific subjects for research and discussion.

The groups which my personal observations, during

a course of fifteen years, have chiefly embraced, are Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa, with the contiguous atoll grouplets,—from long. east 170° to long. west 165°, and from the equator to the southern tropic.

The question "Whence came the inhabitants of these islands?" has often been asked, and as variously answered. Without sketching the theories which have been advanced to account for their origin, I shall simply collate the results of my personal observations and inquiries while residing among them.

The people who *now* inhabit these three groups—Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa—are more or less mixed races, though originally they were unquestionably totally distinct. The Samoans and the Tongans have identically the same origin, the latter, however, *now* showing a greater intermixture with their nearer neighbours, the Fijians, than the former. The Fijians have a distinct origin. The former are Malays, the latter are Papuans.

Fiji is especially remarkable as the group where the black and the copper-coloured races—the Papuans and the Polynesian-Malays—come into immediate and direct contact, and more or less assimilate by intermixture. The skin of the pure Fijian is dark, rough, harsh. His hair, naturally black and copious, is bushy, persistently frizzled, almost wiry; indeed, it seems something between hair and wool. His beard, of the same texture, is equally profuse and bushy, and is his greatest pride. His stature is large, but somewhat less than that of the Tongan or Samoan; his muscular development is more perfect, while his

limbs are less rounded, and his figure generally slighter. His eye is restless, his manner suspicious, his movements light and active. The skin of the pure Tongan or Samoan is a dark *reddish-brown*, smooth and soft. His hair, though naturally black and copious, is coarse, seldom wavy, generally straight. He is almost beardless, and abhors a hairy chin. His stature is herculean, his limbs well rounded, his figure symmetrical. His manner is quiet and confiding, his action pre-eminently graceful. His eye is soft and subdued, and his movements, lacking energy and quickness, are deliberate and stately. A comparison of the profile of the Fijian with the profile of the Tongan or Samoan, shows that the former is more prominent than the latter, and the forehead higher and more expansive.

Though their origin is thus clearly so distinct, there is at the present day a wide-spread commixture of the two races inhabiting these three groups. Taking first the Fijians, the Papuan stock is found paramount, with a tincture of the Malay element becoming perceptible as we advance through this extensive group eastward towards the Tongan-Malays. Still advancing eastward till we reach the home of the Tongans, distinct traces of the Papuan element are found imported from the Fijian-Papuans. Again advancing till we reach the Samoans, they are found to be the Tongans, with evident traces of the Tongan tincture of the Fijian-Papuans. As an instance, selected at random from among many, of this groupal intermingling of the Polynesian-Malays with the Fijian-

Papuans, I name the Samoan chief Pulepule, whose progenitors, some generations back, migrated from Tonga, where the family traces an earlier maternal connection with Fiji. And the features and general development of this chief Pulepule carry unmistakable evidence of this fusion of the two races.

On the north-western coasts of Fiji there are traces, supported in some instances by family traditions, of an intermixture with the people of Rotuma, an island some three hundred miles westward of Fiji. The natives of Rotuma distinctly trace their origin to Samoa. A tradition states that the god Raho and his wife Iva left Samoa for a stroll on the sea; when they had walked as far as the island now is, Raho threw down a basket of earth, which he had taken with him from Samoa, and from this earth arose Rotuma. The appearance of the island so fascinated Raho and Iva that they decided to live there. Other traditions say their forefathers drifted from Samoa, many generations since. And their language, their manners and customs, their physical development and general appearance, corroborate the tradition beyond the shadow of a doubt. In the Macuata (=Mathuata) district, on the north-western coast of Fiji, I have heard very old, grey-headed men relate traditions of the arrivals of Samoans in their neighbourhood, who had drifted away from their homes while out on fishing expeditions; but I never found any direct descendants from them, who preserved their pedigree in any of the local families of note. On the eastern aspect of the island of Wakaia, in the very centre of the Fiji group, is a

valley which, with its approaches to the seashore, bears the name of *Samoa*. The valley has long been uninhabited, and there is no tradition respecting the name or the locality,—no tribe that claims either the one or the other as its distinctive appellation or its early home. Yet so familiar are the Fijians with the fact of these involuntary migrations, and the consequent commixture of the races, that an old priest, without hesitation, conjectured it is the only vestige of a hapless party of Samoans who, in the remote past, were blown away from their homes, and whose descendants, having becoming intermixed with the natives of Wakaia, have been exterminated in the wars of which the island has been the frequent field. In the district of Rewa and the contiguous island of Kadavu (=Kandavu), in the south-eastern limits of the group, there is at the present day a tribe known as the "Vasa-Namu," which maintains a distinct social and political status in Fiji, and which traces its origin to the crew of a fleet of war-canoes that was blown away from Tongatabu, and drifted to Kadavu (=Kandavu) many generations since. Those of the crew who survived the perils of the storm and the wreck took to themselves Fijian wives, and taught their offspring the language, the customs, the traditions, and the worship of the gods of the land they had involuntarily left. And it is the pride of these descendants of those old drifted sailors to maintain the highest reputation in Fiji for smart seamanship and the fleetness of their canoes, as well as to cherish their Tongan antecedents.

This commixture of the Polynesian-Malays with the

Fijian-Papuans dates from a very remote period,—the period anterior to the custom of killing and eating all who might happen to drift to Fiji. That this custom, which ultimately developed the maxim that "castaways are sent by the gods to feast the chiefs," as well as some other customs, is of comparatively modern date, I think is unquestionable. The very old men of Fiji — the repositories of their early lore — unanimously maintain that there was a time in their history when neither cannibalism nor war devastated their beautiful islands. An octogenarian priest, who lived in the valley of Namosi (Viti Levu), firmly maintained this to be the fact in the following account of the origin of war and of cannibalism, and of the early visits of strangers to Fiji:—"In olden times, long before my great-grandfather's great-grandfather was a priest of Namosi, there were no wars in Fiji, and many more people and towns than now. The chiefs were content to live on their own lands. They had not learned to steal each other's women. They had not become jealous of each other. Strangers who came to Fiji in their canoes and said they had been blown away from their own lands by strong winds,—the lands which their gods had given them,—were not killed. They were allowed to dwell amongst the Fijians and were considered as part of the family of the chief in whose land they arrived. When wars began in Fiji, they helped the chiefs with whom they lived. But afterwards, some of these drifted strangers made trouble,—they made things bad after they had become one with the tribe amongst which they lived. They thought they

were very powerful. They had passed through the storms of the sea, and so they thought they could do anything. Some of them killed the chiefs of Fiji with whom they lived, and took their women, while war was going on with another chief. Some of them tried to make themselves chiefs. They said their gods were more powerful than the gods of Fiji. This made the priests angry. So the priests told their chiefs the gods were displeased, and that the gods said all who came from other lands to Fiji must be killed. The priests said the gods had allowed these strangers to kill the chiefs and to take their wives because they were angry with the chiefs for allowing these strangers to live in the land which the gods had given to the Fijians only. So the chiefs became afraid of the anger of our gods, and killed all the people that came to Fiji in canoes. The priests said that the gods had told them no chief who was killed by a stranger from another land should live in Burotu,* and that when the gods were pleased with the chiefs who obeyed the priests, they would send great winds to blow people to Fiji, that the chiefs might kill the strangers and keep their canoes and their women. So the strangers who came to Fiji were killed, because the gods said it should be so." This old man firmly believed that it really was the will of the gods that every hapless castaway on the shores of Fiji should be killed; and though he would not to me plainly admit it, I saw clearly, by his evasions, that he as firmly believed it was equally the command of the gods that *they should be eaten.* In both Samoa and

* The Elysium of the Fijians.

Tonga there are somewhat similar traditions, which state that there was a time when war was unknown, and when the people lived happily together, and in greater numbers than at the present day.

The Tongans carefully encouraged the Fijians to settle in their islands. And, from the close proximity of Tonga to Fiji, there has undoubtedly been a regular intercourse between the two groups, and a corresponding commixture of the two races, for many ages, though in Fiji the commixture of the races was (probably from the great extent of the country) chiefly limited to the eastern districts, where, protected by the ties of consanguinity, the *Tongan visitors* seem to have been exempted from the custom under which *strangers drifting* to Fiji were killed and eaten. The early Tongans who were blown to Fiji by the strong trade-winds *before* that custom was initiated, kept in mind the direction of their own islands, as well as the very short time they were drifting from one group to the other. Thus they were emboldened to seek their lost homes: always starting on their return-expeditions with a fair and steady west wind, they reached their islands in safety in two or three days at most. And the wonderful narratives these returned wanderers carried to their countrymen respecting the productions of Fiji, precisely suited as they were to their wants, led to the organization of regular expeditions to visit their new-found neighbours. The Tongans took with them their fine mats, which the Fijians soon learned to prize highly and to exchange eagerly for canoes and timber and sail-mats. In this way was the early intercourse

and an incipient stage of commerce originated and established between these two groups. And as this intercourse and this commerce became frequent and conducive to the gratification of their mutual wants, a steadily-increasing commixture of the two races commenced. And *now*, in the eastern districts of Fiji, which border on the Tongan group, this intermixture, as already intimated, is so general and so marked that it is at once perceptible, and gives a character to the natives which readily distinguishes them from the inhabitants of the interior of the larger islands, where the Papuan stock is found almost untinctured; and also distinguishes them from those of the west coasts of the group where the commixture of races has been limited to the offspring of the few direct early arrivals from Rotuma and Samoa, and the small parties of Tongans who occasionally made their way through the group. Indeed, so tangible has this commixture of the Tongans and Fijians become, that there is now a specific name for the offspring of the two races,—they are called Tonga-Viti, and are proud of the name. The importation of Tongan blood into Fiji is greater than the importation of Fijian blood into Tonga.

The following legend, as well as very many more, is based upon the early intercourse between Fiji and Tonga. Roradinidavetalevu (= Rorandinindavetalevu) lived at Suva. She was admired by Fijians and Tongans, whose chiefs vied in adulation of her charms. Though herself a Fijian, she favoured the Tongans. Chief after chief sought to win her for himself. Steadily she refused to give the preference to any one.

Her favours were for *all* handsome young Tongans. A party of Tongan chiefs from Lakeba (=Lakemba) visited her. In the preparations for the evening dance she wanted wreaths of scented flowers; she sent a messenger to Dadarakai (=Ndandarakai), a great spirit who dwelt at Lami (near Suva, south coast of Viti-Levu), to ask for wreaths of flowers from the scented groves of Burotu. Ndandarakai sent back the messenger. "Go, tell Rorandini she favours the Tongans. The scented wreaths of Burotu are not for them, strangers in this our land." Confident of the effect of her charms, Rorandini herself went to Lami, and begged the spirit to give her the coveted wreaths. "Great Ndandarakai, for this night's dance only give me wreaths from the scented groves of Burotu, and the Tongans shall never again be received at Suva by Rorandini. Give me the scented wreaths for this night's dance only, and henceforth Rorandini shall be for the great Ndandarakai, for him only."—"Then go to dance, Rorandini, and make your Tongans happy for the last time, for to-morrow I shall claim you as mine, mine only, here at Lami to dwell with me. "But where are the sweet-scented wreaths?" the suppliant beauty asked. "Go to the dance. Let the Tongans see you as you are. As you dance, wreaths from the scented groves of Burotu shall fall upon your head and cover the ground at your feet. The Tongans shall see your beauty,—and then know you are mine, mine only." Rorandini returned to Suva. At the setting of the sun the Tongans were feasted, the dance commenced; the moon rose,—no wreaths were show-

ered on the head of Rorandini. The Tongans were loud in their praise of the charms of the beautiful lady. As she thought of Ndandarakai she fancied he had deceived her. Suddenly, from above, wreath after wreath, all of the choicest and sweetest-scented flowers from the groves of Burotu, descended upon her head and fell upon the ground at her feet. She looked up and smiled. The Tongans thought her more beautiful than ever. Soon she stopped the dance; she told the Tongans to take to their canoes and carry her off to Tonga at once. Proud of their prize, no time was lost. Away the Tongan fleet sailed; at dawn of day Lakemba was reached. With the rising of the sun, Ndandarakai remembered the words of the beautiful lady, "The Tongans shall never again be received at Suva by Rorandini." He came for his bride,—she was gone! With a root of yangona he summoned a thousand spirit-carpenters from Benga. "Build me a canoe,—the hull of kavika, the deck of wi, the mast of tarawau, the yards of dawa.* When this yangona is drunk, let the canoe be launched,—the sail hoisted." As the Tongans started with the beautiful Rorandini from Kamba, Ndandarakai started in his new canoe from Suva. To his helmsmen he said, "With this wind, the course for Tonga is through the Lakemba Passage,—steer for Lakemba." As the sun rose on the second morning, Ndandarakai overtook the Tongan fleet off Lakemba. Looking up to the skies, he saw Levatu, his mother's mother, hovering over his canoe. "Tell me, Levatu, how I am to rescue the

* Fruit-trees.

beautiful Rorandini from these boastful Tongans?" As the Tongans heard the prayer of Ndandarakai, they trembled in fear of the remorseless Levatu, and trimmed their canoes for greater speed. Rorandini hid herself beneath the bundles of fine mats which were the pride of her guests at the dance. Suddenly, Ndandarakai's canoe was covered with ripe fruit,—the hull, the deck, the mast, the yards, each brought forth the fruit of the tree from which it was cut. Levatu, from above, shook the canoe. The fruit fell amongst the Tongans; they forgot their fear and their prize, they scrambled for the luscious fruit. Unperceived in the noise and excitement of the scramble, Ndandarakai, with the help of Levatu, quickly lifted his trembling bride from the Tongan canoe into his own, and sailed away for Suva, leaving the Tongans, through their greediness for luscious fruit, to lament the loss of the beautiful Rorandinindavetalevu.

Though, in the physical aspect of the natives of Fiji and Samoa respectively, there are *now* no visible traces of any *direct* commixture, such as is found in the Fijians and Tongans, there are many *legends* among the Samoans in which the heroes and heroines are gods and goddesses, princes and princesses, of Fiji. These legends show a very ancient knowledge of the existence of the Fijians, together with a very clear appreciation of their peculiar customs and habits; and *imply* a very early direct intercourse between the two groups. The following is a specimen—a legend which I had from an old chief-orator (tulafale-sili) of Saluafata (Samoa), now dead, whose name was Le Pule:—

Sina was a very beautiful Samoan princess, related to all the great chiefs of her day. Her heart the handsomest and bravest of Tonga's chiefs had failed to win. The handsomest and bravest of her own land had failed before them. The fame of her beauty had spread to Tonga, and from Tonga to Viti (Fiji). Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, determined to visit the beautiful princess whom all had failed to win. In the prime of her beauty, young Tigilau (= Tingilau), guided by two favourite turtles in the service of his gods, and followed by a fleet of war-canoes, arrived at Samoa. Handsome and brave, merry and eloquent, he won the heart of the beautiful Sina. The jealousy of the young chiefs of her own land would not suffer her to follow the stranger-chief. Tigilau (= Tingilau) told her that in his land the will of the son of Tui-Viti knew no check, and he prepared to muster his crew to fight for her. She cooled his impetuous ardour by telling him that "Sina could not walk to the canoe of Tigilau (=Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, through the blood of her relations." She told him "the moon was round and bright," and asked "how many men could overcome the resistance of one woman and a few attendant girls, if found strolling quietly on the sea-shore in the light of that full moon?" Tigilau (= Tingilau) was silent. He examined his mind. Then he told the beautiful Sina that he would retire to drink *kava* with the chiefs of his canoes. Sina understood him, and awaited the time for her stroll on the sandy beach in the quiet moonlight. Around the kava bowl sat Tigilau (= Tingilau),

the son of Tui-Viti, and his chosen chieftains, the trusty captains of his fleet. Tigilau (= Tingilau) addressed them:—"My father, Tui-Viti, your chief, will not suffer you to land in our Viti, if the sound of the drum and the conch proclaim not the presence of the beautiful Sina whom all the other chiefs have failed to win. This night, as the rising tide wets the pole that moors the canoe, and the cold land-breeze brings sleep to the yellow Samoan, have your sails ready and your paddles out." Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, drank his *kava*, and returned to the beautiful Sina. Quietly he whispered in her listening ear, "I think one chief, with three or four faithful slaves, could overcome the resistance of a princess and her three or four attendant girls, as they stroll on the lonely seashore to watch the rising tide and the setting moon." Sina whispered, "Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, may know by making the attempt." The attendants of Sina sang songs that extolled her beauty. The chorus to each song told that no chief could win her heart or carry her off. The attendants of Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, sang the deeds of their chief. The chorus told the failure of his suit to win the heart of Sina, and the return to Viti without the beautiful princess. The midnight was past; the moon was in the west; and the yellow Samoans were sleeping. Sina and five girls were on the sandy beach, their feet just bathed by the rising tide. Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti, was there with five trusty slaves. Each man lifted his silent burden, and bore her to the canoe of Tigilau (= Tingilau). The

mooring poles were left; the cool land-breeze filled the sails. The beautiful Sina, who had drawn to Samoa so many young chiefs from other lands, with their fine mats edged with the feathers of the red paroquet, and their brilliant head-dress of shining nautilus-shells, and their rich necklaces of bright mother-of-pearl,—the beautiful Sina, whose heart no Samoan, no Tongan chief could win,—was away on the sea with the brave and handsome Tigilau (= Tingilau), the son of Tui-Viti!—There are many other legends in Samoa of which this "Son of Tui-Viti" is the hero.

Between Samoa and Tonga there has been a steady intercourse for many ages. The same people, and speaking really the same language, and the relative positions of the two groups generally favouring with a fair wind the voyages either way, the absence of this early intercourse would, perhaps, have been more surprising than the fact that it really was maintained regularly in their frail sinnet-bound canoes. One of the very earliest traditions of Samoa relates the adventures of two sisters, Ana and Tua, and of their brother Sagana (= Sangana), who sailed from Tonga to Samoa, and landed at the west end of Upolu, the central island of the group. From these three the present political districts of Upolu are still named. Ana, the elder sister, occupied the western end of the island, which is still called Aana, and where the spear and the club are still cherished as apportioned to it by her. Tua, the younger sister, wandering to the east end, settled there, and the district still bears her name, Atua, and retains the "oso," or *planting-stick*, as the emblem

she assigned to it. The brother settled in the intermediate district, which still enjoys his name, Sagana (= Sangana), and claims the orator's "fue," or *fly-flap*, as the distinction bequeathed by him. There are also Samoan traditions and legends, as well as Tongan, which celebrate the exploits of their chiefs in an invasion of Samoa by the Tongans. And there are localities in the interior of Upolu which are shown as the limits to which the Tongans reached, and which present visible traces of war in the remains of a stone wall erected by the Samoans behind which to resist the advance of the invaders.

In the three groups there are traditions and legends which, though varying in the particulars, agree in the leading points, and so tend to corroborate the existence of an intercourse between the groups at a very remote period. All agree in tracing the origin of the custom of tatooing to Fiji, where the local tradition teaches that it is a Divine institution,—the great creator Degei (= Dengei) having commanded that all women should be tatooed. Its introduction into Tonga is thus related in a Fijian tradition:—A Tongan, envious of the beauty imparted to the women of Fiji by tatooing, resolved to report the fact to his countrymen. As he proceeded on his journey towards Tonga, absorbed in admiration of the custom, and singing to himself, "Tatoo the women, not the men—tatoo the women, not the men," he struck his foot against a log, which accident caused him so much pain that he at once forgot his errand and his ditty. Recovering himself, he began to sing, "Tatoo the men, not the women,

—tatoo the men, not the women;" and with the fact thus unwittingly reversed, he reached Tonga, where the custom thus reported was universally adopted, the king being the first to undergo the operation. The Tongan tradition says that a King of Tonga sent a select party to Fiji to inquire as to the truth of the report that women were tatooed and their beauty enhanced thereby. Learning at Ogea (= Ongea), the first island they reached, that the women were tatooed, the party at once returned to Tonga. To ensure a correct report, they occupied themselves by singing, "The women are tatooed, not the men,—the women are tatooed, not the men. But before the canoe was well clear of the Ogea (= Ongea) Passage, a storm arose, and the sea became so rough that anxiety for their personal safety absorbed the thoughts of the party, and the ditty was forgotten. When the storm had passed, they inquired amongst themselves as to what the Fijians of Ogea (= Ongea) had told them. No one could remember. At length one of the party exclaimed, "This is it,—the men are tatooed, and not the women," whereupon all agreed that was the report, and began to sing, "The men are tatooed, not the women,—the men are tatooed, not the women." And thus the report was carried to the King of Tonga, who in his surprise exclaimed, "Oh, the men are tatooed, not the women!" and, emulous of his neighbours, he declared, "Then I shall be tatooed at once;" and all the men of the group followed the example. In Samoa the tradition is that two goddesses, Tilafaiga (= Tilafainga) and Taema, swam from Fiji to Samoa, singing

as they landed on the beach, "The men are tatooed, not the women,—the men are tatooed, not the women;" whereupon the chiefs were tatooed, and the custom established throughout the group that every male should undergo the ordeal in token of attainment to manhood—the two goddesses being proclaimed the patrons of the institution.

Throughout the three groups there are customs common to all, as well as customs peculiar to each. Among the former are the use of kava or yagona (= yangona, *Piper methysticum*); the institution of polygamy; the summary punishment of adultery by death; the custom of cutting off a joint of a finger as a mark of mourning for the dead; tatooing; circumcision; the systematic destruction of children before birth; the stooping posture assumed by inferiors in the presence of superiors; the precedence of a brother's claims over those of a son in the rights of succession; the regulation of social and political rank by the grade of the mother rather than by the grade of the father; the mutual and reciprocal dependence of the power of chiefs and the influence of priests; the system known in Fiji as *Vasu*, in Tonga as *Tamaha*, in Samoa as *Tamasa*, under which a sister's children appropriate all that pertains to their maternal uncles and their offspring; the assignment of many totally distinct names to one individual; and many other customs.

In Fiji there are no traditions in any way indicating the direction of their primeval migrations. On the contrary, a tradition states that the Fijians were created in Fiji, and did not migrate from another

land. The tradition runs thus :—In the sacred valleys of Na Kauvadra (= Na Kauvandra), near the cave where the great god Degei (= Dengei) had his dwelling, the Kitu (snipe) built a nest and laid two eggs. The god discovered the nest, admired the eggs, and conceived the idea to hatch them himself. His incubation brought forth a boy and a girl. Taking them from the nest, he placed them under the shade of a gigantic vesi (*Afzelia bijuga*, A. Gray), where they were nurtured under his especial protection until about five years old. Up to this age they had been kept separate from each other by the immense trunk of the tree. But now the boy, peeping round the tree, beheld the girl, to whom he instinctively addressed himself,—"Great Degei (Dengei) has hatched us that we may people this land." At the command of the god the land brought forth yams, dalo, and bananas, for their food, and fire for their use. The bananas they ate at once as they grew. The yams and dalo (*Colocasia antiquorum*) the god taught them first to cook over the fire, and then to eat. Thus the first pair lived, sheltered by the shade of the vesi, protected by the great Degei (= Dengei), nurtured on bananas, yams, and dalo, until their forms were fully developed and their passions matured. Then they became man and wife, and their progeny peopled the land. Another tradition teaches that Degei (= Dengei) made the first man and woman without the process of incubation and the delay of rearing them from infancy to maturity. It was, however, only after several attempts that he succeeding in moulding them to the satisfaction of

himself and his brother gods. The god Roko Matu was the most difficult to please as to the shape and size of the woman, and he was accordingly allowed to give the finishing touches to her form. And from this pair,—brought into existence without birth, and with their forms and powers fully developed,—sprang the Fijians. The race became subject to death and corruption by disobedience to the commands of the gods. The tradition runs thus:—When the sons of the first man were burying their father a god appeared to them, and asked what they were doing. "Our father is dead, and we are burying him," they replied. "No!" said the god, "you must not bury him, he is not dead; take up his body." "He has been dead four days, and his body stinks," was the rejoinder of the sons. The god repeated the command,—"Take up his body, your father lives." The sons replied again, "He has been dead four days, and his body has begun to decompose; we cannot take it up again." The god became angry; with a dark scowl upon his face, he addressed the sons of the first man:—"Listen to the words of the gods. The green banana is buried in the earth four days, and then dug up again ripe, and better than when it went into the earth.* So would you have found your father, if

* In all the three groups it is the practice to ripen bananas by burying them from four to six days. A large hole is dug in the ground, and lined with banana leaves; the fibrous cocoa-nut husks are laid at the bottom, and five or six bunches of green bananas put over them. A fire is applied to the husks, which merely smoulder away without burning in a flame, and fill the hole with steam, which is prevented from escaping by a covering of banana leaves, and earth over all. Bananas thus ripened are very *juicy* and palatable.

you had taken up his body from the earth, as I commanded. And so it would have been with you and your children; but you disobey my commands,—the commands of the gods. Then death be to you all,—death to your father,—death to you his sons,—death to your children after you,—death to man and woman,—all, all shall die and rot."

The Samoans have a tradition which gives their notion of the creation of man, and implies an early migration from the *eastward*. The god Tagaloa (=Tangaloa) sent his daughter, disguised as a Turi (snipe), from heaven, to find a resting-place in these lower regions, where all was water and no land. In the course of her wanderings she found a rock, whose surface was just above the sea. Returning to her father, she reported the discovery. From time to time he bid her visit the lonely rock. Each successive visit found it becoming larger and larger, higher and higher; still it was but a bare rock. Tagaloa (=Tangaloa) one day gave her a creeping plant (*fue*), and some earth to take down to cover its barrenness. When next she visited her rock, the creeper had covered it with green. Again, obedient to the command of the god, her father, she flew to her now green rock,—but behold! the creeper, before so thriving and so green, had withered away! Once more she wandered to her little resting-place,—and the withered leaves were worms! Yet once more she flew to the little rock, the worms were men and women! This rock, the resting-place of the daughter of the god Tagaloa (=Tangaloa),—the primeval home

of man,—has no name. The tradition adds, that it lies to the *eastward* of Samoa, "i le mata o le toelau" —"in the eye of the trade-wind." A fragmentary legend states that their forefathers reached Samoa sailing before the trade winds ("toelau"), from the eastward, from a very beautiful island where the sand was very white, and the cocoa-nut trees grew in boundless forests. In this legend, also, the name of the island is lost; but there is no doubt in the minds of the natives that it is the same island as that referred to in the tradition respecting the creation of man.

The Tongan tradition of the creation of man, which also implies an early migration from the *eastward*, is thus related:—On a sandy island eastward from Tonga, "in the eye of the trade-wind," a *kiu* (*snipe*) was scratching about the sand on the sea-beach in search of food. In its wanderings, it found a creeping plant (*fue*). When it began to scratch up the sand amongst the leaves, it found the leaves turned into worms. As it scratched about amongst the worms, it found the worms transformed into men and women. The name of the island is lost, but it is probably the same as that given in the tradition which relates the migration to Tonga. This tradition runs thus:—"In the eye of the trade-wind" is an island called Bulotu, the abode of the gods. About two hundred of the minor gods and goddesses, having heard of the islands just drawn up from the depths of the sea by the god Maui during a fishing expedition, started in a large canoe, without seeking the permission of the superior gods, to visit the new lands. So well pleased were they

with the islands that they resolved to remain there, and, accordingly, broke up their large sea-going canoe to build smaller ones with its materials for use in the lagoons of their adopted home. This desertion displeased the superior gods, who, as a punishment, made their immortality mortal,—in fact, changed them from gods and goddesses into men and women, and made them subject to death as the penalty of their disobedience. The spot is still shown on the east end of Tongatabu where the party first landed, and still bears the name Lavega-Toga (= Lavenga-Tonga), "the hitting of" or "arrival at Tonga." The cromlechs at this place, called by the natives Haamoga-Maui (= Haamonga-Maui), "the burden of Maui," are said to have been carried there by the god Maui from Bulotu. I once remarked to a chief that this legend did not agree with the legend of the creation of man from worms, in the *Kitu*, or snipe story. He promptly and somewhat haughtily replied,—"*That* legend is the account of the creation of the *slaves; this*, of the origin of the *chiefs*."

The native account of the origin of Fiji is confused and imperfect. Omitting to state how or by whom the earth was primarily created, one tradition abruptly describes the god Degei (= Dengei), another the god Roko Mouta, as strolling round the coast of Viti Levu; and wherever the long train of white tapa worn by the gods dragged over the land, there appeared smooth sandy beaches; and where the train was carried over the shoulder, the land remained rugged and rocky. The outlying islands of the group

are said to be mountain-tops transferred by gods and goddesses, in their frolicsome moods, from the two large islands, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu,—respectively Great Fiji and Great Land. As an instance, the island of Ono, in the south-eastern limits of the group, is said to be the summit of Koro Cau (= Koro Thau), a mountain in the interior of Viti Levu, borne away in the darkness of night by two goddesses, who, overtaken by the dawning daylight, let it fall where it now stands. So with Cikobia (= Thikombia), off the north-western coast of Vanua Levu; it also is a mountain-top detached, or rather stolen, from the interior of Vanua Levu by some frolicsome god.*

The Tongan account of the origin of their islands is as follows:—The god Maui left Bulotu on a fishing expedition. As he trailed his hook from his canoe he felt it jerk, and at once began to haul in the line. When the hook came up, it was fastened to an island, to which he gave the name of Ata (the most southerly island of the group). He paid out his line again, and this time hauled up Tongatabu, with the numerous islets attached to its reef. Again he lowered his hook, and drew up Lofaga (= Lofanga) and the surrounding islets, which he named collectively Haabai. Once more the hook was lowered, and this time Vavau was brought up, with the islets and reefs which surround

* There are many legends which describe the frolics of the gods in their attempts to run off with mountain-tops, and great stones, and huge rocks, all of which now form islands in various parts of the group. The pretty little legend of Lado (= Lando), where I built my first residence, given in full by Dr. Seemann in his 'Mission to Viti,' page 65, is a very fair specimen.

it. Taking a survey of the islands, he selected Tongatabu for a residence; and hence its name "Sacred Tonga." Wherever the god put his foot, the land became low and flat; between his footsteps, the land remained hilly.

The Samoan tradition of the origin of their islands is thus related:—Once there was no land; the heavens only were above, and the water only below. From his dwelling in the clouds, the god Tagaloa (= Tangaloa) rolled down into the waters below two great stones. One stone became Upolu, the other became Savaii.

The coincidence is remarkable, that in the three groups, though the traditions vary in the details, the same bird takes an active part in the creation of man. The "Kitu" of Fiji, the "Kiu" of Tonga, the "Turi" of Samoa, is the same bird,—the *snipe*. And it is equally remarkable that, though the *particulars* as to the future state and condition of man, after death, vary in many points, the *general name* for their Paradise is the same in the three groups. In Fiji it is Burotu (= Mburotu); in Tonga, Bulotu; in Samoa, Pulotu. The Burotu of the Fijians is purely their Elysium, where their souls luxuriate in all the pleasures which the Fijian imagination can conceive and covet, and is always pictured in the most glowing, fervid language. Unlike the Tongan Bulotu, but like the Samoan Pulotu, it is *westward* from Fiji, and is under the sea. The point of departure is at Nai Cobocobo (≐ Nai Thombothombo), at the western extremity of Vanua Levu; and near this point grows a screwpine, before which certain ceremonies have to be performed by the

departing spirit. The Bulotu of the Tongans is at once the paradise whence sprang the race of chiefs, and to which the souls of their departed chiefs and heroes return. It is described as the scene of all the pleasures which a Tongan can imagine, and is an island eastward from Tonga. The point from which a spirit starts on its journey to Bulotu is at the west end of Tongatabu, near which point stands a tree, in connection with which certain ceremonies are prescribed. The Pulotu of the Samoans is their future paradise, and is under the sea, westward from Samoa. The entrance is at Le Fafa, at the western extremity of Savaii, where the departing spirit plunges into the sea, to rise in Pulotu amidst all the pleasures and luxuries the most fervid imagination can picture. Near Le Fafa grows a cocoa-nut tree, which claims the attention of the spirit before its final departure.

Another coincidence is, that in all three groups the serpent is said to be the shrine of a god. In Fiji, Degei (= Dengei), the creator, is represented as having the head and body of a serpent, with a tail of stone,—together indicative of his keen forecast and everlasting duration. In Tonga, Heamoanauliuli, the Ruler of the Ocean, is enshrined in a serpent; and in Samoa, Saveasiuleo, the Ruler of Pulotu, has the head of a man, with the body and tail of a serpent. In all three groups there are traditions of a deluge, which agree more or less in details; and in each group the household or family gods are said to dwell in animals or things, or certain parts of animals or things. Thus the god of one family may dwell in the

left wing of a pigeon; the god of another family may have his abode in a dove; another, may select a certain fruit in which to dwell; another may reside in a shark; and, to the family whose household god is thus enshrined, such thing or animal is held strictly sacred. In the cosmogony of the three groups, the same plant is said to have raised the heavens to their present position. And all have traditions respecting the "woman in the moon."

Apart from these legendary accounts, it cannot be doubted that the early migrations of the ancestors of these islanders were involuntary rather than the result of roving dispositions, or of the pressure of limited and over-populated homes; that, in fact, they were blown away from their earlier homes in their frail canoes. And the inference follows that, wherever their first home may have been, the races have been passing involuntarily from group to group, from island to island, through many ages, sometimes mixing with each other by happening to meet on the same island, sometimes preserving their respective nationalities by happening to reach uninhabited islands. There are unquestionable instances of these involuntary migrations, where the unwilling voyagers, rescued from death at sea by a timely arrival on some distant land, have amalgamated with the people amongst whom they arrived, or appropriated unoccupied islands. It is, however, remarkable that in all these many instances of authenticated driftings the course of the drifted canoes has been *from east to west* before the prevailing trade winds, and *not from west to east* before

the westerly winds which, though occurring less frequently, usually blow with greater fury than the trades. The natives do not usually venture out on their fishing or travelling expeditions in their canoes during a westerly wind, excepting always the voyage from Fiji to Tonga, when the weather is most carefully observed for some weeks before starting.

On the small lagoon island of Vaitupu the natives tell the story of the migration of their ancestors from Samoa, some seven hundred miles to the eastward. They state that the party, which consisted of men, women, and children, came in two double canoes. The names of many of the men and women are still remembered, and seventeen chiefs are named as having reigned successively on the island since the arrival of the first party, which cannot be less, I think, than three hundred years since. Their descendants remained on Vaitupu until the little island was wholly occupied, and then they migrated to one after another of the contiguous islands, some forty to sixty miles apart, east and west from Vaitupu, altogether covering a range of three to four hundred miles. And these successive migrations are still distinctly traced from island to island, each of which maintained, on an average, nearly three hundred inhabitants until the Peruvian slavers, in 1862, decoyed many of them into servitude. They tell of various parties of Tongans who have, from time to time, invaded their islands, and in repelling whom were their only wars since their ancestors left Samoa. They have preserved all the manners and customs and traditions of their

fatherland, though the language has undergone slight changes—changes incident to their altered circumstances from the high mountainous islands to the low, lagoon, coral islets. And they state that their present houses were unoccupied when their ancestors landed from their two double canoes.

On the island of Uea, one of the Loyalty group (near New Caledonia), more than 1100 miles westward from Tonga, there are now living the grandchildren of a party of Tongans who were blown away from their homes in a large double canoe. While preserving many of the traditions, and much of the language of their fathers, they have grown up initiated in the traditions, and speaking the language of the islanders amongst whom they have been born. A hundred years hence, had these regions remained till then unknown, would not the discoverer of that day be as much startled to find the legends and traditions, the philological characteristics, the habits and customs of the Tongans, interwoven with the legends and traditions, the philological characteristics, the habits and customs, of the Negrillos, as we are now to find similarity of traditions, philological affinities, and prevalence of substantially the same habits and customs, among the Samoans, the Tongans, and the Fijians? In 1862, a party of natives, including the King, Fori, drifted to Samoa from Atafu (Union grouplet), a distance of at least 300 miles. Starting from Atafu for Fakaofo (one of the same grouplet, distant about eighty miles), they missed their destination, and, after drifting about for some weeks, ultimately reached Samoa,

whence they were conveyed by the missionary ship 'John Williams' to their own island. Other parties, drifting from the same grouplet in a more westerly direction, have been picked up by whalers and landed at Samoa. Others, blown away from the Penrhyn Atolls towards Samoa, have been picked up by vessels within a few days' drift of the latter group, after having drifted at least 800 miles from east to west. In 1863, a large double canoe, bound from Vavau (Tonga group) to Samoa, was overtaken by strong easterly winds, and drifted in a very dilapidated condition to Lomaloma, in Fiji, a distance of about 300 miles westward. The voyagers, many of whom were young chiefs of the highest rank, going to Samoa to be tatooed, were given up by their friends as lost. In about four months it transpired that they were safely housed among the Fijians. About five years before, two double canoes, with nearly 200 people on board, were blown off from Tongatabu, and drifted about 350 miles westward, to the Mikaeloff and Simonoff Reefs, southward of Fiji, where there happened to be a sandbank, upon which the people rested themselves and repaired their canoes, and then ventured to bear up for Ono, the nearest inhabited island of the Fiji group, which was reached in safety before a steady south-east trade wind. Had there been land enough to support them, these 200 people would have remained there, and, in due course, a people speaking the Tongan dialect, and cherishing the Tongan traditions, would have been discovered to the southward of the Fijians, on the highway to New Zealand.

In most of these instances of involuntary migrations, many of the people died from starvation and the effects of continuous wet, before reaching land. Those who survived the hardships of these perilous voyages, chiefly by feeding upon old cocoa-nuts, which are always carried on every expedition, and on sharks, which the natives are all very expert in catching, quickly recovered their strength, and readily assimilated themselves to the people around them. And they invariably preserved correctly the direction of their lost homes; the trade-wind, and the rising and setting of the sun and moon, being their unerring indicators.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF VITI, TONGA, AND SAMOA.

The progress of the natives, though undoubtedly great and wonderful for the length of time they have been under the influences of civilization, is as yet comparatively so limited that the closest and most continuous observations and comparisons are required to mark the results in physical and psychological investigations. Nevertheless, whilst ever keeping before me the proposition that physical peculiarities and mental developments undergo changes only in the ratio of the progress of cultivation,—a proposition which narrows the field of observation within very circumscribed limits,—I have been able, by assiduous observations and minute comparisons, to detect and to trace certain changes in the physical peculiarities and mental developments of these islanders, which may be interesting to those who devote their time and energies to the elucidation of questions pertaining to the human races.

The people amongst whom my observations and comparisons have been made are the Papuans, inhabiting the Fiji group, and the Malay-Polynesians, inhabiting the Tonga and Samoa groups and the atoll grouplets and detached islets

scattered between the equator and the southern tropic, and longitude east 175° and west 150°. At the same time the intercourse I have had with the Polynesians of the Pacific generally, leads me to believe my remarks apply to them all, since the same influences, conditions, and contingencies are found to prevail in all the groups and islands in a greater or less degree.

In the normal state of the inhabitants of the region I have defined, physical and psychical influences, in the proportion of their respective force, combined to generate and to preserve a certain standard of intellectual capacity and physical development. The greater or less force with which these influences were brought to bear upon individuals resulted in the creation of classes, the chiefs, the priests, and the commoners.

The chiefs are finer-looking men than the commoners; intellectually and physically they are superior; the contour of their features is more striking, more definite, the skull altogether larger. This superiority is attributed by superficial observers to the supposed fact that the chiefs do not work, and to the partial fact that they feed better and more regularly than the commoners. It happens, however, that the chiefs *do work*, and that the contributions of food are contingent upon their active participation in the labours of their tribes; and that food, though first formally presented to the chiefs, is by them subsequently shared with the people, from policy as well as in compliance with custom. Custom requires the chiefs to work more or less with their people; and the object of the custom is, by taking the lead in every work, to stimulate exertion. Custom requires the heads of families to take a prominent lead in every work in which a family is concerned. In tribal affairs the chiefs take the lead as the heads of the people; in family affairs the chiefs take the lead as the heads of their families; and as a chief takes the active lead in all tribal affairs and will-

ingly shares the labours of his family, so is he popular, so is he supplied with food. Ancient custom has assigned the duty of supplying the chiefs with food in Samoa to the Tulafale, in Tonga to the Matabule, in Fiji to the Matanivanua, the landholders, and as such the heads of families in each group respectively. But custom has also ruled that an inactive, indolent chief, who holds back from putting his hand to all that the tribe undertakes, has but little food carried to him by the landholders; and a subordinate or a near relative (usually a brother or nephew) whose willing activity and prominent skill attract attention, becomes the *actual* leader and chief, and as such receives the contributions of food. At the same time, however, in obedience to that traditional reverence for the persons of their hereditary chiefs which is inherent in all the islanders of the Pacific, the inactive, indolent chief may still be allowed to retain* the official name and title divested of the attributes. Thus, then, while ancient custom has ordained contributions of food for the chiefs, the actual supply is contingent upon, and is regulated by, the active, prominent participation of the chiefs in the workings of the tribes.

The true cause of the intellectual and physical superiority of the chiefs is in the fact that, as leaders, their mental faculties are more continuously active than those of the commoners. For it is their province first to conceive, then to plan the execution, then to effect the realization of all the workings of their respective tribes,—in other words, the chiefs are the sources and centres of thought and of action in their given spheres. The result of this continuous mental activity is a higher intellectual development, and the physical character corresponds to the intellectual condition, according to the proposition of Prichard.

* It is a peculiarity of chieftainship in the islands of the Pacific that the official name and title never die, reminding one of our maxim "The king never dies."

The priests are physically inferior to the chiefs; intellectually they are compeers; and I think the skulls of the priests as a class will be found even larger than the skulls of the chiefs. The few I examined and compared in Fiji were certainly larger than any of their race. The priests have not the active bodily habits of the chiefs to develope their sinews and muscles; but to develope their heads, their cranial capacity, they have as much, perhaps more, mental employment. They are continuously occupied in the conception and development of new schemes and tricks to gull the people. It is the object of their lives to override the intellect of the people, and to harmonize their priestly enunciations and denunciations with the designs, the intrigues, the ambition of the chiefs, in order to maintain their priestly supremacy. The priests and the chiefs designedly work into each other's hands to support each other's position and power. The supremacy of the chief is the supremacy of the priest; and the supremacy of the priest is the supremacy of the chief. And this, though perhaps developing only what appear crude absurdities when measured by our standards of intellect and civilization, requires positive continuous mental activity, in fact a *degree of mental culture* with its consequent psychical influences. And the result of these psychical influences is the enlarged cranial capacity of the priests. I have heard the complaint by missionaries in Fiji, that the priests are the most stupid of the natives; that they evince less capacity for mental improvement and external civilization, than any others of their countrymen; that they are the last to learn, and the dullest to appreciate, the beneficent teachings of Christianity and the social enjoyments of civilization. That they *are* the last to embrace Christianity and to follow in the track of civilization is quite true; but this is *not* because they possess less intellectual capacity than their countrymen; on the contrary, it is just because they possess *more*. They possess the intellectual capacity

at once to apprehend the aggressive nature of the teachings of Christianity and of the ethics of civilization, as well as the beneficent social results which attract the burdened and priest-ridden commoners. They are quick to foresee that inevitably their power must wane, that inevitably they must fall from their commanding supremacy as the new influences and associations introduced by Christianity and civilization advance; and they are slow to commit the suicidal act. This is the true secret of their apparently dogged perversity amd blank obtuseness.

The proposition of Courtet de l'Isle, "that the capacity for civilization and the intellectuality of races corresponds with their physical *beauty*," is not maintained in the case of the islanders under consideration. The Samoans and Tongans (Malay-Polynesians) possess greater physical beauty than the Fijians (Papuans); but the Samoans and Tongans do not possess a corresponding greater capacity for civilization, nor have they more intellectuality than the Fijians; if there is a difference, it is in favour of the less comely Fijians. The Samoans and Tongans are physically well-made, handsome people; in physical beauty, so far as well-rounded limbs and symmetrical, fully developed figures conform to physical beauty, they are unsurpassed in all the Pacific, or perhaps anywhere else. Yet they did not, in the respective conditions of the two races anterior to the appearance of the white race, possess as many native arts, or as great manufacturing skill, or as keen an ingenuity as the Fijians. The Samoans and Tongans knew nothing of the manufacture of pottery, nor did they display the appreciating knowledge of commercial economy which in Fiji assigned the manufacture of certain articles to districts best adapted to their production, and whence arose an intertribal commerce, one district bartering their special productions according to their wants with another. Nor do the Samoans and Tongans even now evince a readier susceptibility to instruction and civilization

than the Fijians; in one aspect, indeed, the Fijians are decidedly before their neighbours, for they offer the better prospect of realizing a local supply of labour for the requirements of civilization, not merely because they are more numerous and are located on more available islands, but because, already prepared by their intertribal commerce and competition, they can more readily understand and appreciate the equity of the principle of *quid pro quo;* and as they become successful labourers in the service of civilized employers and capitalists their progress in civilization will unquestionably outrace that of their more comely but less commercial, and therefore less industrious neighbours.

There is a certain physical resemblance pervading the inhabitants of the Atoll or Lagoon islands, and a certain physical resemblance pervading the inhabitants of the larger and mountainous islands, which distinguishes the one from the other; in other words, coincident with certain distinct but defined local exterior influences are found certain distinct but defined local physical peculiarities, which peculiarities distinguish from each other, as they are subject to those influences, people who are indubitably proved, by the evidence of physical affinities, oneness of language, and similarity of traditions, to belong to the same race. As an illustration compare the natives of Ellice's group or of the Union group, both atoll islands, with their neighbours of Samoa, a mountainous group. At once the inhabitants of the low reef islands are distinguished from the inhabitants of the high mountainous islands. In the atoll islands the natives live wholly on fish and cocoa-nuts; having no mountains from which the moist land-breeze of the night sweeps down to the coast, they are exposed only to winds which cross the ocean; having no extent of country to roam, their bodily exercise is limited to the conduct of their canoes and the practice of fishing within the circumscribed bounds of their reefs; separated into small detached communities, they have

but few incentives to competition, but few sources of rivalry. In the larger and mountainous islands the natives have a greater variety and choice of food, both as to quality and quantity. They are exposed to the damp of the nightly dews, and to the cold of the moist land breeze which the mountains never fail to send down the valleys to the low-lands, and to the coasts after every hot, sultry day; they have mountains, hills, and dales to roam, and long coast-lines to traverse by land or by water. And with this modification of climate, this difference in the mode of life and diet, is found a corresponding difference in the physical development of people of the same race. Do these relative influences effect the difference? Do they act singly and independently, or equally and in combination? Without professing to solve these points, I merely record the ultimate fact, that the existence of these influences, in their relative force, is coincident with certain differences, in their relative degrees, in the physical development of people of the same race; and that the degree of difference is always commensurate with the degree of external resemblance pervading and assimilating the inhabitants, respectively, of each class of islands.

Natives born since the introduction of Christianity and reared under the immediate influence of the teachings of the missionaries and of the incipient civilization which has resulted from intercourse with traders, have more fully developed foreheads and cranial capacity than the natives born and reared under the old influences and associations. Let two natives be placed together, the one born and brought up under the new associations and influences which have accompanied Christianity and civilization, the other born and brought up under the old associations and influences, the difference in *physical aspect* is at once evident. Take a Samoan born under the improved associations and influences, educated at the Missionary Institution at Malua,

where mental development is facilitated by withdrawing the pupils from the old associations and influences, and domiciling them within the precincts of the college grounds, where their energies are further stimulated by competition and contrast with each other,—compare his skull with the skull of a Samoan born and reared under the old associations and influences; an incipient difference in the form of the cranium is just perceptible. The cranial capacity of the former is just appreciably greater than that of the latter. Accepting the skull of the latter as showing the true prevailing form in the uncultivated condition, or rather, and more precisely, in the condition of mental culture and intellectual development corresponding to the condition of the race anterior to the introduction of civilization and its influences, the incipient enlargement of the cranial capacity perceptible in the other skull seems to corroborate "the view taken by Müller and Engel, that the shape of the skull is everywhere essentially dependent on mental culture and *changes with it*" (Collingwood's Waitz, 'Introduction to Anthropology,' p. 79). The crania of the *children* of the natives born and reared under the improved moral and intellectual condition, when these children (the second generation under the new development) are themselves under the direct and immediate force of the new associations and influences, especially in the missionary connections, show a yet more appreciable improvement of capacity than the crania of their parents. In the next, *the third generation*, the metamorphosis will, I think, be positive, definite, and unquestionable.

Take a group of natives born and reared under the old associations and influences, and a group of natives born and reared under the *immediate force* of the associations and influences introduced by civilization and systematic mental culture. A close comparison and a minute observation show that the mouth is somewhat smaller, the lips somewhat thinner, the head somewhat larger, in the latter than

in the former; the outline of the features and the physical aspect generally are improved. An air of intellectuality, the direct result of, and in immediate connection with, systematic mental culture, forces itself upon one's notice when carefully studying the comparison. In making these comparisons, however, it is necessary to afford adequate allowance for the native practice of squeezing the heads of infants into a certain shape, a shape in conformity with their ideal of beauty.

As illustrative of the palpable susceptibility of these islanders, especially of the Fijians, to the influences immediately and continuously bearing upon them, the fact may be noted that the natives trained by the missionaries for teachers and assistants receive so perfectly the impress of the peculiarities of the individual missionary under whom they have been taught, that it is easy to designate the instructor when the pupil is seen and heard in the pulpit. To know a missionary is to know the native teachers whom he has brought forward. The native affects and appropriates the delivery, the intonation, the gesture, the vehemence, the platitudes, the bearing, the gait, the whole manner and individuality, of his missionary preceptor. The pupils take the mould of the instructors so precisely that the type of their intellectual performances and physical action become almost completely assimilated. In Fiji this assimilation is perhaps more obvious than amongst their neighbours; occasionally it verges on the ludicrous, though it is always amusing.

The offspring of natives of different groups are more active and daring and hardy than the offspring of natives of any one given group. Tongo-Fijians, or Tongo-Samoans, or Samoan-Fijians, are respectively more active, more daring, more hardy, than the pure Tongan, or the pure Samoan, or the pure Fijian. Wherever in any one group there has been an intermixture with natives of either of the other groups, the people are in every way, physically and intellec-

tually, superior to the people of the districts of the same group where there has been no intermixture. In the eastern districts of Fiji there has been a large intermixture with the Tongans, an intermixture dating many generations back. In the western districts the intermixture has been so limited that it is hardly traceable; and the natives are in every way, physically and intellectually, inferior to their countrymen of the eastern districts. Leaving the coasts and forcing our way into the interior of Viti Levu, the coincidence is found that the people are inferior, physically and intellectually, to those of the coasts, and that there has been no intermixture with any of the neighbouring islanders, and scarcely any with their countrymen of the coasts. These inland people compare unfavourably even with the natives of the western coasts, where the intermixture with exterior islanders has been on the most limited scale. As we advance from the eastern districts to the western districts, and thence to the interior, the features appear more ungainly, the foreheads more compressed, the occiput more developed; in other words, as we proceed from the large commixture of two groups to the limited commixture, and thence where there is no commixture, or as we advance from the sea-coast to the interior, a marked depression, physically and intellectually, is observed. The general superiority of the inhabitants of the coasts is so well known throughout all the groups that it is considered a reproach and an insult to be called an *inland native*. In Fiji the readiest and most emphatic form of expressing one's supreme contempt for another and of disparaging his skill and prowess is to apply the term *kai-vanua*.* So in Samoa the pithiest epithet for an ill-mannered, contemptible person is *uta-fanua*.*

Making due allowance for the relative numbers of the populations, there has been, amongst the natives of the

* Both these terms may be rendered "a native of the interior," and imply a lack of familiarity with the sea.

coasts of Fiji, a larger importation of, and intermixture with natives of other groups, than is found in any other single group.

Throughout the groups, white men have settled and married native women, and the progeny of this fusion of races, locally called half-castes, affords an interesting study.

The introduction of a foreign element has contributed to improve—or rather to modify—the original physical type; —an improvement or modification which is discernible more or less clearly in different individuals, according to the degree of resistance they possess to the collateral influences which surround them. These collateral influences are, for the most part, antagonistic to the full development of the foreign element, because the offspring are born in the country of their mothers, where the circumstances and associations pertaining to the maternal element naturally predominate. The degree of improvement or modification is obvious just in the proportion that the subject has been from infancy in the society and under the influence of the father's race. The development is very clearly discernible in those half-castes whose parents have been domiciled with the paternal race in the white men's settlements, and away from the immediate associations and continuous influences of the mother's tribe. The development is yet more obvious in those half-castes whose birth is subsequent to, and furthest removed from the date of the withdrawal of the mother from her tribe, and her submission to the superior influences of the paternal race, or the removal of the mother with the father into one of the contiguous groups, where the mother has no relations, and where, therefore, the influences pertaining to the paternal race have the most decided force, from the fact that the immediate daily associations emanate from, and rally round the father, as the sole head and stay of the family. In other words, the *paternal* type prevails over the *maternal* in proportion to the *activity and force of*

the influences pertaining to the paternal race. In the *same* family I have observed different degrees of improvement or modification of physical type; and I invariably found that the subject of the fullest development of the improvement was born and reared in circumstances in which the influences peculiar to the paternal race were permanently predominant; and the subject showing the least degree of improvement was born and reared in circumstances in which the influences peculiar to the maternal race were permanently ascendant. Instances have come under my notice of an improvement in the contour of the features resulting, after the offspring, born and in early childhood domiciled among the mother's tribe, have been removed into circumstances where they were almost wholly in the society of whites and half-castes, and free from the immediate associations and influences of the maternal race.

The half-castes, as a class, are robust, hardy, and active; their intellectual capacities superior to those of their mothers and equal to those of their fathers. The offspring of white fathers and Papuan mothers (Fijians) excel the offspring of white fathers and Polynesian-Malay mothers (Samoans and Tongans) in *physical* hardihood and courage, while in *mental* capacity and development they are equal. There are peculiar influences which operate with unequal force and with distinctive results upon each of the maternal races in their native state; and these distinctive results are transmitted from mother to child just in the proportion of their development in the maternal races. The Fiji-Papuans are subject, from the very nature of surrounding circumstances and associations, to influences which generate physical hardihood and courage; which circumstances and associations, with the concomitant influences, are absent among the Polynesian Malays. While both races are under the influence of customs and rites peculiar to the savage and barbarous state,—while many of their customs and rites are similar, nay, even

borrowed from each other, (the groups being so closely contiguous),—local circumstances, arising from the distinctive character of the respective groups, so modify the local observance of these customs and rites that the nature and the force of the influences evolving therefrom are different and unequal, and of course therefore produce different results, unequal degrees of development, in each respective locality. The Papuans of Fiji are born under rites and customs which, in their nature exacting and severe, in their observance impel to unremitting watchfulness and ceaseless exertion. This unremitting watchfulness and this ceaseless exertion beget physical activity; and this, in turn, begets physical hardihood and courage. The Polynesian-Malays of Samoa and Tonga are born under rites and customs which, in their nature less exacting and severe, in their observance are less impulsive to unremitting watchfulness and ceaseless exertion. Hence there is less physical activity; and hence there is less physical hardihood and courage. But the rites and customs of both races, while unequally exacting and severe, (the result of local circumstances and associations,) are alike complex and multifarious, and are alike transmitted by oral tradition. Hence, the influences which mould their *minds* and give compass to their intellectual capacity are equal. Thus, then, while there are peculiar influences which operate with unequal force and with distinctive results upon the physical development of the two races, there are peculiar influences which operate with equal force and with corresponding results upon the mental development, especially exercising the faculty of memory. And these distinctive physical results, together with these assimilated psychical results, relatively descend to their offspring when women of either race become wives of white men; the ultimate general development being modified, however, as the force of current exterior influences encourages the paternal or the maternal type to prevail.

The children of half-caste women by white men are robust, hardy, active, and partake fully of the attributes of the paternal race. The characteristics of the paternal race appear more fully developed, and the characteristics of the maternal race more positively diminished, than the degree of the intermixture would, by proportion, lead one to expect; that is to say, the *degree of development* of the paternal race preponderates over the *degree of infusion* of the paternal race. The maternal physical characteristics are stronger and more tenacious in the progeny of the Papuans of Fiji than in the progeny of the Polynesian-Malays of Samoa and Tonga. The rough, harsh skin of the former, and the persistently frizzled, almost wiry hair, are more distinctly retained in every degree of infusion than the smooth soft skin and the seldom wavy, generally straight hair of the latter.

When half-castes intermarry, they are less prolific than when they marry into either of the parent stock. In the one alliance there is fruitfulness, in the other prolificacy; and I am inclined to think that they are more prolific when they marry into the paternal stock than when they marry into the maternal stock. That the half-caste women are as prolific as any other women when married into the paternal stock the rapidly multiplying progeny proves indubitably. But when they marry into the maternal stock they invariably desert their husbands before they have afforded proper data for precise comparisons, from which to deduce positive conclusions. I know of *only two* instances in the three groups where separation has not quickly followed these marriages into the maternal stock. The most satisfactory instance is in Tonga, where the daughter of an Englishman by a Tongan woman has married a young Tongan chief, with whom she still lives, but without any notable fecundity. The other instance is in Fiji, where the daughter of an Englishman by a Fijian woman has for many years been the wife of a Fijian chief. There is but one son living, and he can only be dis-

tinguished, at first view, from a pure Fijian by the circumstance that his hair is less frizzly and wiry; in every other respect he presents, at first glance, no trace of the paternal white type. It is only the very closest examination that shows his skin is somewhat less harsh and rough than the pure Fijian. It should be observed, however, that it is impossible to know the actual result of the alliance in this instance, for it cannot be told to what precise extent the Fijian custom of destroying children before birth has been practised. It is perilous to evince, even in honest research, too much curiosity or interest in the family affairs of a Fijian chief.

The offspring of half-caste intermarriages are not as robust and active as their immediate parents. Many of them are better-looking, that is, they develope more of the white features and contour than of the native; but they are physically less hardy than their parents; they are even difficult to rear. The colour of the skin is a shade lighter than that of their parents.

The skin of the Samoan and Tongan (Polynesian-Malay) half-castes is softer and smoother than that of the Fijian (Papuan) half-castes. The characteristics of the Fijian skin seem regularly transmitted to all the half-castes of Fiji, while the hair seems sportively to partake sometimes of the one type, sometimes of the other.

The half-caste offspring of the Samoan women are better-looking than those of the Tongan women; and the latter better-looking than those of the Fijian women. There is a difference in their physical beauty, a difference which I trace to the greater importation of the Fijian element among the Tongans than among the Samoans; for it is the rough, harsh skin of the Fijian that chiefly marks the gradation. At the same time, though thus differing in physical beauty, the half-castes of the three groups possess an equal capacity for civilization and a corresponding development of intellectuality.

The Tongan women are more prolific than the Fijian women, and the Samoan more prolific than the Tongan, when married to white men.

All the half-castes of the three groups are as subject to the local indigenous diseases as are the pure natives. There is a disease called "coko" (=thoko) in Fiji, "tona" in Samoa and Tonga, which attacks the native children almost without exception; while the children of foreign residents are wholly free from it, the half-castes are just as subject to it as the pure natives. Where scrofula exists in the mother's family, it invariably appears in the half-caste offspring. Those half-caste children only escape, in either case, who are wholly removed from intercourse with the maternal race, and who are restricted to European diet.

In no islands of the Pacific where the white man, impelled by the force of Christianity or by the necessities of civilization, has settled or introduced his influence, has there been any positive actual increase of population as resulting from the contact and juxtaposition of the two races. Christianity has been wonderfully successful in teaching the islanders to renounce the heathenism and superstitions of their fathers; to give up war, and to live in peace; to afford security for life and property. But nowhere can I find, as the result of the new order of things, of the transition from heathenism to Christianity, from barbarism to civilization, that the native populations of any island or group of islands has actually and positively *increased in number*. Just as the white man and the influences which accompany him, intrude upon the home of the Pacific islander, so the latter, accepting the habits of the former, gradually, but too surely wanes.

B.

HAIR AND CRANIA.

The allegation, which has found favour with some ethnologists, that the hair of certain islanders of the Pacific (variously described as Oriental Negroes, Negrillos, Negritos, and Papuans) grows, not equally spread over the scalp, but in tufts with bare spots between,—is one which I very much question. So far as I have been able to learn, the hair grows spread equally over the scalp; and I think it will be found that the "separate spiral tufts" are directly the result of an artificial process. It has been stated to me by natives of the New Hebrides and Loyalty groups that their hair grew equally over the scalp, and that the tufts were the result of training. A party of ten natives from various islands in the groups just named were left in Fiji by a sandalwood-trader, and were there employed by Dr. Brower, the U. S. consul, in his sugar plantation at Wakaia. Every hour that these men were not at work they spent in plaiting, twisting, and training their hair into "separate spiral tufts;" and they stated that such was the custom of their country, and that their hair did not naturally grow in "separate spiral tufts." Another party of natives from the same group, also left in Fiji by a sandalwood trader, *did not train* their hair into "separate spiral tufts," but teazed out their crisp locks into an immense bush after the mop-fashion of the Fijians. In this they did not imitate the Fijians, but followed what *they* alleged was also a custom of their country. It thus appears that, on the same islands,

both customs are co-existent. In the words of Dr. Barnard Davis ('Anthropological Review,' January, 1866), the hair is "generally exceedingly fine and slender, and of that structure which Mr. P. A. Brown denominated *eccentrically elliptical*. The consequence of this form of its section is that it naturally twists into corkscrew locks." Of this tendency the natives avail themselves, and produce the "separate spiral tufts," or the immense mop-headed bush, as their fancy or vanity may prompt.

Dr. Barnard Davis continues, "Those natives having any kind of crisp or woolly hair, which grows sufficiently freely, might adopt either custom." I have known Fijians, whose hair is crisp and woolly, cultivate both styles. I have known Tongans and Samoans, individuals whose hair was not in the least degree "crisp and woolly," but, on the contrary, quite straight and smooth, produce sometimes the "separate spiral tufts," sometimes the mop-fashion; and in all the instances which thus came under my personal notice, the "separate spiral tufts" looked, I confess, as if they grew naturally, and there seemed to be bare spots between. A young Samoan, who was several years in my service, has cultivated both styles in the course of three months. His name, at the time to which I refer, was Tui; lately he has become head of his family, and is now called Tama alii, of Fasitootai, on the island of Upolu. Naturally his hair was neither crisp nor woolly, but is remarkably fine for Samoan hair. To produce the spiral tufts, a few hairs were closely and carefully wound round the fine ribs of a cocoa-nut leaf, and the ends tied with a fine strip of native cloth (*Broussonetia*). When the whole head was done, it was left in this state for about a fortnight; the cocoa-nut ribs were then removed, and after a copious libation of scented oil and breadfruit gum, there were these wonderful "separato spiral tufts." Growing weary of this style, he reverted to the mop-headed fashion, and afterwards, by way of variety,

adopted again the style of the Samoans. However the hair may grow further west, the hair of the Fijians certainly does not grow naturally in separate tufts. I have, however, observed that, the more crisp and woolly the hair, the longer it will retain the separate spiral tufts after they are artificially produced.

With reference to the colour of the hair of the Pacific islanders, I do not know how far scientific observations may be affected by the custom, more or less prevalent in all the groups, of dyeing the hair. On some islands a kind of clay only is used; on others, various juices extracted from the barks of trees; and on many islands (more commonly, however, among the straight-haired, fair-skinned than among the crisp-haired, dark-skinned islanders), the colour of the hair is regulated by the application of coral lime. A man to-day has what, in common parlance, is called *black hair;* to-morrow, he may be seen with his head plastered all over with lime,—whitewashed, in fact; and so for five or six days successively, fresh lime is applied every morning. At the end of a week, the black hair has become auburn or brown. But the new hair, as it grows after the dyeing process is discontinued, is again dark; and a man may be seen with the extremities of his hair auburn and the rest black.

On the question of crania, it would be well for theorists, when treating of the skulls of the Pacific islanders, ever to bear in mind the practice which prevails, more or less, in all the groups, of squeezing the heads of infants into the locally admired shape, which shape varies somewhat in every group. Before a child is a month old, its head is made to assume a totally different shape from that designed by nature, whatever that may have been. The shape and development of the crania are thus, in a measure, the result of an artificial process. In some cases, the tender skull is squeezed on the sides, over the ears, to make the head elevated in the centre. In some islands, it is pressed on the top and on the forehead

to make it project behind. Does this process affect the development of the brain as well as the shape of the skull? It is alleged that the hypsi-stenocephalic crania are found in an extreme form in the skulls of the Loyalty Islanders. Throughout this group there is a well-ascertained commixture of the dark and fair-skinned islanders,—the so-called Papuans or Oriental Negroes, and the Malay-Polynesians. How does this commixture determine or affect the degree and intensity in which this peculiar type prevails? And is this commixture the cause of the different shades of intensity in different cases?

It is noteworthy that, while both the dark and fair-skinned islanders pierce the lobes of the ears, the hole is always larger among the former than among the latter.

THE END.

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